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THE NEW YORKER

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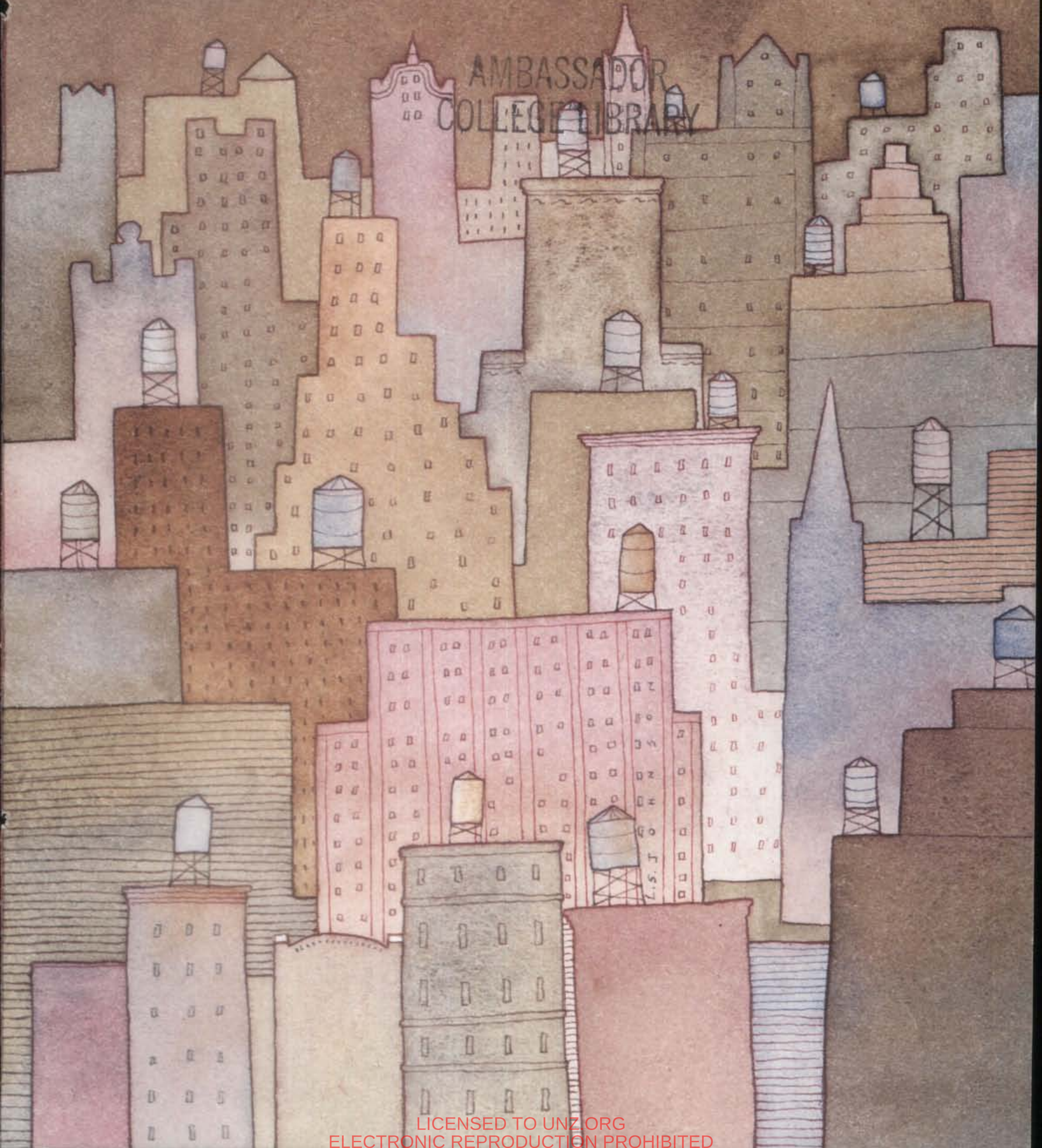

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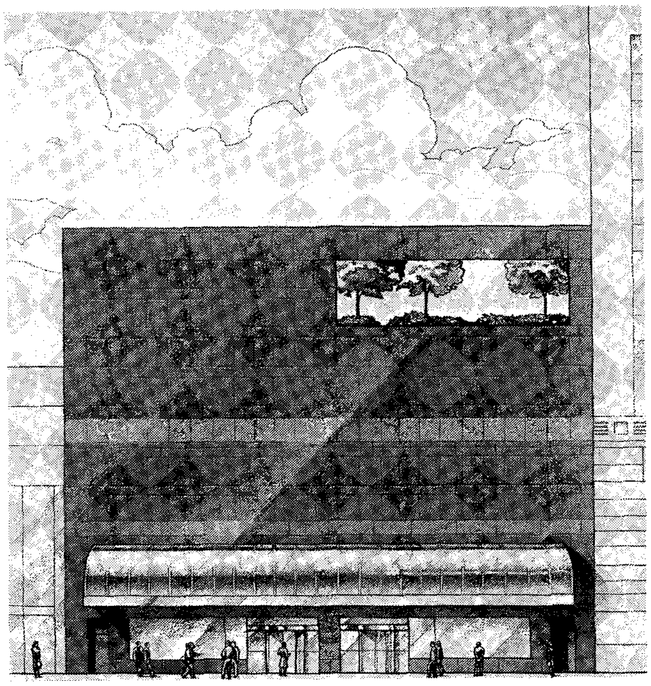

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aaah Oui Genty!—Four puppeteers of exceptional artistry invent a world that appears to outwit gravity and common sense, and give us much pleasure in the course of doing so. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/20/81.) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. Samuel Beckett's **WAITING FOR GODOT**, directed by Alan Schneider: *Wednesday, April 22, at 7 (opening); and* Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, directed by David Chambers: Saturday, April 25, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 3 and 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (10/13/80) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Amazin' Casey Stengel; or, Can't Anybody Here Speak This Game?—Paul Dooley in a one-man play by Shelly Altman and Michael Zettler. A presentation of the American Humorists Series. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Animals—Three one-act plays ("The Beautiful Mariposa," "Louie and the Elephant," and "A Sort of Adventure") by Eddie Lawrence. Opens Wednesday, April 22. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The last two in a series of plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. The production of Bertolt Brecht's early play **JUNGLE OF CITIES**, about an imagined Chicago in 1912, looks splendid, as the actors move around John Jenson's effective double-decker setting. The script, which is a treasure, deserves a better performance. David Jones directed. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except April 25, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday matinée, May 3. . . . ¶ Sophocles' **OEDIPUS THE KING**, with Joe Morton, Gerry Bamman, and Sheila Allen. Preview Wednesday, April 22. Opens officially on Thursday, April 23. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except May 2, and Sundays at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Can-Can—A revival of the 1953 Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical, with Zizi Jeanmaire, Ron Husmann, and Avery Schreiber. Roland Petit is responsible for the choreography. Directed by Mr. Burrows. Previews through Wednesday, April 29. Opens officially on Thursday, April 30. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Copperfield—A disastrous musical version of the Dickens novel, with a large cast that struggles valiantly against certain failure. (Reviewed in this issue.) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Molière's comedy **THE MISER**, in a new translation by Earl McCarroll, is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Father—Strindberg is Sweden's greatest writer and perhaps the world's foremost misogynist: even one's beloved old nanny will lace you into a straitjacket if you turn your back on her for so much as a moment. Anyhow, that's one of the things that befalls the wretched hero of this great play. Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen head the cast. (4/13/81) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with *authority and with exceptional comic verve* about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—A play by Woody Allen, with Beatrice Arthur, Jack Weston, and Danny Aiello. Ulu Grosbard is the director. Previews through Sunday, April 26. Opens officially on Monday, April 27. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night cur-

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COVER: *Lonni Sue Johnson*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FOOLS—An inert comedy by Neil Simon, crammed full of "moron" jokes about people living under the curse of stupidity in some remote Russian village. The harsh title gives the flavor of the work. The only role that matters is played agreeably by John Rubinstein. (4/20/81) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42ND STREET—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE HAGGADAH—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LATE CITY EDITION—A musical entertainment, conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer, that incorporates the writings of Eve Merriam, Russell Baker, Barbara Carson, Mr. Sheffer, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Fridays and Saturdays at 11:15.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, April 26: **PATIENCE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 29-May 3: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

LUNCH HOUR—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MARRY ME A LITTLE—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—A play by the late Larry Neal, **IN AN UPSTATE MOTEL.** A professional hit man and his lethal girlfriend hide out in a hideous (and symbolic) motel room, with only a pair of ghosts for company and plenty of cocaine. A depressing, sometimes believable play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

PIAF—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

ROSE—A rather sad little comedy about an English schoolteacher who hopes to seize more from life than she is likely to. Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy make the play worth seeing. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SOPHISTICATED LADIES—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRANSLATIONS—Brian Friel's distinguished, sad, and humorous play about the obliterating of the Irish language in Northern Ireland by the English. The time is 1833. The setting is a country school in Donegal, where only Gaelic and Latin and Greek are spoken, and where a company of redcoats comes to make a map of the countryside and anglicize the place names. The good acting, under the direction of Joe Dowling, of the Abbey Theatre, is a match for the text. With Barnard Hughes as an old schoolmaster (he returns to his leading role on Saturday, April 25); Daniel Gerroll and Ellen Parker as a redcoat and a local girl he loves; and Jake Dengel, Valerie Mahaffey, and Jarlath Conroy, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

VERONICA'S ROOM—A thriller by Ira Levin, with Georgine Hall, Richard Mathews, Innes-Fergus McDade, and Claude-Albert Saucier. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Candy Clark and Carrie Snodgress in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,728 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. On Sunday, April 26, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Diana Canova and Ted Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Circus—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 24, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 30, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, May 1, at 1:30 and 7:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Friday, April 24, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursdays, April 23 and 30, and Friday, May 1, at 8, and Saturday, May 2, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 722-6641. Wednesday, April 22, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 25, at 2 and 8.)

"Acting Shakespeare"—Ian McKellen (currently portraying Salieri in "Amadeus") will appear in a one-man, one-night show that will allow him to be Falstaff, Romeo, or himself—reciting, chatting, and generally fulfilling the show's title. A benefit to help reconstruct Shakespeare's Globe Theatre on the banks of the Thames. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Sunday, April 26, at 7:30.)

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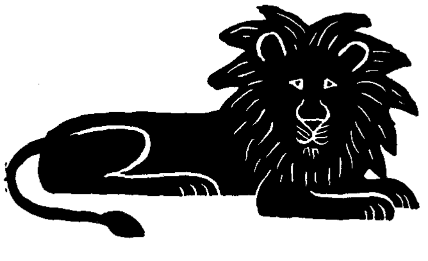
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 28—Tuesday, April 28, at 8: "Agon," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 29, at 8: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Friday, May 1, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "The Four Temperaments," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 2: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, April 22: "Les Sylphides," "Prodigal Son," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 23: "Theme and Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Bournonville Pas de Trois," and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 24: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 25: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 25: "Les Rendezvous," "Airs," "Prodigal Son," and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 27: "Les Sylphides," "Interplay," "Dark Elegies," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 28: "Les Rendezvous," "Dark Elegies," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, April 29: "Les Rendezvous," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Voluntaries" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Les Sylphides" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Voluntaries" and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday evening, April 22: "Public Domain," "Runes," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 23: "Diggity," "Runes," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 24: "Polaris," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 25: "Runes," "Public Domain," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 26: "Polaris," "Public Domain," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 28: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Public Domain." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Polaris," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Public Domain," "Dust," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Polaris," "Dust," and "Airs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 3.)

Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a four-week season. **PEGGY LYMAN:** Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24, at 8, Saturday, April 25, at 2; and Sunday, April 26, at 8. . . . **MARIA BENITEZ-ESTAMPA FLAMENCA:** Thursday, April 23, and Saturday, April 25, at 8, and Sunday April 26, at 2. (The Space. City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822.)



Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers—Performing traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24, at 8; and Sunday, April 26, at 2.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by nine companies. Friday, April 24, at 8: Muntu Dance Theatre, The Art of Black Dance and Music, Arthur Hall's Afro-American Dance Ensemble, African Heritage Dancers, Chuck Davis Dance Company, Charles Moore's Dances and Drums of Africa, International Afrikan American Ballet, and Izulu Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; The Art of Black Dance and Music; Muntu Dance Theatre; African Heritage Dancers; and Arthur Hall's Afro-American Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 2: The Art of Black Dance and Music, Arthur Hall's Afro-American Ensemble, Muntu Dance Theatre, and African Heritage Dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Kathakali—South Indian dance dramas by an all-male company from the Kerala Kalamandalam. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 371-4758. Friday through Tuesday, April 24-28, at 8. The doors will open at 7 to allow the audience to watch the ritualistic preparations of makeup and dress.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will pass through with his trio on Friday and Saturday, April 24-25; on Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN'S** quartet is on hand through Sunday, April 26; on Monday, April 27, clarinettist Rick Hardeman will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, April 28, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** will arrive with **SHARON FREEMAN**, who plays piano and French horn, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON**, and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, April 23, the country-rock band J. J. Cale and the Big Sky Mudflaps, a sextet from Montana that performs Gershwin, Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Boswell Sisters material, and their featured singer **JUDY RODERICK**; Friday, April 24, the comedy duo of **MONTEITH & RAND**; Saturday, April 25, Jools Holland and his Millionaires; Monday, April 27, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** and his new big band; Tuesday, April 28, drummer **LOUIS BELLSON** and *his* big band; Thursday, April 30, **HARRY JAMES** (yes, he has a big band, too); Friday, May 1, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**; and Saturday, May 2, black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** and yet another big band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Bassist **RUFUS REID** performs with

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pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** through Saturday, April 25, on Monday, April 27, **LARRY WILLIS** and **RED MITCHELL** will take over the piano-bass chores. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Mr. Short can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Wednesday, April 22; Friday, April 24; and Saturday, May 2, Mr. Short won't be on hand, but **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, will be. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who herself sings a bit, to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired pianist, is working from a mostly Stephen Foster set list. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become as respectable as a three-piece suit, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, April 22, Afraid of the Dark, Abstract, and Berries; Thursday, April 23, High Roller, the Article, and Ash Can Cats; Friday, April 24, American Passions, Ash Can Cats, and Howie & the Mutants; and Saturday, April 25, **DEADLINE** and People Falling. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott was an Ellington vocalist during Al Hibbler's era; she says she used to watch him from the wings singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street." Now Miss Elliott gets to sing it and a whole gang of Ellington standards, with some help from pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, April 22, Liam Og O'Flynn, Dave Surman, and the Derby Ram at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty; Thursday, April 23, Changing Lanes; Saturday, April 25, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** and Very Good Company; Sunday, April 26, guitarists Eric Frandsen, Bob Zaidman, and Richard Perrin; Wednesday, April 29, the X-Seamen's Institute; Thursday, April 30, the Fly By Night String Band; and Saturday, May 2, the Tony Trischka Band. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 26, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** who plays tenor sax in a big-voiced swing-era style, will guide a quintet from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

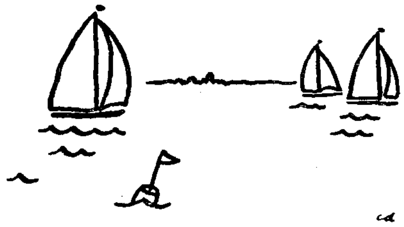
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. A smooth and lyrical four-part collaboration—pianist **STEVE KUHN,** singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **BOB MOSES** are the collaborators—can be heard through Sunday, April 26. On Tuesday, April 28, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** will come in with bassist **RON CARTER,** pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ,** and drummer **BEN RILEY.** Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings on Wednesday, April 22; Harry Whitaker will play piano for singer Marilyn Redfield Thursday through Saturday, April 23-25; Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO** and his Brazilian-jazz quintet will back up lively vocals by **ANGELA SUAREZ** on Sunday, April 26; bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will be joined by trombonist **BENNY POWELL** on Monday, April 27; and **JOE LEE WILSON,** a loose, gutsy, scorching improviser in the exploratory, untraditional Betty Carter tradition, will sing with his band, Joy of Jazz, Tuesday through Thursday, April 28-30. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **RED RICHARDS** will be found at the dining-room piano through Saturday, April 25; Daryl Sherman will sing on Sunday and Monday, April 26-27; and stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return on Tuesday, April 28. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.



Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Thursday, April 23, **MASSACRE** and Moving Info; Friday, April 24, Units and Future Force; and Saturday, April 25, Human Switchboard and NNB. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, saxophonist and proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will perform with pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** drummer **WALTER PERKINS,** and bassist **MIKE FLEMING.** After Saturday, April 25, the club will reopen at a new location—40 W. 27th Street (532-7666). Beginning Friday, May 1, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** will direct his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, for three nights. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

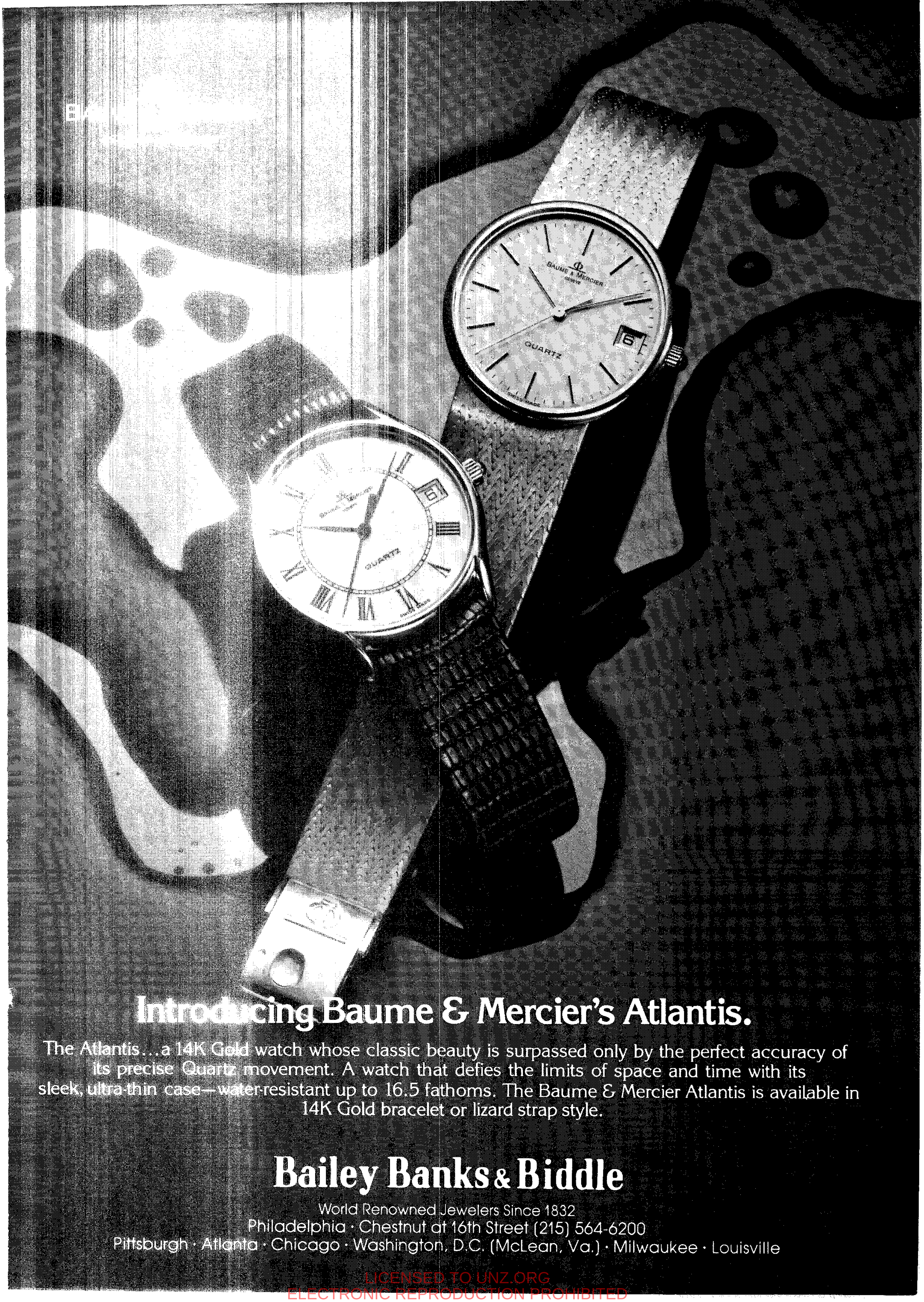
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** has bassist **RON CARTER** for support through Saturday, April 25; on Tuesday, April 28, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will take up with bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** The Sunday and Monday slots are now filled by singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The schedule: Wednesday, April 22, Jonathan Edwards; Thursday, April 23, the Bellamy Brothers; Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, R.D.I.; Sunday, April 26, Kinky Friedman; Monday, April 27, blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH;** Tuesday, April 28, Kate, Alex, and Hugh Taylor & Skintight; Wednesday, April 29, drummer **BUDDY MILES;** Thursday, April 30, Orleans; and Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, Cabin Fever. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. Maureen McGovern is the singer through Saturday, April 25; then, on Tuesday, April 28, baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will take charge. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, April 22, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS,** Zantees, and Eddie Dixon; Thursday, April 23, Lost Patrol, John King & the Cats, and Zain Grey; Friday, April 24, the Stimulators, Nasty Facts, and False Prophets; Saturday, April 25, Von Lmo, Science, and the Heat; Sunday, April 26, Lenny Kaye, Alan Vega, and the Senders; Monday, April 27, the Wayz, the Tribe, and the Feel; and Tuesday, April 28, Troupe di Coupe, Silent Types, and Top Rocket & the Twins. Music from well after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—This clean-line-design restaurant has landed singer and stride pianist



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BROOKS KERR, who can be heard Thursdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—*Weslia Whitfield* is singing here with her San Francisco pianist, Michael Slaughter, through Saturday, April 25; on Tuesday, April 28, **CHRIS CONNOR** will begin singing with a backing crew. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, folkies Jim Dawson and Christine Lavin; Thursday, April 30, Ronnie & the Jitters and Tiger Beats; and Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER'S** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, April 22, Hooks; Thursday, April 23, Human Sexual Response, **SUICIDE,** and Our Daughter's Wedding; Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, **JOHN CALE** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; and Monday, April 27, Ricky Clean & the Inner City Facelift. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," *the tribute of the month in the* King Cole Room, is carried out by Marni Nixon (whom Deborah Kerr thanked heaven for during the singing sequences of "The King and I"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, April 22, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft and bassist Ross Levinson; Thursday through Sunday, April 23-26, guitarists **JOHN TROPEA** and **DAVID SPINOZZA;** Tuesday, April 28, Bellvista, a jazz-rock outfit; Wednesday, April 29, the Ed Palermo band; Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, R. & B. singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** and Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3, singer Gwen Guthrie. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz.

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Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** energizes a quartet through Saturday, April 25; on Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, pianist **DANNY MIXON** will drop by with a bassist. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bebop trombonist **KAI WINDING** heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 25; on Sunday, April 26, the **PIZZARELLIS—BUCKY** and his son John—will play seven-string-guitar duets; on Monday, April 27, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a ten-piece unit, will offer up some non-depressing swing music; and on Tuesday, April 28, composer and pianist **RAY BRYANT** will arrive. Music from about ten. Dining.

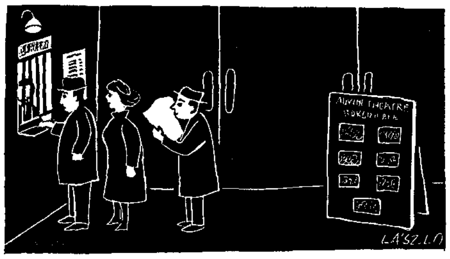
SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room approximately the size of some New York movie-revival houses. It's modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, despite all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Thursday through Saturday, April 23-25, Anita Moore will be singing here with help from pianist **WALTER DAVIS'S** trio; and Thursday through Saturday, April 30-May 2, Ted Ross, who sang in "The Wiz," will be present with a backup band. Mondays through Wednesdays drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** works on the bandstand himself with a trio. Music most nights from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues. Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, Chicago slide-guitar master **J. B. HUTTO** heads his New Hawks; on Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, veteran New Orleans guitarist Earl King will perform bluesy bayou music; on Sunday, April 26, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** will be on hand with his group; and Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, will belong to the exciting Chicago-blues guitarist and singer **OTIS RUSH.** Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, April 22, Algebra; Thursday, April 23, Bob Christianson; Friday, April 24, Dizzy & the Romilars, 4-Skins, and Sic F*cks; Saturday, April 25, Novo Combo and Bob Duncan; and Tuesday, April 28, Passions and Jesse Bullitt. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting the Monday-night regulars, the **MEL LEWIS** big band, all week—through Monday, April 27. On Tuesday, April 28, drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND** will descend the stairs with a quintet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music *from eight until two.*



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday through Saturday, April 22-25, trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four; drummer **OLIVER JACKSON'S** trio on Monday, April 27; tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** on Tuesday, April 28; **JO JONES,** master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30; and saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** beginning Saturday, May 2. Sunday nights belong to **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BILLY SAXTON QUARTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 24, at 8.

DAVID CROSBY—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 24, at 8 and 11.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 24, at 9.

SONNY ROLLINS AND GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.—Town Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8.

ROY HAYNES QUINTET—With tap-dancer Jimmy Slyde. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 9:30.)

McLAIN FAMILY BAND and **YANKEE REBELS**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Saturday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

CHUCK MANGIONE—With the Chuck Mangione Quartet. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 2:30.)

OZZY OSBOURNE—With Motor Head. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday and Saturday, April 24-25: Dead Kennedys. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2: Syl Sylvain & the Teardrops. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23: Frank Perowsky quintet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, April 24-26: Sal Nistico quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, with Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

JAZZ GALLERY—Friday, April 24: Ellen Seeling-Jean Fineberg Jazz Quintet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 28: John Shaw Assemblage. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Shows at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 23: Marion Brown. . . . ¶ Friday, April 24: Gunter Hampel & Galaxie Dreamband. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25: Jay Oliver & Neophilia, with Wayne Horvitz, Roy Campbell, and Zen Maatsura. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30: Hilton Ruiz. . . . ¶ Friday, May 1: Roy Haynes. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2: The fourth in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring jam sessions with Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Ben Webster, and others. (Soundscape, 500 W' 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT ADAMS—Recent cast-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JANKEL ADLER (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through June 6. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent draw-

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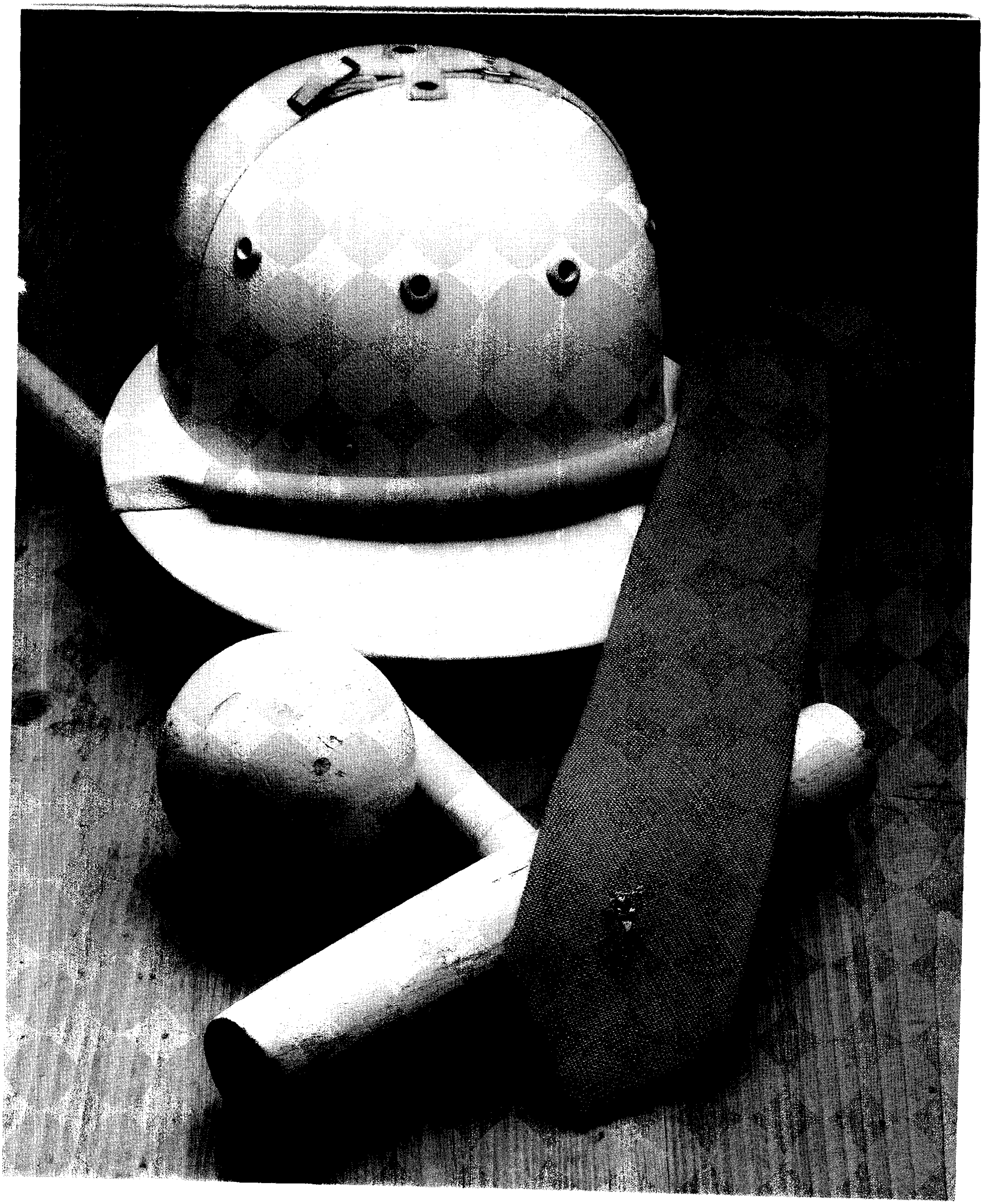

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Arizona

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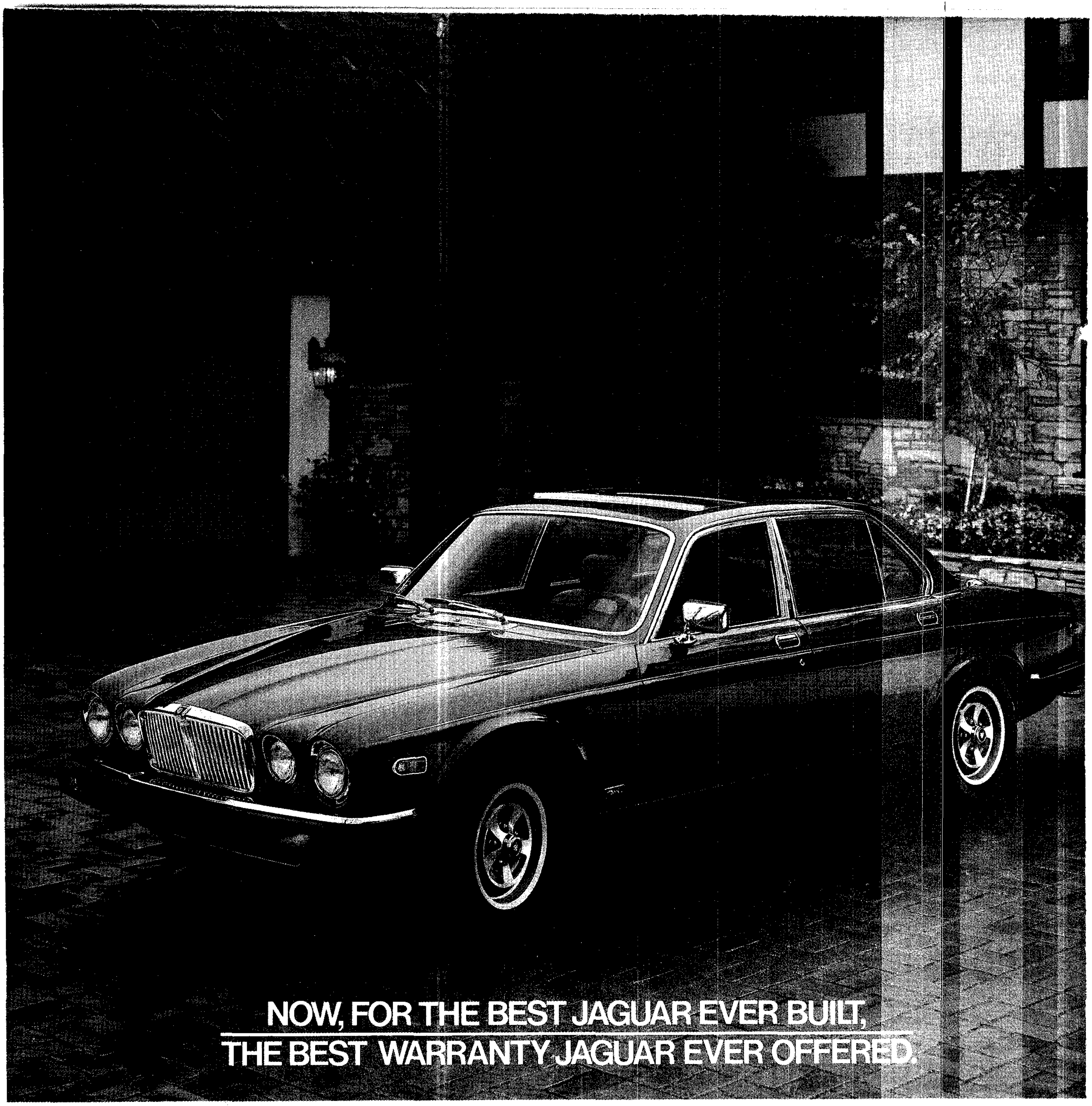
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JAGUAR
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ings (at 33 E. 74th St.; open Mondays) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.). Both through May 23.

Karl Blechen (1798-1840)—Landscape drawings made on a trip to Amalfi by a German Romanticist. Through May 9. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Phyllis Bramson / Howardena Pindell—Works on paper by a Chicago New Imagist. / Abstract works incorporating pins and confetti and glitter. Through Saturday, May 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.) . . . ¶ Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., is also showing works by Pindell. Through Wednesday, April 29.

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes in oil. Through Wednesday, April 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Kenneth Campbell / Robert Cronin—Stone sculptures. / Table-size soldered-metal sculptures. Through May 13. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Igor Galanin—Mannered fantasy paintings, many of them circus scenes involving acrobatic rhinos, pigs, giraffes, and people. Through Saturday, April 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gertrude Greene (1904-56)—A retrospective of constructions (among them painted-wood reliefs), paintings, and preparatory sketches and collages by an early abstract artist. Through Saturday, April 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Helen Hoie—Collages of frayed fabric and colored paper by an abstractionist. Through Thursday, April 30. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Diamond shapes are the central motif in a group of new paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Drawings and watercolors of languid young women and Breton peasants. Through May 9. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Camels, goats, and horses populate most of these large Expressionist paintings, which also include a view of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and a stirring depiction of a bayonet charge by the French Foreign Legion. Through May 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Semi-abstract oils and drawings: Northwest landscapes and still-lifes. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Lee Mullican—Canvases with totemic figures on a dark background. Through Thursday, April 30. (Schreiner, 115½ E. 62nd St.)

Susan Rothenberg—Five ten-foot-square paintings. Through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Lucy Sallick—Five watercolors with overlapping images of the Maine coast, and acrylic paintings. Through May 9. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Alan Siegel—Small box constructions, each offering a tiny waterfront (or underwater) vista, and each appointed with a starfish. Through Saturday, May 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors from about the last twenty-five years of his life. Through Saturday, April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract collage paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Wunderlich—Landscapes, chiefly, by a German surrealist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 70th St.: A survey of American printmaking, arranged chronologically, up to the middle of the twentieth century. A benefit show. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **Mc Kee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Drawings by Stuart Diamond, Jake Berthot, Philip Guston, Katherine Porter, and others. Through May 20. . . . **Paul Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through May 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—Large abstract acrylics and studies of the plant iris in watercolor. Through May 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—This group of paintings, many on loan from museums, serves as the Grace Borgenicht Gallery's annual exhibit of Avery's work as well as the first show in the gallery's new home. Through May 9. (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Collages and boxes. Through Saturday, May 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes and still-lifes in oils, watercolors, and pen and ink. Through Wednesday, April 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—New tables—cement and marble. Through Saturday, May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Twenty-four collaged papier-mâché masks in Plexiglas boxes. Through Saturday, May 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Michael David—The cross, the Star of David, and the swastika (among other symbols), interpreted in oils and encaustics on shaped frameworks. Through Saturday, May 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Large paintings, done in heavy brushstrokes, which catch the atmosphere (especially at night) of old-time office buildings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Piero Dorazio—Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, May 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Realist landscapes—glacial residue in Central Park, for instance, and mountains out West. Through Thursday, April 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Buckminster Fuller—Dymaxion sculptures, blueprints, and models by this Synergetic artist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Paintings of lyrical abstract forms by a Canadian woman. Through Saturday, April 25. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Room after room of rowdy sculptures, reliefs, paintings, and drawings that deal with football, cowboys and Indians, sinister candy stores, traffic jams, Wall Street, and sundry other targets of opportunity for this maverick sculptor. Through May 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Hall—Paintings, including the monumental "Night Train Express," and drawings. Through Wednesday, April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Juan Hamilton—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through May 9. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Colorful semi-abstractions based on vistas that catch the artist's eye as she rides to and from her farm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Through Saturday, May 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes (Shinnecock Hills at night) in pastels. Through Saturday, April 25. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, April 25. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A three-gallery exhibit: Nine paintings and two steel sculptures, through Saturday, May 2, at the Blum Helman (20 W. 57th St.), drawings of plants at Castelli (4 E. 77th St.), also through Saturday, May 2, and more paintings at one of the Castelli galleries in SoHo (142 Greene St.), through Saturday, May 9.

Irving Kriesberg—Paintings in mixed mediums

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of an imaginary menagerie living in a flamboyant landscape. Through Friday, April 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and pastels, including a group of recent works, in the artist's first show here in ten years. Through Saturday, May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lilian MacKendrick—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Matta—A series of paintings entitled "The Magic Flute." Through May 9. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Flower motifs prevail in a new set of landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edith Posel—Abstract acrylics on paper. Through Saturday, April 25. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Richly decorated (beads, rhinestones, glitter) pieces of fabric collaged to solid-black canvases. Through Saturday, April 25. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969) / **Henri Matisse** (1869-1954)—Handcolored prints. Through May 29. / Ten lithographs. Through Thursday, April 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Barbara Siegel—Layered works on canvas and board in which a single subject (a landscape, for instance) is explored in several ways—as a collage, as a representational painting, as a Polaroid. Through Saturday, May 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models for her huge outdoor sculptures, most of them done in tiers and some of them painted in pastel colors. Through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Five sculptural works carved from red cedar. Also drawings and photographs of large outdoor works. Through Saturday, April 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

David von Schlegell—New abstract wood sculptures, small in scale. Through Saturday, May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Abstracts works on shaped panels. Through May 9. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: "Between Painting and Sculpture" includes works by fourteen artists, among them Rodney Ripps and Ree Morton. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Narrative Painting," a show of works by ten artists—James Valerio, Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, and Michael Berg among them. Through Thursday, April 30. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.). . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through May 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roger Brown—Stylized oil paintings: birds, flowers, and landscapes transformed into patterns. Through May 9. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Sandro Chia—Brash interpretations of mythological classics, plus other works by this Italian artist. Through Thursday, April 30. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Pillar-shaped canvases in painted relief. Through May 9. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

April Gornik—Large, brooding landscapes under weather—distant storms, a lakeside at dusk, two streaks of lightning on the horizon. Through Saturday, April 25. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Robert Grosvenor—A blunt, uncompromising sculpture consisting of seventy-six heavy pine timbers painted black and bolted together into a single, huge block. Through Tuesday, April 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Valerie Jaudon / **Robert Kushner**—Large pattern paintings that evoke Moorish ornamentation and Celtic manuscripts. / Fabric-and-paint profiles of women, twelve in all. Through May 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Kiki Kogelnik—Paintings and cast-paper pieces. Through Sunday, April 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St.)

Hilarie Mais—Small steel wall pieces. Through Wednesday, April 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

John Okulick / **David Parrish**—Mr. Okulick specializes in arrangements of boxes that seem to project much farther from the wall than they actually do (a matter of perspective), and this year he is filling the boxes with bright-colored geometric forms or skeins of rope. / Intricate paintings (it takes the artist a year to do one of them) in which the glare and glitter of motorcycles is caught in semi-abstract form. Through Wednesday, April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg / **Marcia Hafif**—Enlarged black-and-white photographs (the artist's own) collaged to rag board and aluminum plate. / Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Rachel Rolon de Clet—Works on paper. Through May 13. (SoHo 112, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ross—"Solar Burn Signs": wood panels on heavy metal frames which have been sunscorched by means of a large lens. Through Saturday, April 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Julian Schnabel / **Douglas Huebler**—Paintings (some incorporating broken plates) on canvas and on velvet. / Photographs (paired with storyboards) by a conceptual artist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.). . . ¶ Mary Boone Gallery, also at 420 West Broadway, has additional paintings by Mr. Schnabel. Through May 7.

Joan Semmel—Paintings of the artist's own nude body. Through Saturday, April 25. (Lerner-Heller in SoHo, 112 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

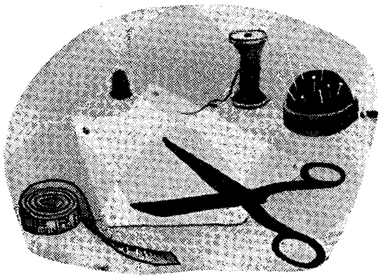
Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through Saturday, May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Robert Swain / **Nancy Genn**—Paintings. / Handmade paper works. Through Saturday, May 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Brian Wall—Abstract steel sculptures going back to 1954 and as recent as 1980. Through May 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Three artists: Gahan Wilson showing original works that appeared in this magazine and elsewhere; Theodoros Stamos showing paintings from the late fifties; Mel Ramos showing abstract oils based on closeup views of bridge parts, tree tops, etc. Through Saturday, April 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)



OTHER GALLERIES

John Baldessari—Conceptual works, often involving photographs and film, from the years 1966-80. Through Tuesday, April 28. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

R. O. Blechman—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, April 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—This Italian artist has dug into a heavy timber, twenty-six feet long, and exposed, like a fossil in a rock, the shape of the original sapling. Another Penone work on view is a drawing, thirty-four feet long, of the capillaries in his own eyelids. Through Saturday, April 25. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings on plywood and paper. Through May 16. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Images of Labor—Thirty-two original works (by Mimi Gross, William King, Seymour Chwast, and others) commissioned by District 1199, National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees. Through June 4. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Barrington Bayley—Photographs of classical and neoclassical architectural details here and there about the city. Through Tuesday, April 28. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past. Through May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Walker Evans (1903-75) **and Robert Frank**—Called "An Essay on Influence," this show, curated by Tod Papageorge, chairman of the Photography Department at Yale, consists of photographs from Evans' "American Photographs" (1938) and from Frank's "The Americans" (1959). Through Saturday, April 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Roland L. Freeman / **Bill Beckley**—Photographs of black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawing, and text. Through May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Benno Friedman—Works in which a photograph and a pencil drawing are fitted together to form a continuous view. The subjects are landscapes and villages in the British Isles. Through Saturday, May 2. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Recent photographs of New York School artists, primarily, made with a seventy-five-year-old view camera. Through Friday, April 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Humphrey Spender—Photographs of (unaware) people taken in the thirties for the British anthropological project called Mass-Observation. Also a portrait of the artist's brother, Stephen Spender. Through May 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Garry Winogrand / **Ted Victoria**—Sixty photographs in a retrospective that includes recent work made in California. / Constructions (wooden frames with spotlights, lenses, mirrors, and other objects). Through Saturday,

From the prime contractor to the prime beneficiary:

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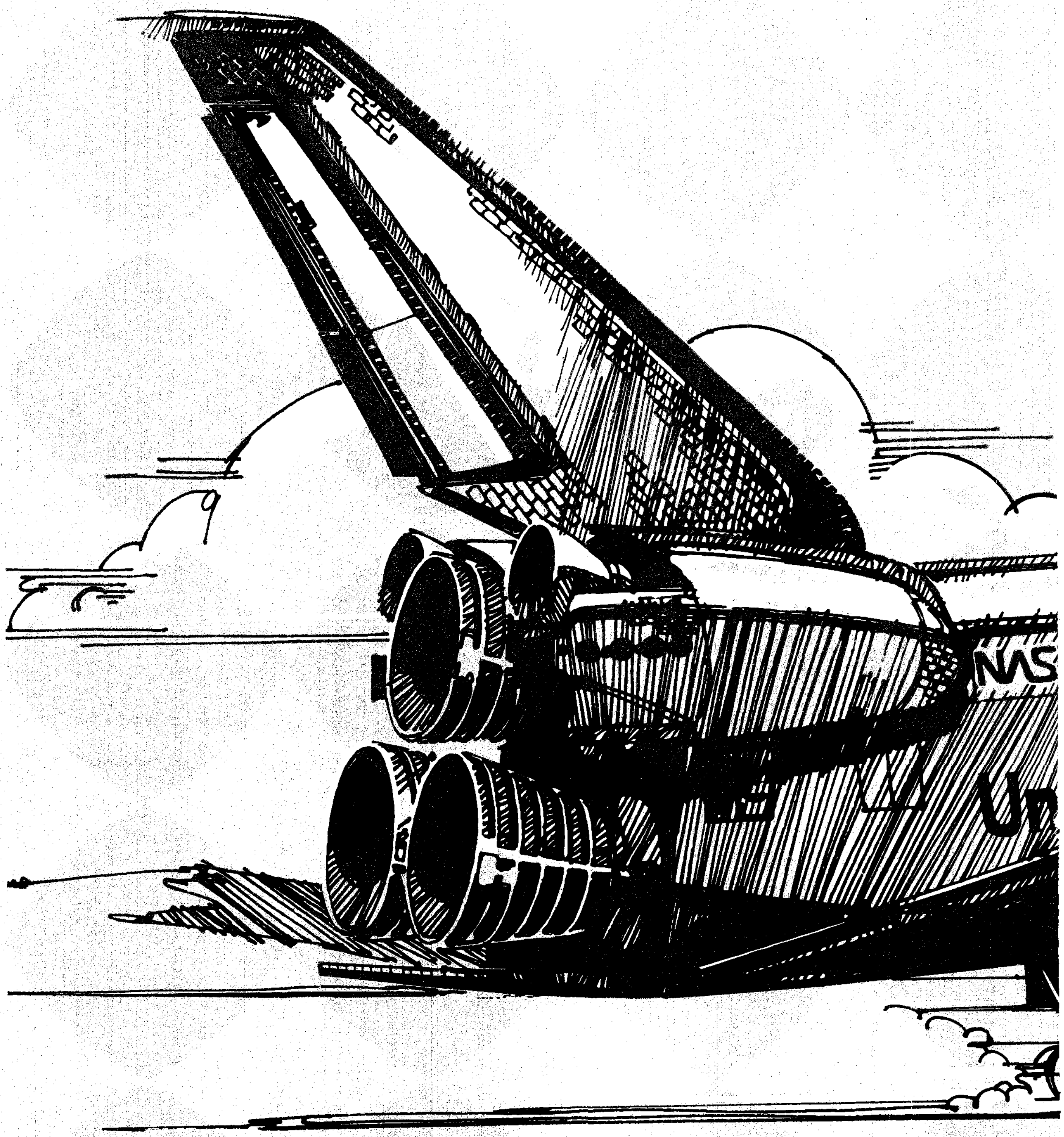

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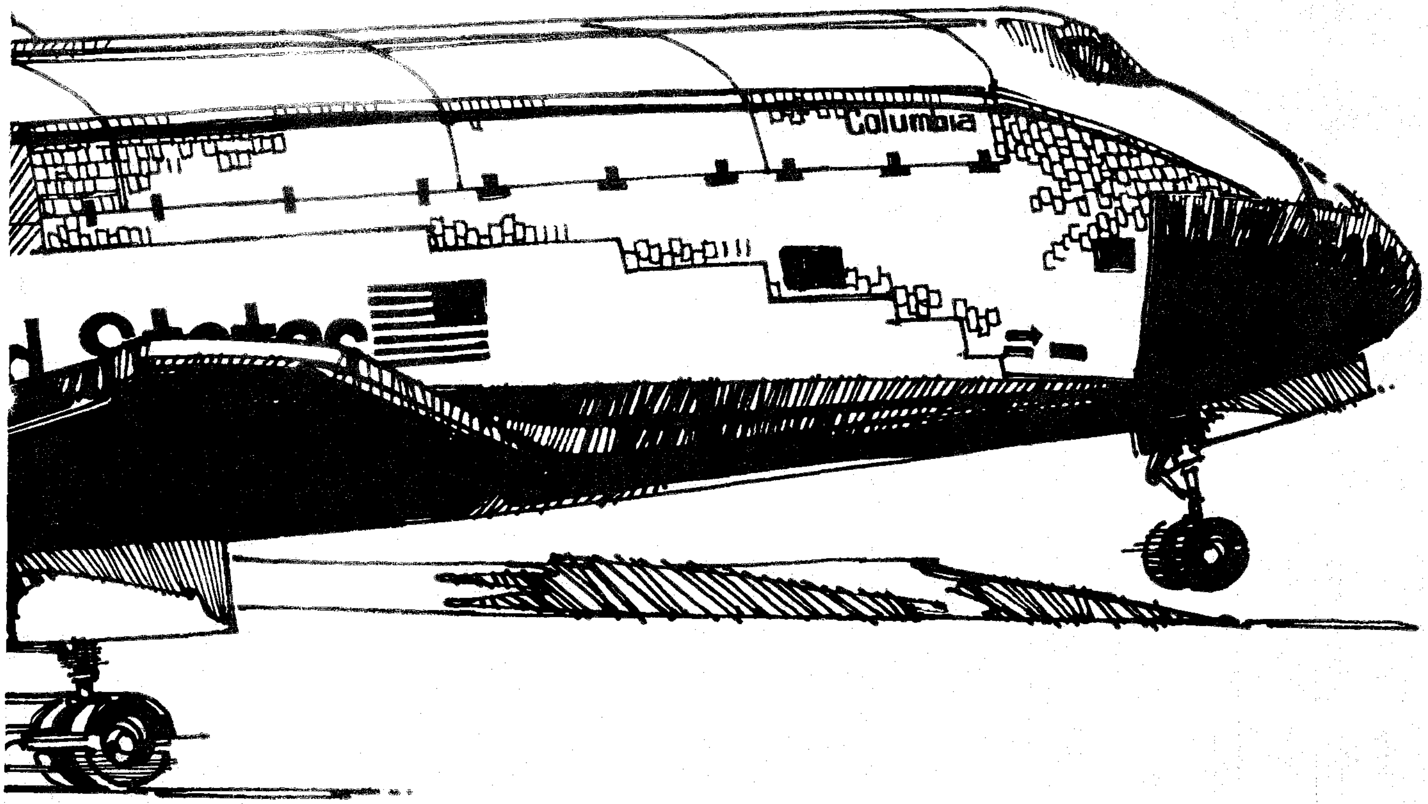

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Surrealist Portraits—Fifty-five photographs by Man Ray, Berenice Abbott, Brassai, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through May 9. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. ¶ A permanent installation of American glass, ceramics, silver, and pewter has opened on the balcony of the Charles Engelhard Court in the new American Wing. . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **photography:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows start Friday, April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, who organizes his paintings—some of which are gigantic—with grids and a commercial color-printing process. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ More than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

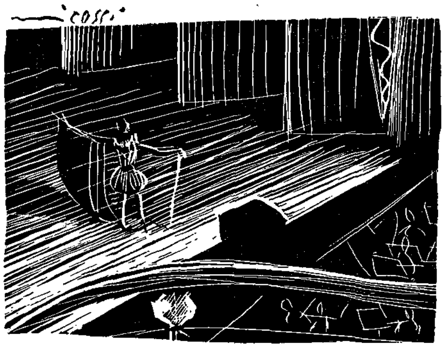
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), material (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan show of European prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday, April 26. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, some on the wall, by contemporary artists from all over the country. Four of the artists are Dotty Attie, Charles Gaines, Liliana Porter, and Richard Yarde. Through May 23.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirteen New York artists. Through Saturday, April 25.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Candace Hill-Montgomery (performance), Thursday, April 23, at 8:30. Exhibitions: Krzysztof Wodiczko's large-scale slide projections, through Saturday, April 25. . . . ¶ Books produced by artists in the past decade, through June 27.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ntozake Shange & Jessica Hagedorn (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 8:30; videotapes by San Francisco area artists, Sunday, April 26, at 8:30. Exhibition: collages by Izhar Patkin, through Saturday, May 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 22, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Janice Hall, Thomas Moser, and Ralph Bassett; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Bruce Reed; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Janice Hall, Thomas Moser, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Martha Sheil, Riccardo Calleo, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 1: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Bruce Reed; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 7: "La

Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Janice Hall, Thomas Moser, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, staged by Nicholas Muni, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—The première of Lazar Weiner's opera "The Golem," conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 3, at 2:30.)

New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6. Through Sunday, May 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 23, at 8; Friday, April 24, at 2; Saturday, April 25, at 8; and Tuesday, April 28, at 7:30: A varied program including the première of Ravi Shankar's "Raga-mala," with Mr. Shankar, sitar. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8; Friday, May 1, at 2; and Saturday, May 2, at 8: A Vivaldi-Liszt-Richard Strauss program, with Renée Siebert, flute; Carol Webb, violin; and Ken Noda, piano. Additional soloists on Friday will be Sol Greitzer, viola, and Lorne Munroe, cello.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting a Stravinsky-Rachmaninoff-Ravel program, with Lorin Hollander, piano; RoseMarie Freni, soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; and Roger Roloff, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8.)

Indiana University School of Music—At the **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE:** The Indiana University Opera Theatre presenting the American première production of Martinu's "The Greek Passion." Conducted by Bryan Balkwill and staged by Ross Allen. (Sunday, April 26, at 8.) . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Thomas Baldner conducting the Indiana University Philharmonic Orchestra, with Yuval Yaron, violin, and Gary Hoffman, cello. (Monday, April 27, at 8.) . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL:** The Indiana University Chamber Ensembles performing a program of works by Haydn, Bozza, Barber, and Schumann. (Saturday, April 25, at 2:30.) . . . **ABRAHAM GOODMAN HOUSE:** Robert Porco directing the Indiana University Chamber Choir in a program of works by Britten, Barber, Poulenc, Schönberg, Petrassi, and Heiden. (Thursday, April 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Frederick Fox conducting the Indiana University New Music Ensemble in a program of works by Imbrie, Birtwistle, Mayuzumi, and others. (Sunday, May 3, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday, April 27, and Wednesday, April 29: Performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 28: A Bruckner-Bartók program. . . . Friday and Saturday, May 1-2: Performances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; José van Dam, bass-baritone; Malcolm King, bass; Kenneth Riegel, tenor, on Friday; and Peyo Garazzi, tenor, on Saturday. (Evenings at 8.)

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—Lazar Gosman conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with David Arnold, baritone, and the Rutgers University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 3.)

Mannes Orchestra—Gervase De Peyer conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing an Ives-Foss-Prokofieff program, with Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Evans, tenor; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus; and the New York University Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—Robert Shaw directing the Curtis Institute Orchestra and Chorus in an all-Beethoven program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 3.)

Columbia University Collegium Renaissance Band—Susan Hellauer directing a program entitled "O Lusty May: Music for an English Springtime." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia Glee Club—Warren Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's "Four Sacred Pieces" and Mozart's Requiem, with Betsy Norden, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and Andrew Wentzel, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of music for antiphonal choruses, with the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a Haydn-Mozart program, with the Barnard-Columbia Philharmonia. (McMillin Theatre. Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattanville College Chorus—Clayton Westermann directing, with an orchestra. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Fairfield County Chorale—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Jo Ann Pickens, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program entitled "Schütz to Schönberg: Four Centuries of German Music." (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 26, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program entitled "The Italian Ars Nova: Vocal Virtuosity in the Springtime of the Renaissance." (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of German and American music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Brahms program. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

Concordia College Choir—Gerry Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The second in a series of four concerts played with a quartet, in this case the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—The last three of four concerts of twentieth-century music. Wednesday, April 22, at 8: A program of jazz and other music performed by Karl Berger, composer-vibraphonist; Ed Blackwell, drums; George Lewis, trombone; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: A program entitled "Sal Martirano and the Sal-Mar Construction." With the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 28, at 8: L'Ensemble d'Ondes de Montreal performing works by Walter Boudreau and Bruce MacCombie. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. For information about tickets, call 673-8794.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The first two in a series of three programs, each consisting of a Brahms piano quartet and other works. Program I: With Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Alice Tully

Adolfo Fragrances are happy to trade bouquets with the new Bonwit Teller at 4 East 57th Street

ADOLFO and FRANCES DENNEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Thursday, April 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Program II: With Michael Tree, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 28, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

Audubon Quartet—A program including the première of Ezra Laderman's String Quartet No. 6. With Toby Appel, viola, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Tana Bawden—Piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, April 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brandenburg Collegium—The last in a series of all-Bach programs, this one with Anthony Newman, harpsichordist-conductor, and Ann Briggs, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Friday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 5: Ani Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 6: James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Robin Graham, horn; and Emanuel Ax and Charles Wadsworth, piano. *(Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St.* No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.) . . . ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 4-5, at 7:30: The same program as May 2, above. (Alice Tully Hall.)

Composers String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical *illustrations of the cycle at 2.* Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle of string quartets, as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 3.)

Stephanie Brown—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday. April 25, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Kazuko Hayami—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 5:45.)

Joseph Grado—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 8.)

Hélène Wickett—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 27, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Jay Gottlieb, piano; Susan Jolles, harp; Donald MacCourt, bassoon, and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, April 27, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

I Amici—With Jerome Lowenthal, piano; Arturo *Delmoni and Junko Ohtzu, violin;* Sarah Clarke and Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Jennifer Langham and Judith Serkin, cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, April 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joseph Porrello—Tenor. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Tuesday, April 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 28, at 8.)

New Repertory Ensemble of New York—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Daniel Phillips, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Robin Graham, horn; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of contemporary music, mostly premières, performed by the Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

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Cleveland Quartet—A Mozart-Bartók program, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 1, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, April 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday through Thursday, April 28-30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, May 1, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 2, at 2:05.

Boxing—Inter-City Golden Gloves: New York vs. Chicago. Sponsored by the News Chari*ties. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, April* 27, at 8.)

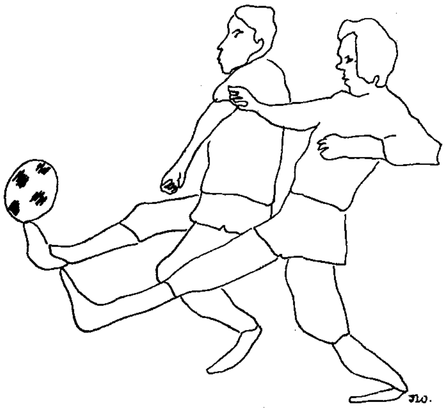
Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 2.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 2.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues. (Madison Square Garden. The sixth game, if necessary, Friday, April 24, at 8:35.) . . . Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The fifth game Wednesday, April 22, at 8:05, and, if necessary, the seventh game Sunday, April 26, at 8:05.) . . . ¶ The Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs start Tuesday, April 28.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Bold Ruler, Saturday, April 25; the Top Flight *Handicap, Sunday, April 26; and the Carter* Handicap, Saturday, May 2. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 1, through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at eleven on Sunday, April 26, near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 26, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.) . . . ¶ A closed-circuit telecast of a World Cup Soccer match between Yugoslavia and Greece, from Yugoslavia. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, April 29, at noon.)



Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Starting Saturday, *May 2, at 1:30. For information about tick*ets, call 268-6777.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 23-25.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; *through Wednesday, June 17.* . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the **92ND STREET Y:** Ann Beattie and Raymond Carver reading from their own prose, Monday, April 27, at 8. . . . ¶ John Ashbery reading from his own poetry, Thursday, April 30, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB:** Alta and Marge Piercy reading from their own poetry and prose. (321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, April 27, at 8.) . . . **PUBLIC THEATRE:** William Bronk and William Heyen reading from their own poetry. (425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 27, at 8.) . . . **GREAT HALL,** Cooper Union: Ishmael Reed, Michelle Wallace, and Wesley Brown reading from their own fiction. (Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **BOOKS & CO.:** Joyce Carol Oates and Annette Jaffee reading from their own prose. (939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, April 28, at 7:30.)

Walking Tour—"The World of Edith Wharton: Madison Square and Gramercy Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 26, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Spring Antiques Show—American, European, and Asian rarities, including furniture, bronzes, glass, silver, jewelry, folk art, toys, books, and paintings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday through Sunday, May 1-3, from 1 to 10, and Monday, May 4, from 1 to 7.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Wednesday through Friday, April 22-24, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, from 11 to 4.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, April 23, at 2: American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century and Western paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 2: American folk paintings. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, April 23, at 2, and Friday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese works of art, along with Chinese snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: English furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, May 1, at 2: American furniture and decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 25. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** 171 E. 84th St. (Ex*hibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays,* 10 to 5.) Tuesday, April 28, at 2: The Joseph M. Roebling Collection of American autographs, books, and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 23. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 29, at 2: Printed Americana, from the library of the late William E. Wilson. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, April 24, at 10 and 2: *American paintings, drawings, and sculp*tures. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Monday, April 27, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Friday, April 24.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 26, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

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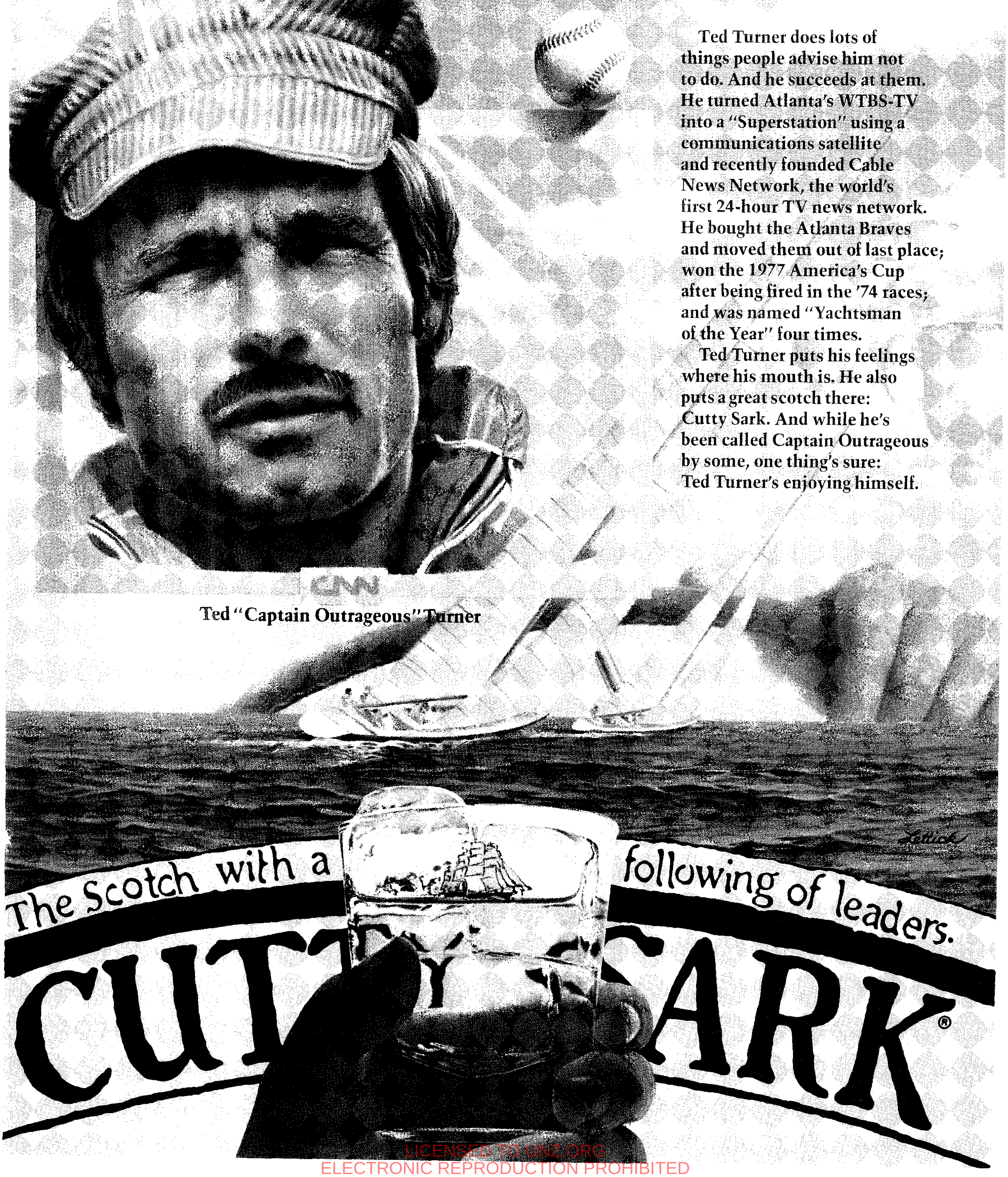

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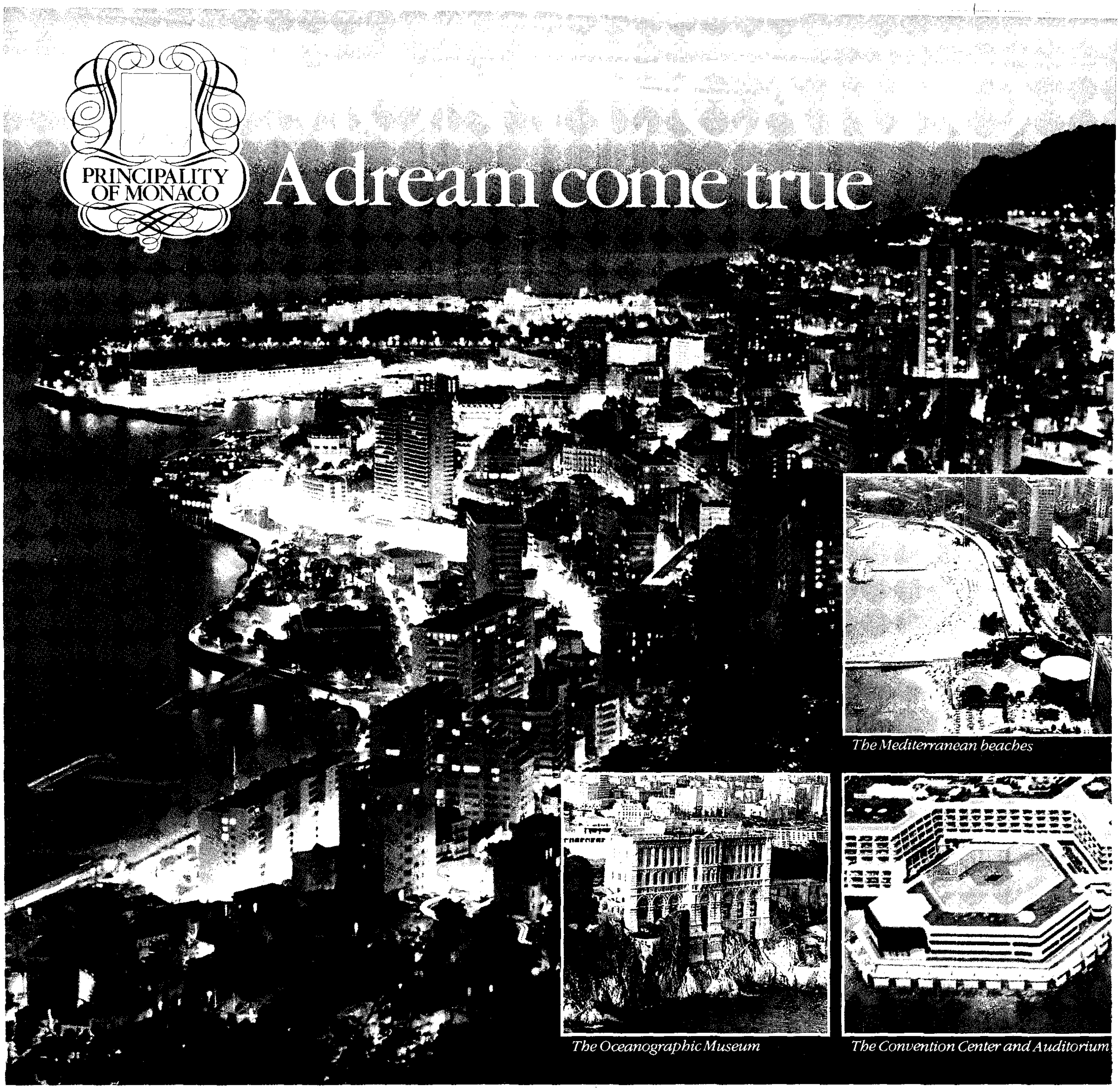

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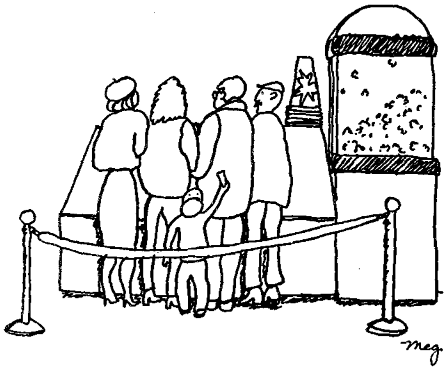
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 26: "Spoiled Children" (1977; directed by Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Michel Piccoli.
April 27: Theatre closed.
From April 28: "Joana Francesa" (1973; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jeanne Moreau and Carlos Kroeber, will be shown nightly at 8, after which the director will be present. At 10, another film by Mr. Diegues—a different one each night—will be shown.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 28: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck.
From April 29: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field), a documentary film; and "Love It Like a Fool: A Film About Malvina Reynolds" (Susan Wengraf), a short documentary film.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 23: "Ordinary People" (†) and "Bloodbrothers." (†)
April 24-30: "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (†); and "Tribute" (Bob Clark), with Jack Lemmon and Robby Benson.
From May 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 30: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.
From May 1: "Friday the 13th, Part II" (Steve Miner).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Excalibur." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 23: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.
From April 24: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†) From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 2: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 25: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†) From April 26: "Coctail Molotov" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron.
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 1: "Second Hand Hearts" (Hal Ashby), with Robert Blake and Barbara Harris.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 30: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).
From May 1: "Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie and Marlene Dietrich.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Austrailian film), with Edward Woodward.
Theatre 2: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Excalibur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Alice in Wonderland." (†) From April 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From April 24: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Atlantic City." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 23: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
April 24-30: "Raging Bull." (†)
From May 1: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Star Wars." (†) From April 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter. From April 24: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts. From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 2: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"D.O.A." (directed by Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Melvin and Howard." (†) From May 1: "Portrait of Teresa" (Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados.
Theatre 2: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 23: Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, all X-rated and all in Italian: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973).
From April 24: "Where's Poppa?" (†) and "King of Hearts." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City." (†)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 3: "La Drôlesse" (Jacques Doillon; in French), with Madeleine Desdevises and Claude Hebert.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Excalibur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld. From April 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 23: "Alice in Wonderland." (†) From April 24: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 23: "Star Wars." (†) From April 24: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 25: "Resurrection." (†) From April 26: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From May 1: "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld. From May 1: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 3: See listings under Revival Houses.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars." (†)
Theatre 2: "Knightriders" (directed by George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.
Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 5: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 6: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.
Theatre 3: Through April 23:"The Elephant

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Man." (†) From April 24: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
Theatre 4: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through April 23: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
From April 24: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Excalibur." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts. From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 2: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 22: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; directed by Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).
April 23: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939; John Ford), with Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and John Carradine.
April 24: "Love on the Run" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; and "The Green Room" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté.
April 25: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
April 26: "Ludwig." (†)
April 27: "Il Bidone (The Swindlers)" (†); and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
April 28: "The Adventures of Kyoshiro Nemuri, Swordsman" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Zatoichi—The Doomed Man" (1965; Issei Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
April 29: "The Shining." (†)
April 30: "The Joke" (†) and "The Shop on Main Street." (†)
May 1: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.
May 2: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 22: "Charulata" (1964) and "Two Daughters" (1961), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
April 23: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "The Apple Game" (1976; Věra Chytilová; in Czech), with Jiří Menzel and Dagmar Blahova.
April 24: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
April 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
April 26: "Tonight We Sing" (1953; Mitchell Leisen), with Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters, and David Wayne; and "Unfaithfully Yours." (†)
April 27: "Lost Horizon" (†); and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
April 28: "Mourning Becomes Electra." (†)
April 29: "The Godfather" (†) and "The Godfather, Part II." (†)
April 30: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
May 1: "Valentino" (†); and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
May 2: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 23: "The Idolmaker" (1980; Taylor Hackford), with Ray Sharkey; and "That'll Be the Day" (1974; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr.
April 24-25: "Fritz the Cat" (1972) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
April 26-28: "Lord of the Flies" (†) and "Siddhartha." (†)
April 29-30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll." (†)
May 1-2: "The Godfather." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 30: "Breaking Glass" (Brian Gibson), with Hazel O'Connor.
From May 1: "Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie and Marlene Dietrich.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 22: "The Woman in the Window" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
April 23-24: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940; Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.
April 25-26: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Back Street" (1941; Robert Stevenson), with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer.
April 27-29: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (1955; Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg.
April 30-May 2: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

RETAIL
SAVE 50%
BLOUSES
ALL SIZES

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
April 23-24: "Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970; Dennis Sanders), a filmed concert; and "Jailhouse Rock" (1957; Richard Thorpe), with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Mickey Shaughnessy, and Dean Jones.
April 25-26: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Sisters" (1973; Brian De Palma), with Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt.
April 27-29: "Phantom of the Paradise" (†); and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.
April 30-May 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 24: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
April 25-27: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.
April 28-30: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
From May 1: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Olympia Triplex 3, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 23: "Ordinary People." (†)
April 24-25: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
April 26-28: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
April 29-30: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.
May 1-2: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Joseph Andrews" (1978; Tony Richardson), with Ann-Margret and Peter Firth.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 25: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
April 26-28: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.
April 29-May 2: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Pride and

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Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 22: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton, Charlotte Greenwood, and Reginald Denny; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton and Ernest Torrence.

April 23: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "The Raven (Le Corbeau)" (1943; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc.

April 24-25: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976; John Carpenter), with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.

April 26: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson.

April 27: "The Godfather." (†)

April 28: "The Godfather, Part II." (†)

April 29: "No Man of Her Own" (†); and "Hands Across the Table" (1935; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, and Astrid Allwyn.

April 30: "Last Command" (1928; Josef von Sternberg), with William Powell; and "Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg), with George Bancroft.

May 1-2: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 22: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932; King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

April 23: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

April 24: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.

April 25-26: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

April 27: "The Big Heat" (†) and "Human Desire." (†)

April 28: "Ruby Gentry" (†) and "Portrait of Jennie." (†)

April 29: "High Pressure" (1932; Mervyn LeRoy), with William Powell, Evelyn Brent, and Ben Alexander; and "The Key" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Colin Clive, William Powell, and Edna Best.

April 30: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (†); and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

May 1-2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: April 23 at 2:30: "La Lutte" (1961; directed by Michel Brault and Claude Jutra), "Golden Gloves" (1961; Gilles Groulx), and "Kindergarten" (1963; Guy L. Côté). . . . April 23 at 6: "Pour la Suite du Monde" (1964; Michel Brault, Marcel Carrière, and Pierre Pèrrault). . . . April 23 at 8:30: "Les Voitures d'Eau" (1968; Pierre Pèrrault). . . . April 24 at 2:30: "Rose et Landry" (1963; Jean Rouch and Jacques Godbout), "Le Beau Derangement" (1964; Suzanne Angel), and "Les Montréalistes" (1965; Denys Arcand). . . . April 25 at noon and April 26 at noon: "High Steel" (1965; Don Owen), "Rouli-Roulant" (1966; Claude Jutra), "Cattle Ranch" (1961; Guy L. Côté), and "60 Cycles" (1965; Jean-Claude Labrecque). . . . April 26 at 2:30: "Rose et Landry," "Le Beau Derangement," and "Les Montréalistes." . . . April 27 at noon: "Los Canadienses" (1976; Albert Kish). . . . April 27 at 2:30: "Jean Carignan, Violoneux" (1975; Bernard Gosselin). . . . April 28 at noon: "Los Canadienses." . . . April 30 at 2:30: "A Matter of Fat" (1969; William Weintraub). . . . April 30 at 6: "Jean Carignan, Violoneux." . . . May 1 at 2:30: "Pour la Suite du Monde." . . . May 2 at noon: "Au Bout de Ma Rue" (1958; Louis-Georges Carrier), "La Patinoire" (1963; Gilles Carle), "I'm a Mammal and So Are You" (1972), "The Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes" (1968; William Mason), and "Le Beau Plaisir" (1968; Pierre Pèrrault, Bernard Gosselin, and Michel Brault). . . . May 2 at 2:30: "A Matter of Fat." . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: April 30 at 8:30: "Handicapped Love" (1979; Marlies Graf; a Swiss film). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 24 at 6: "Simone Barbes, or Virtue" (France; Marie-Claude Treilhou). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8:30: "The Willmar 8" (United States; Lee Grant) and "Possum Living" (United States; Nancy Schreiber). . . . ¶ April 25 at 3: "Hazal" (Turkey; Ali Ozgentürk). . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: "Love Brewed . . . In the African Pot" (Ghana; Kwaw Ansah; in English). . . . ¶ April 25 at 8:30: "The Boat Is Full" (Switzerland / Germany / Austria; Markus Imhoof). . . . ¶ April 25 at 11: "Simone Barbes, or Virtue." . . . ¶ April 26 at 6: "The Willmar 8" and "Possum Living." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8:30: "Hazal." . . . ¶ April 27 at 6: "The Boat Is Full." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8:30 and April 28 at 6: "Portrait of Teresa" (Cuba; Pastor Vega). . . . April 28 at 8:30: "Love Brewed . . . In the African Pot." . . . ¶ April 29 at 6: "In for Treatment" (The Netherlands; Erik Van Zuylen and Marja Kok). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8:30 and May 1 at 6: "An Italian Woman" (Italy; Giuseppe Bertolucci). . . . ¶ May 1 at 8:30: "In for Treatment." . . . May 2 at 6: "Immacolata e Concetta" (Italy; Salvatore Piscicelli). . . . ¶ May 2 at 8:30: "Bhavni Bhavai" (India; Ketan Mehta). (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Time Zones" (1980; Ira Schneider), a videotape installation, with Tom Zafian. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 22 at 8: Two French films, with no English subtitles, by Jean Cocteau: "Le Sang d'un Poète (1930) and "La Belle et la Bête" (1946). . . . ¶ April 23 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: A program of films by Manuel de Landa. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: A program of films by Susan Wittenberg and Carol Stein . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Orphée" (1950) and "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960), both films directed by Jean Cocteau, in French, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "Presents" (1981; Michael Snow). . . . ¶ May 1-2 at 8: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Loews New York, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 23.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Loews Tower East, Paramount, and Loews State.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low down in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile, her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited." It's not quite all that. (Cinema Village; April 29-30.)

Il Bidone (The Swindlers) (1955, though not released in the United States until 1964)—This Fellini film, made directly after "La Strada," wasn't a success in Italy, or in this country, either. The tone is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are con artists who cheat gullible peasants. The film doesn't quite work, but it isn't negligible; it has some of Fellini's most realistic passages, and Crawford's remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. Giulietta Masina plays Basehart's wife. Written by Fellini, Tullio Pinelli, and Ennio Flaiano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 27.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. He acquires a helper: one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too. The film begins to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern; cinematography by Charles Lang, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27.)

Bloodbrothers (1978)—The director, Robert Mulligan, is trying for something crude, powerful, volatile—but it goes terribly wrong. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, and Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner. People laugh with hysterical heartiness, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment. Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. With Lelia Goldoni, Marilu Henner, Michael Hershewe, Robert Englund, Yvonne Wilder, and Floyd Levine. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 23.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Manhattan; through April 23.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows.

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With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy; through April 23.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; starting May 1.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—There's a bloom on everything Paul Newman does in the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; through April 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 24-30.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Baronet; through April 25. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting April 26.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Thalia; April 27. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; May 1-2.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (Thalia; April 28. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which was turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also with Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27.)

The Joke (1969)—A wry Czech movie by Jaromil Jireš (taken from a Milan Kundera novel) that shuttles back and forth between the days of Stalinism and Dubček's 1968. The hero is caught in that romanticism of orthodoxy which, as time goes on, permits only a disappointment that bites like a steel trap on the leg of a man trying to move. (You wonder if the same thing is true of the director.) Interesting stuff about a sardonic, prankish character. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival; starting April 24.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Cinema Village; April 26-28.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part high-flown, cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. Score by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 27.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 26.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Cinema 3, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—O'Neill's six-hour Freudian-American Greek tragedy accumulates power on the stage, but it becomes merely oppressive in the nearly three hours of this painstaking yet static version, written and directed by Dudley Nichols. Rosalind Russell is the Electra, Katina Paxinou her adulterous mother, Raymond Massey her father, and Michael Redgrave her brother. (It is apparent from their accents that they have only recently become a family.) With Kirk Douglas and Leo Genn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

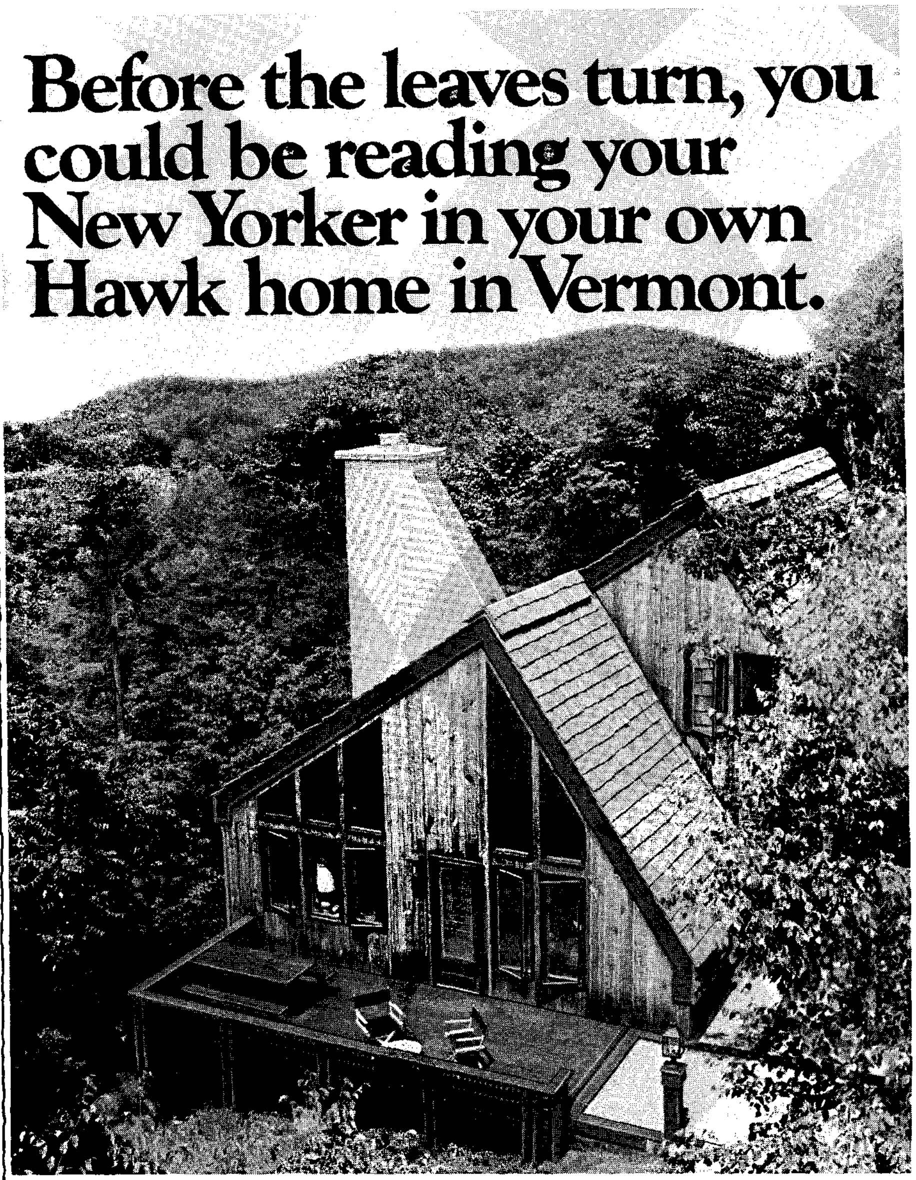
No Man of Her Own (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Thalia; April 29.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Sutton, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Triplex 3; through April 23.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, has an original comic temperament; he's drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and to urbane slapstick comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and turns into the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit. The cinematographer, Larry Pizer, keeps the images full to overflowing, and the set designer, Jack Fisk, supplies striking takeoffs of the frenzied décor of German silent films. The singer Beef is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance; Harold Oblong, Jeffrey Comanor, and Archie Hahn turn up as three different groups—the Juicy Fruits, the Beach Bums, and, with black-and-white expressionistic faces, the Undeads. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 27-29.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism was taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dimitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August; with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack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Nicholson does a runthrough of his over-deliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81). (Loews Astor Plaza; through April 23. . . . ¶ Coronet; through April 30. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 24.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adapation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro). Scorsese tries to turn raw, pulp power into art and loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (72nd Street East; April 24-30.)

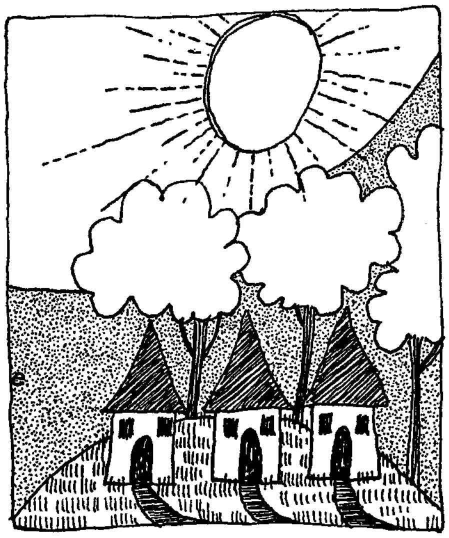
Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (New Yorker; through April 25.)

Ruby Gentry (1952)—A feverishly—almost campily—operatic story of passion turning to fury. The setting is North Carolina. Blue-blooded Charlton Heston loves Ruby (Jennifer Jones), but she's a poor swamp girl, so he marries a woman from a proper background. Ruby lands the richest man in town, is widowed, and proceeds to avenge herself on everyone who has ever done her dirt. Heston is her prime target. He has been involved in a large-scale endeavor to reclaim marshland; she terminates the project with the order "Stop the pumps." That may sound like a put-on, but the movie doesn't mean to be funny. King Vidor directed, in the seething, extravagant style he employed in parts of "Duel in the Sun" and in such outré items as "Beyond the Forest" and "The Fountainhead." With Karl Malden, Josephine Hutchinson, and Tom Tully. Russell Harlan did the cinematography; Sylvia Richards wrote the screenplay, from a story by Arthur Fitz-Richard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Taken from Stephen King's pulp best-seller, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 29.)

The Shop on Main Street (1965)—An apocalyptic folk tale set in a German-occupied Slovakian village in 1942. A simple, poor carpenter (Josef Kroner) with a nagging wife is appointed by his brother-in-law to be the "Aryan controller" of a button shop run by an aged Jewish woman (Ida Kaminska), and he expects to make his fortune. But the old woman is penniless, has nothing to sell, and is so deaf she doesn't understand that he has come to take over. She assumes he has been sent to be her assistant; he slips into that role, and the two innocents become friends. The story deals with his confusion and spiritual crisis when the Jews are deported. This film has been much honored, though it pulls at the viewer's emotions and its folkishness is laboriously whimsical. Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, who co-directed, allow us to be too aware of the acting; Kroner's impersonation of a "little man" looks like hard work—in the Paul Muni tradition. Based on a story by Ladislav Grossman. In Czech. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Cinema Village; April 26-28.)



Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality, by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 23.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. The conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, dispatches her in three different ways—the three ways are set to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26.)

Valentino (1977)—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Festival; starting April 24.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 30-May 2.)

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BOSTON																3.16
CHICAGO															3.00	3.00
CLEVELAND														2.99	3.00	3.00
DALLAS													3.16	3.00	3.16	3.00
DENVER												3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16
DETROIT											3.16	3.16	2.50	2.83	3.00	3.00
INDIANAPOLIS										2.83	3.16	3.00	2.83	2.66	3.00	2.99
MEMPHIS									2.99	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.16	2.99
MILWAUKEE								3.00	2.83	2.83	3.00	3.00	2.99	2.50	3.00	3.00
NEWARK							3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
NEW HAVEN						2.50	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	2.50	3.00
NEW YORK					2.34	0.78	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.66	3.00
OMAHA				3.16	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.00
PHILADELPHIA			3.16	2.50	2.66	2.50	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
SAN FRANCISCO		3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33
SEATTLE	3.00	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33

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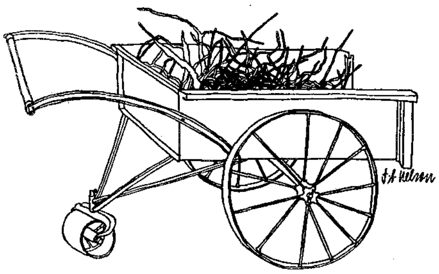
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT REAGAN, a strong believer in states' rights, has on occasion said that it was the states that created the federal government, and not the other way around. (Actually, the Second Continental Congress called for the creation of the states, which, in turn, acknowledged the authority of the preëxisting national body.) But if one were to judge by the pronouncements of some of his appointees—not to mention those of the Democratic "opposition," whose idea of opposing the President's program at times seems to be to outdo him in his plan of cutting the federal budget—one might suppose that the states had thought over the creation of a federal government and had in the end decided against it. For instance, David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, has said he can't see any reason that a taxpayer in Michigan should pay for subways in New York. But one might just as well ask why anybody in one state should do anything at all for anybody in any other state.

For New Yorkers, of course, Stockman's particular example—our subway system—is a matter that is hard to discuss in calm tones just at the moment. The subway system is to us in the city what land or the weather or a crop is to people in the country—a condition of our way of living. It is both a symbol of and a crucial part of the substance of what holds us together as a community and makes our city work. Without it, the city would stop dead. In recent months, something like the actual collapse of the subway system has become all too easily imaginable. According to the *Times*, a team of former business executives from a group called the Economic Development Council recently made a study of how the New York City Transit Authority and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority might go about "halting the deterioration" of subway and bus service—hardly a utopian goal, but one that is apparently beyond the present capacities of the city and the state. In addition to describing such familiar signs of breakdown and decay as the graffiti that cover the cars inside and out, the rising crime, the doors that won't open, and the delays in service, the team's report mentions some lesser-known problems, including the "borrowing" of money by token-booth attendants. We would like to add a few items to the list, on the basis of our personal experience: 1. Train or station is on fire, filling tunnel with smoke. 2. Passengers are prevented by policemen from getting on overcrowded platform, much less on train. 3. Train goes to unexpected destination. 4. Train arrives on unexpected track. (For example, the No. 1 train may arrive on the track for the No. 2 train, or vice versa.) 5. Passengers are thrown into confusion by deafening but uninterpretable instructions coming over p.a. system. (At Ninety-sixth Street the other day, when a train pulled in on the downtown-express track of the Broadway I.R.T. a voice announced, "This train is a local. It will make all local stops. The next stop is Seventy-second Street." Seventy-second Street, of course, is the next *express* stop.) 6. Everybody is ordered off train and told to wait for next one. 7. Empty train rolls through station past passengers who have already waited fifteen or twenty minutes, thereby exhausting any remaining patience and driving them into barely controllable fury.



By all accounts, the present condition of the New York subway system is like one of those illnesses that might have been cured quite easily at an early stage but later require major surgery. Unfortunately, in the crucial years the city, threatened with financial disaster, was in a poor position to administer the early cure; now the cost of rehabilitating our subway system, with or without the federal government's help, will be far greater than the cost of maintaining it as we went along would have been. If the experience of New York, which was forced to adopt its measures of budgetary austerity years before the budget-cutting fever swept Washington, offers any lessons to the country as a whole, it may be that some economies are not really economies at all but only postponements of spending, with the price rising precipitously when payment is put off. The profit from the newly "deregulated" industry is paid for with the illness of the people whose health is ruined by the resulting poisonous emissions. The person who is thrown off the food-stamp rolls shows up again on the welfare rolls. The town that is being polluted today has to be evacuated twenty years from now. The student who drops out of college because his low-interest government loan was cancelled is less productive in his work for the rest of his life. In addition to remarking on the matter of who should pay for New York's subways, David Stockman has said that while it is sometimes expedient for the government to provide certain social services, no one should consider that he is "entitled" to them. His observations smack of a radical individualism that seems to gainsay not only the acknowledgment by the states of the federal government's authority but the acknowledgment by individual citizens of the authority of the states. Somewhere along the line, the very idea of society seems to have got lost, and one is left with a picture of the country as a collection of wholly self-interested, wholly rivalrous individuals, who are unacquainted with any notion of the common good.

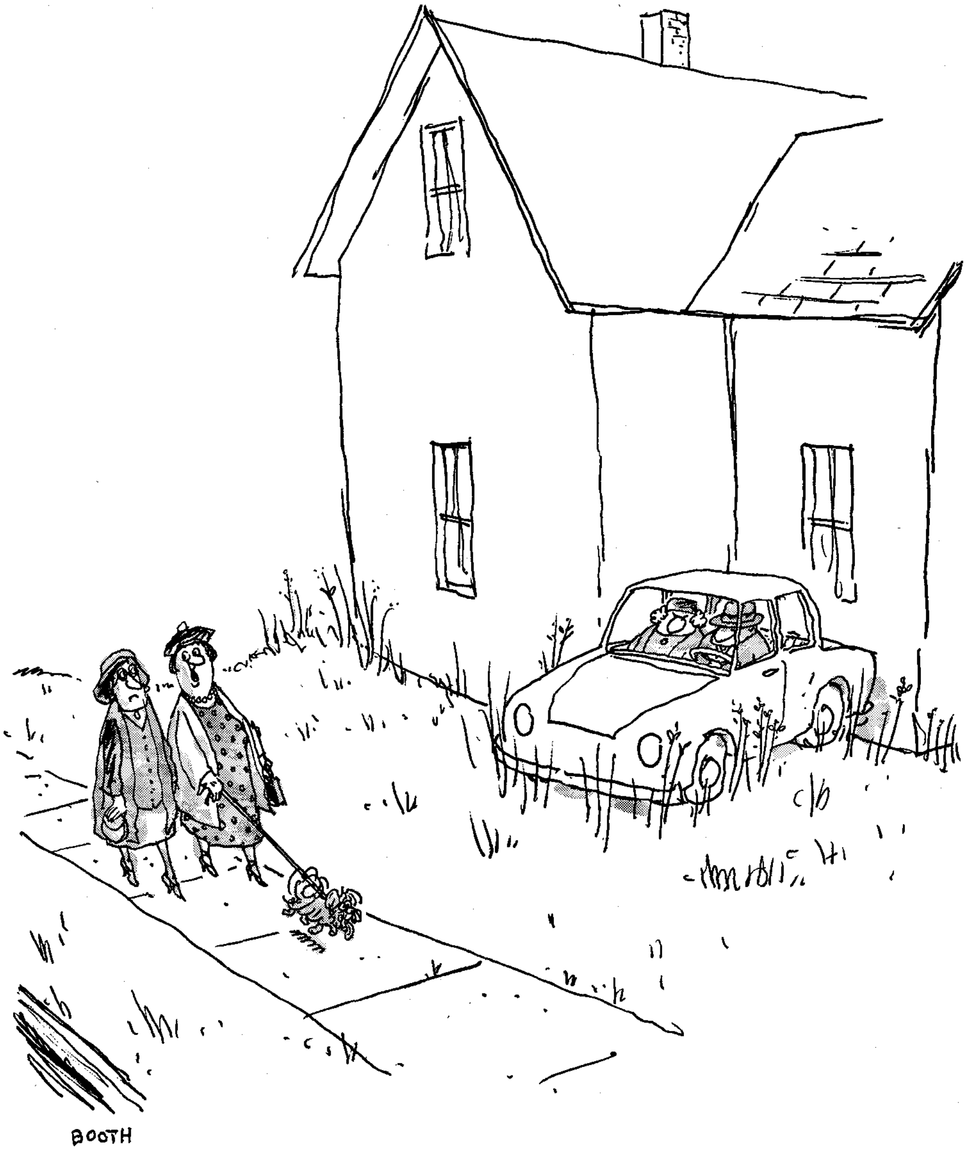
• •

Joe Louis

LAST week, when it was announced that Joe Louis had died, we received the following notes from a friend who lives in Manhattan:

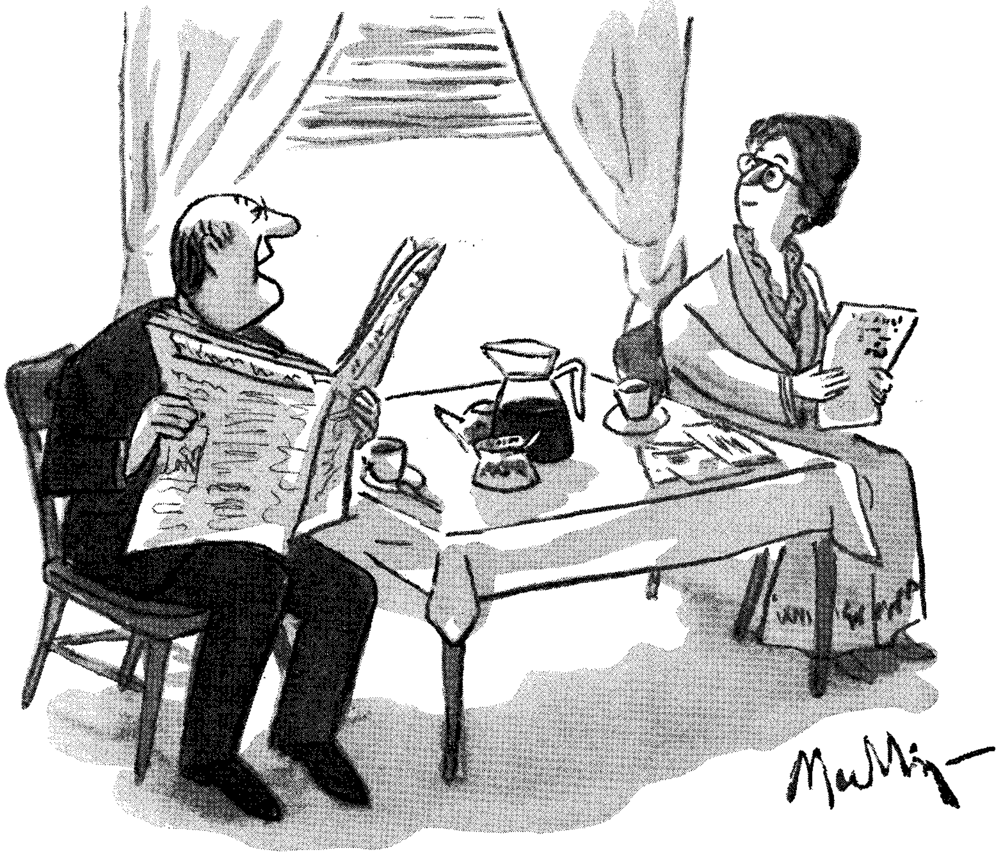
To Harlemites in the middle and late thirties, Joe Louis was easily the most heroic figure in America. Naturally, this had much to do with the fact of his color. He was the best black heavyweight boxer to have come upon the scene since the days of Jack Johnson; indeed, he was the outstanding prizefighter, black or white, of his generation. Still, Louis's effect upon the imagination of Harlemites would not have been as inspiring as it was if the rising arc of his career and fame—his succession of triumphs in the ring, each more important than the previous one—had not coincided with a low point in the fortunes of black Americans. That low point was, of course, simultaneous with the Great Depression. During those years, neither Father Divine, with his free banquets for blacks, nor Franklin D. Roosevelt, with his New Deal, managed to lift the spirits of suffering Harlemites as much as Joe Louis did. Louis's achievements in the ring did not, of course, shorten the bread lines of Harlem or bring an end to blacks' social and economic miseries. They did, however, make those miseries easier to bear. As the most conspicuously successful member of his race during those hard times, Louis was adopted as a champion of his people's cause—a representative of their aspirations and a reassuring example of their potentialities in American life.

This is not to say that Joe Louis belonged to Harlemites alone. He did not even live in the community. But Harlem was where he usually stayed when he came to New York for one of his fights or on one of his social visits, and Harlem, the Negro capital of the world, was doubtless the urban community in which he gained the strongest sense of what he meant to blacks as a whole. This sense, however, never became a source of conceit. Though he was mobbed whenever he appeared in Harlem—whether he was out for a leisurely stroll or was attending some important public event—he seemed far less conscious of his celebrity than his admirers were. But from the patience with which he surrendered himself to their attention it was evident that he well understood their emotional and psychological need to make something special of his example. He was twenty-one in 1935—gloriously young, broodingly handsome, and tantalizingly inarticulate and taciturn. Women, of whatever social class, found him irresistible—regardless of the fact that he was already linked to a long train of steady lady friends. "For the benefit of some Harlem lovelies," a newspaper up there announced at one point, "Joe Louis is due in Harlem next week." He "is magnetic and disturbing," a Harlem society columnist declared to her female readers. She added, "He upsets your apple cart of what the socially trained gentleman should do. But you like it. . . . Joe Louis gets in your hair."



"I understand the house is a mess inside."

He was just as inspiring to prominent public figures in Harlem whose lives and careers showed little or no sign of being hurt by the Depression. The fifteen thousand blacks who showed up at Yankee Stadium for Louis's fight with Primo Carnera, in June of 1935, included such Harlem notables as Dr. C. B. Powell, the co-publisher of the *Amsterdam News;* Ferdinand Q. Morton, a New York Municipal Civil Service Commissioner; Hubert Delaney, the New York City Tax Commissioner; Harry Bragg, the Assistant Attorney General of New York; Walter White, the Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P.; William T. Andrews, a State Assemblyman; Dr. Louis T. Wright, a surgeon to



“In a world gone totally berserk, my dear, you are an island of sanity.”

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the New York City Police Department; Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., assistant pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church; and Duke Ellington and Claude Hopkins, bandleaders. That night, when Louis, who had then had twenty-two fights as a professional and had won them all, knocked out Carnera, a giant of a man who had once held the heavyweight championship of the world, Harlem was more jubilant than it had been over any previous public event. The community was jubilant again when, a few months later, he quickly disposed of Max Baer—also a former heavyweight champion—at Yankee Stadium. But there were to be fluctuations in this kind of emotion, for Louis did not continue to win every time he fought, and did not always dispatch his opponents with the swiftness and power that his black following had come to expect and demand. Harlemites were both stunned and crushed when, in June of 1936, at Yankee Stadium, Louis was knocked out by Max Schmeling, of Germany—his first loss as a professional. The thought that he might be vincible had simply never entered their minds. A couple of months later, in a letter to the editor of the *Age*—which was then the leading newspaper in Harlem—a resident of the community recalled “that fateful night when millions of . . . shocked listeners heard the unbelievable words in the fourth round, ‘Louis is down for the first time in his fistic career,’ and then in the twelfth, ‘Max Schmeling, winner.’ ” The writer continued, “For a moment, I was paralyzed. Then I suddenly rose and rushed from the room to keep from bursting into tears. When I reached my bedroom, I was weak, and my eyes were blurred. It was a terrible nightmare.” Of that nightmare, a black sports columnist wrote, “Yes, sir, all Harlem is mourning.” How could Joe have lost, have let his black supporters down? In exploring that question, the columnist took note of a rumor then sweeping Harlem—that Joe, who had recently married the lovely Marva Trotter, had, to the detriment of his training, spent too much time in the company of his new bride. But the columnist dismissed the rumor as a “cruel attack upon Mrs. Louis.” Whatever the reasons for his poor performance against Schmeling, Louis atoned for it two months later, when he knocked out Jack Sharkey, at Yankee Stadium. “Joe Louis is king again,” a newspaper in Harlem proclaimed.

In June of 1937, Louis scored his most important victory: by knocking out Jim Braddock, at Comiskey Park, in Chicago, he became the heavyweight champion of the world. Switching off their radios, some hundred thousand Harlemites poured into the streets in celebration—beating drums, blowing horns, ringing cowbells, drinking and partying far into the next morning. In Harlem, perhaps only Jack Johnson was not so deeply impressed. Johnson may have envied the growing popularity of the younger man; in any event, he never had much good to say about Louis’s ability as a boxer. In 1908, Johnson had become the first member of his race to win the heavyweight championship of the world, and, at what was then a relatively primitive stage of American race relations—another time when Negroes desperately needed victories of any sort—he had been an idol of blacks. Now that Louis had joined him in the history books, Johnson was believed not only to envy the new champion but to resent him as well.

However, in August of 1937, at Yankee Stadium, Louis, in narrowly outpointing Tommy Farr, barely looked like the heavyweight champion he was supposed to be. This was another letdown for his supporters in Harlem, since the only victories of his that thrilled them—the only ones that justified the emotional investment they had made in him—were those he scored by a knockout. Again looking around for a scapegoat, they settled this time upon Louis’s trainers, and accused them of tampering with Joe’s natural flair for aggressive boxing in an attempt to convert the Brown Bomber into a defensive fighter. “A clever defense requires fast thinking, and this Joe cannot do,” one writer in Harlem said. A punch that had been aimed at Louis’s handlers had landed on Joe instead. But all that was soon forgotten.

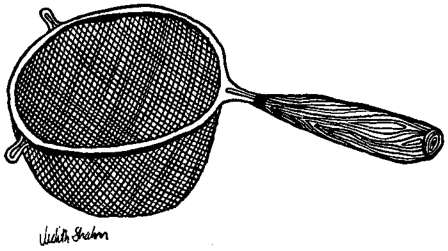
Louis’s return bout with Max Schmeling, in June of 1938, was a racial and political incident of international significance. War clouds were then gathering in Europe, and, over here, the German challenger—viewed as a representative of the Nazi regime—was linked to Hitler’s doctrines of anti-Semitism and Aryan supremacy. Upon Joe Louis fell the task of upholding the American experience and the democratic way of life. There were ironies in this, to be sure. On a visit to the White House during the closing years of the Depression—in which blacks had suffered greater hardships than any other group in the nation—Louis was reminded by President Roosevelt, "Joe, we're depending on those muscles for America." And, as Louis later recalled, almost all Americans were pulling for him "to K.O. Germany"—even those who "still were lynching black people in the South." At all events, in the fight, at Yankee Stadium, Louis swiftly vindicated the hopes that the nation had reposed in him, by knocking out Schmeling a little more than two minutes into the first round. If white Americans breathed a sigh of relief—feeling that what was best in their values had been successfully defended—blacks did not hesitate to take full credit for the achievement. Joe Louis "has conquered the world," a writer in Harlem commented, and this victory was celebrated still more wildly up there than any of the previous ones had been. While there was the usual high-spirited revelry in the bars and night clubs, emotions in the streets boiled over into a near-riot. Scuffles broke out, stones and other missiles were thrown, buses and private vehicles were attacked. Of all this, the police took as lenient a view as possible. They made few arrests, their commissioner having instructed them to let Harlem have a good time. But the old-fashioned and upstanding gentlemen who ran the *Age* were not so lenient. Severely embarrassed by the disorderly display, the paper said in an editorial, "Joe Louis not only represents his race, but, as world champion, represents the United States. . . . Those of his own race can harm him with their overenthusiasm."

In any case, Louis suffered other hurts as well, not all of which were caused by the overenthusiasm of his race—and hardly any of which showed through his invincible combination of reticence and nobility. One instance occurred in 1942, when the champion who had quickened the pride of his nation reported to Camp Upton, New York, for his induction into the Army. All recognition of his exceptional status ended as soon as he stepped from the chauffeur-driven limousine that had taken him to the induction center. He himself, with characteristic dispassion, put it this way: "They gave me my uniform and sent me over to the colored section." There were no reports in the Harlem papers of how Louis was treated when he arrived at Camp Upton, but hardly any black American would have been surprised to learn of his reception. It was one of the traditional ceremonies of an Army that would soon be fighting abroad in the name, once more, of democracy and human dignity. During what remained of his life, however—as in much of what had gone before—Louis showed by his conduct that his spirit was not confined to "the colored section" but inhabited those broader areas of American experience which were shared by all men and women of civility and good will.

Alliance

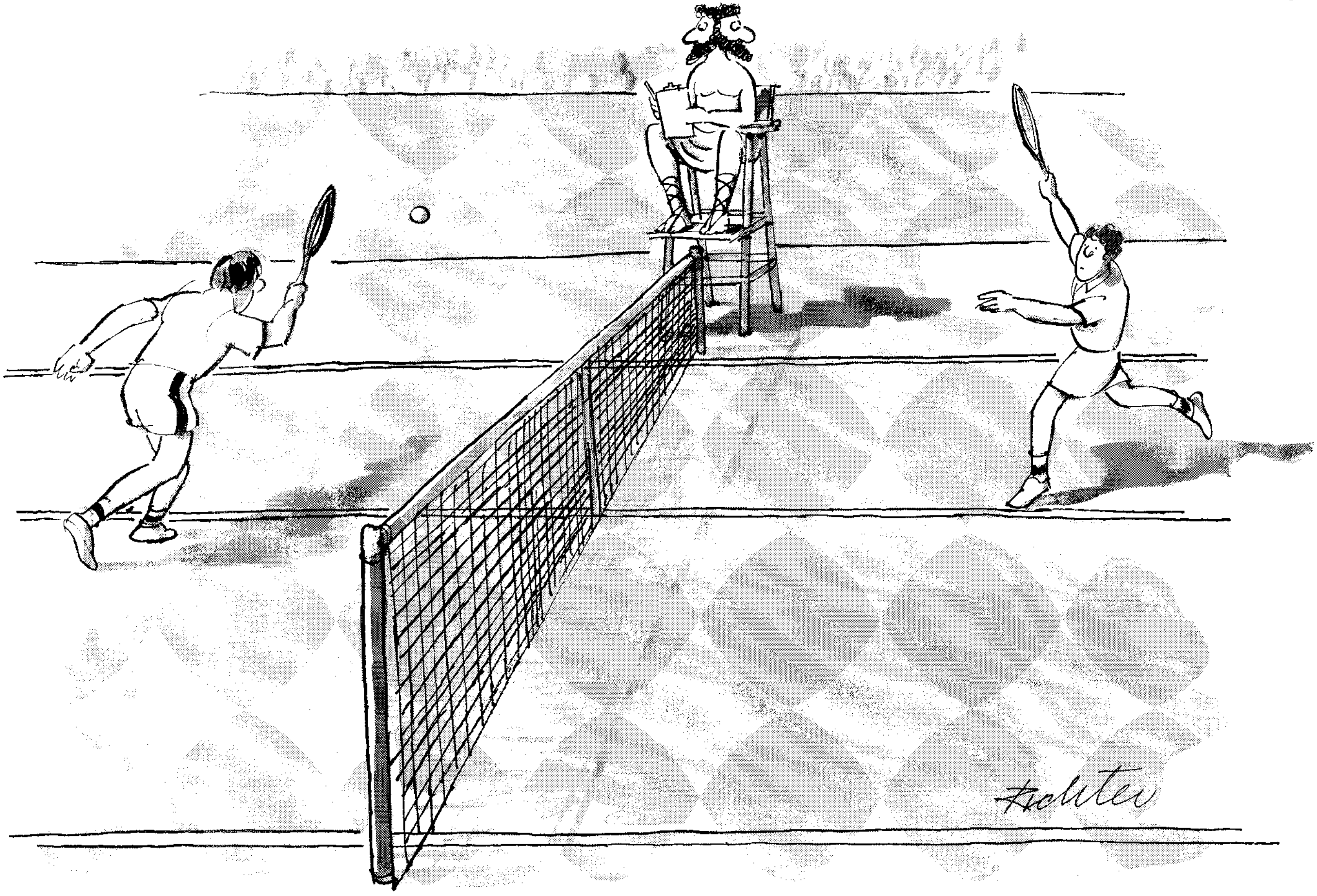
THREE members of the City Council, representatives of several civic organizations, and a dozen or so environmentalists and horticulturists held a press conference the other morning to announce the introduction of a bill in the City Council to protect New York City's back-yard trees. These defenders of arboreal life had recently banded together in a loose coalition called the Ailanthus Alliance, following a demonstration during which the tenants of buildings at 243 and 245 East Thirty-sixth Street, off Second Avenue, took action—most notably by sitting in a seventy-year-old ailanthus tree that grows in their common back yard—to prevent their common landlord from cutting the tree down. The press conference was held at the foot of the tree, near a flower garden, and as some thirty people wandered around, gazing up at the tree, we spoke with Kay McDermott, the president of the Thirty-sixth and Second Tenants' Association, which is at the heart of the new coalition.

Miss McDermott, a blond woman who was wearing a pink outfit, told us that there had been three court actions over the previous two weeks with respect to the ailanthus tree, and that she and her fellow-tenants had won them all. "Our landlord is trying to tear down either seven or nine buildings here, and to destroy all the vegetation, in order to make room for a new high rise," she said. "But our ailanthus really symbolizes something that's important for all of New York. As things stand now, a landlord can cut down trees and shrubs on his property any time he wants. Under the bill that's been introduced, before he cuts down trees or large shrubs a landlord will have to get written permission from the city and will have to give his tenants advance notice. Already, we've got the support of the Sierra Club, the Tudor City Tenants' Association, the Green Guerrillas, the Murray Hill Committee, and several other community and environmental groups."



She went off to greet some visitors, and we strolled over to the tree. It is about sixty-five feet high, and its trunk is about two and a half feet in diameter at the base. The bark is blackish, and the tree leans slightly toward the west, managing to look both hoary and majestic as its branches spread above the double back yard. Not far from the tree were planted geraniums, marigolds, azaleas, wild violets, lilies of the valley, plantain lilies, English ivy, a small pine tree, several rose-of-Sharon trees, and forsythia. After a moment or so, we were joined by a young woman in a yellow shirt and navy slacks named Maryanne Leach, who was one of the first tenants to act when the tree was threatened.

"It was on March 18th, at about seven-thirty in the morning," Miss Leach said. "I heard some of the other tenants screaming at the top of their lungs, and I looked out the window and saw some men with a chain saw getting ready to cut down the ailanthus. They had already cut down our fences and several cherry and quince trees on adjoining property that's owned by our landlord—the aptly named S. & M. Enterprises—and I dashed out and shouted at them to stop. Then I climbed up to where the first branches are and straddled that fork in the tree—it's about twenty feet up—and yelled, 'O.K., *now* you can cut it down!' Well, they backed away. For the next five hours, I sat there in the freezing cold, and the other tenants passed me up coffee, along with some eggs and oranges—I threw those at the demolition crew every time they came up to the tree with their chain saw. We took turns sitting



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in the tree all that day, until eventually we got a temporary restraining order from the State Supreme Court for Manhattan."

Soon all those present gathered near the flower garden, and Miss McDermott spoke for a few minutes and then introduced the three City Council members who are backing the bill to save back-yard trees—Edward C. Wallace, Carol Greitzer, and Henry J. Stern. Councilman Wallace, who drafted the bill, said, "I was shocked to find out that there was no permit needed to cut down this tree. This tree is twice my age and older than any of us here."

Councilwoman Greitzer said, "I think the Ailanthus Alliance is not only a great name—it's a great concept."

Councilman Stern said, "Very often, historically, something happens which—although perhaps not intrinsically important—is important in what it leads to. It may well be that the storming of this tree on March 18th, and the brave defense of it by Kay McDermott and the people of Thirty-sixth Street, and the attention that they attracted because of their work, will lead not only to a reprieve for this tree but to the saving of hundreds of trees throughout the city. I call this bill that's being introduced in the City Council the anti-chain-saw bill, because it shows that trees—like flowers, like people—are entitled to life, entitled to respect. Just look at that tree. It's bigger than all of us."

Two Gatherings: Rock and Roll

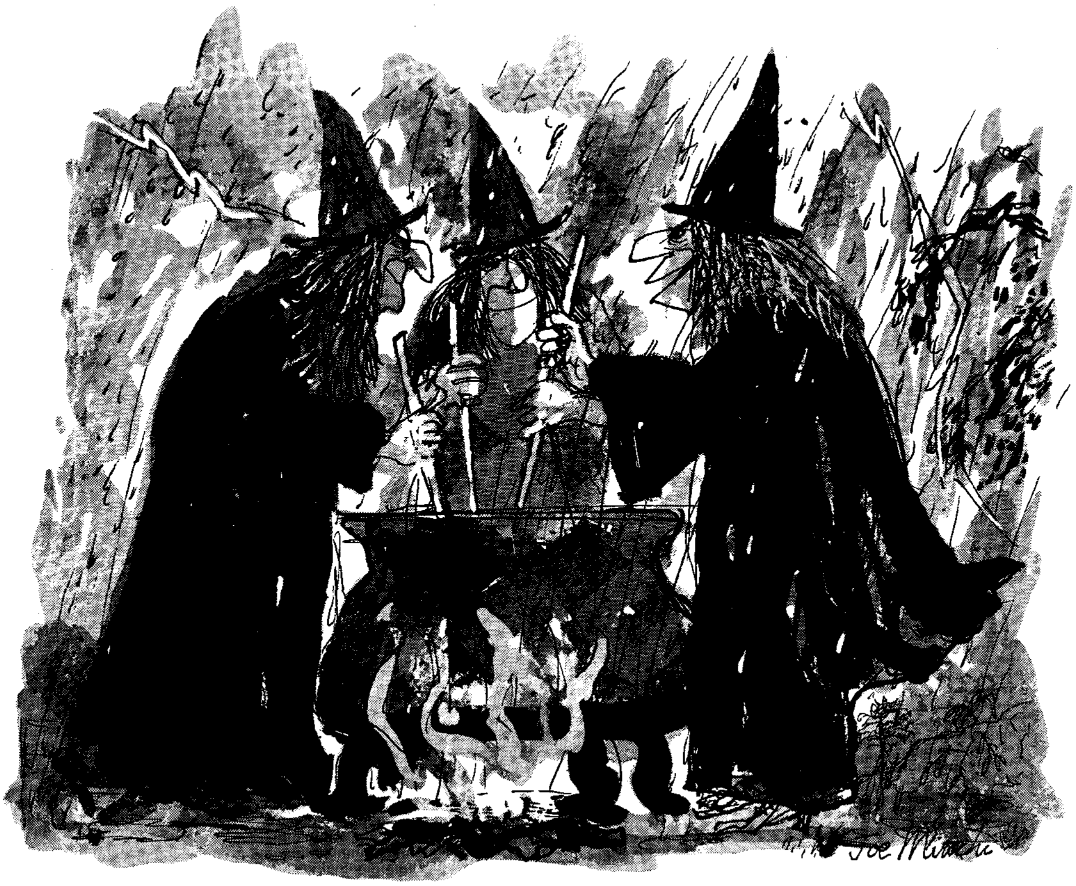
TABU: Club Tabu, the new rock-and-roll discothèque, is totally Tabu. It is so far west it is totally Tabu. First, you go to Thirty-first Street from wherever you are, and then you go west—so far west. You come to Dyer Avenue, a small avenue used by buses going to New Jersey. Some people pause here just to look. Dyer Avenue is a very short avenue. It lacks the *width* some avenues have, too. Across Dyer Avenue, on West Thirty-first Street, is Club Tabu.

The elevator up to Club Tabu: The passenger elevator to Club Tabu is a good gray. The tough gray enamel found on fighting ships and in serious institutions. The freight elevator is another story: a short, stocky man pulls on a canvas strap and the doors open or slam shut just like a guillotine. It sounds very dangerous.

We went with a companion into Club Tabu. We thought, It's very important not to move too much at first or we'll get depressed. So we stayed still. We saw seating arrangements like the seating arrangements in certain train stations. We saw small Formica tables in suggestive pastel colors; we saw a man in a black satin-look jacket. Stitching on the black satin-look jacket said "Staff." We thought, He's not really staff, don't ask him for help, it's just a joke.

We walked slowly into Club Tabu. Our companion moved at our side. Our companion looked at a man who was one of those persons who are at ease in their own bodies and, when it is appropriate, or almost appropriate, are able to move their bodies in a way that adds emphasis and interest to their conversation. Our companion said, "I've taken an enormous, instant dislike to that man." Then she said, "There's too much view here." And then "I thought all these places had video monitors."

There were no video monitors. There were too many windows overlooking the Hudson River, in a too



"I find this acid rain gives a nice little fillip to it."

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assertive way. We saw a young woman who was walking up and down in a manner made popular by the famous model Suzy Parker. She said, "I'm a designer making one-of-a-kind cocktail originals. The dress I'm wearing is one of my designs. It's black rubber with sequins and rhinestones and tassels. Rubber presents some technical problems. I use a cotton-backed rubber. A lot of people can't stand to wear it, because it's very uncomfortable, but I like that, and many of my clients do, too. My name is Stace Elkin, and my studio is on East Tenth Street, between First Avenue and Second Avenue."

We asked Miss Elkin if she knew that her stance resembled the stance of Suzy Parker.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I use it, and all the models I use use it. A Suzy Parker stance and gloves. Ladies should always wear gloves, except, of course, with sleeves at three-quarter length."

Miss Elkin was standing near a multi-paned window. Around the room to the left was an area where people were eating. We thought, Stay away from food—it might be depressing. Around the room to the right was a small square platform. On this platform was an extremely pretty blond girl. She was not depressing. Recently, dancing on platforms has come back. This blond girl was part of this trend. The music was loud and well chosen. A song by Shirley Ellis, for instance. Not "The Name Game" but the *next* one, the minor hit. Good disc jockeys at rock-and-roll clubs now pay attention to the minor hits. The girl on the platform was named Wendy Wild. She wore a black lace dress, black stockings with seams, and spike-heeled shoes. Her most effective dancing was to "Woolly Bully," by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs. She is a singer and a dancer, and she is working with a band that doesn't have an official name yet.

We asked her if she was going to dance at Club Tabu on a regular basis.

"I'm going to find out tomorrow," she said.

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RITZ: On that night, Adam Ant, the promising young rock-and-roll performer, was scheduled to appear at the Ritz. Adam Ant made an appearance at the Mudd Club recently and generated so much enthusiasm that it was perilous and interesting. Glossy pictures of Adam Ant projecting an intense but unpleasant expression have been widely distributed. He does not, however, have a hit single. We went to the Ritz. A police car blocked off the street. There were barricades, of course, and people (many of them dressed in an interesting and expensive manner) behind the barricades, thwarted. But it was an unusual thing. The people behind the barricades were *on the guest list*. Hundreds of attractive people—people in red-red lipstick; people in expensive, soft tweed; *desirable* people—all excluded. It was very shocking. No one could remember its ever happening before.

One young woman (dressed simply, in soft tweed) said, "It's so humiliating. It used to be 'Can we send a car?' 'Will you see him after the show?' Now you can't even get in the door."

A man said, "They used to *fly* you places—remember that?"

"Now they treat you just like dirt," the woman in tweed said.

People did not leave. They waited behind the barricades, hoping for a change in policy. Two rough-looking men arrived and were let in.

"Who are they?"

"*Crew*."

"Why don't we say we're with them?"

"Too late."

New people arrived. They marched forward with a certain confidence. It was shattered. "But we're on the *guest list*," these people said.

"So naïve," the woman in tweed said. "We're *all* on the guest list."

People did not lose their faith in Adam Ant, however. People noted that Adam Ant would almost certainly be an important part of the vogue for *pirates*, now taking form. One man said, "Remember Kit Carson? Who used to be married to Karen Black? He's back in New York, into style. He's on top of the Pirate Look. It's going to happen. There are so many things converging: the Sam Goody tape-piracy case, pirates in the Caribbean, plus the music acts."

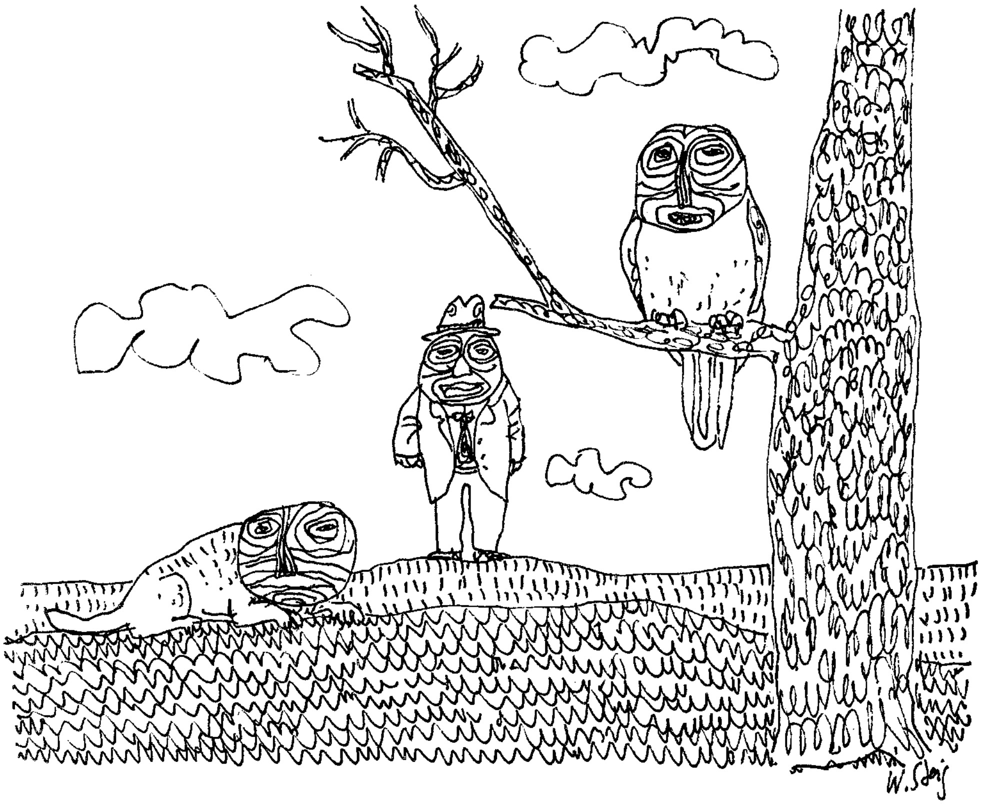
THE ISLAND

THE island came as a surprise to me, because I had thought of all the men and women I met there as victims of misfortune. I had only their proneness to fail and my pessimism to account for this, but if you also should have the bad luck to suffer from congenital sadness you will be happy to know that they are contented, healthy, and useful. I attribute my pessimism to the fact that I was brought up in Los Angeles, where the fleeting brilliance of a career as an entertainer leaves a vast number of middle-aged, and even younger, casualties changing the sheets in motels and pumping gas. "Haven't I seen you before?" you ask the man who wipes your windshield in the car wash, and it turns out that he used to do a number called "Three Blind Mice" on national television when he was five years old. The elderly woman at the motel check-in once danced "Les Sylphides" in the Hollywood Bowl, and that great jazz pianist is the hopeless drunk in the corner. I had thought, from my beginnings, that fame had its price in infamy and that the woman with the really marvellous pair of legs—known all over the world—would end up in a wheelchair trying to sell matches in a snowstorm outside Sardi's to the kind of skinflints who would go to a revival of "Hedda Gabler." I had thought, from my beginnings, that this was the rule, but when we landed that day on the island I saw how mistaken I had been. Here they all were—the greatest trombonist, the movie queen, the ballplayers, trapeze artists, and sexual virtuosos of yesterday—leading happy and simple lives.

We were travelling from Nassau to Helen Sunderland's place in the Lesser Antilles in Harry Morton's little two-motor Fokker when we had some engine trouble and had to stop at the island for repairs. We were not there long, and I guess it's a small island, although I never learned its geography. The climate of the place was pleasant, but not so desirable as to put it on any cruise route or to support any hotels. Gale winds blew, they told me, in April and May, but this was evidently the only serious inclemency. The population seemed happily occupied with digging and trapping shellfish, weaving baskets, and reading the classics. I have no idea where the books came from, but they seemed to be in good condition. Here was Sue Shearing, who, when the lights went down and you heard the first notes of her voice, used to give you the feeling that your search had ended. The clubs she had worked all over the world were shut down long ago and are long forgotten, but here she was, as lovely as ever. Here was Dodie Throckmorton, whose combination of beauty and charm was so stunning that when Copley Palamountain took her to the races in Saratoga he couldn't say who had won the Travers. Here, throwing around a softball, were three .400 hitters, joking with Harry Newman, who pitched that shutout on a rainy, windy afternoon in St. Louis which led the team on to win their first pennant. Here were many of the old pro-football stars you would have imagined to be selling used cars. Here was Jennie Tremaine, whose haunting recording of "Les Oiseaux Tristes" one seemed to hear everywhere. You even heard it in barbershops. With her was Laura Bateson, whose representation of purity and innocence in the plays of Henry Pearson led one to believe that she must, through disenchantment, shoot herself through the heart with a pearl-handled revolver in a furnished room in some place like Venice, California. She was happily combing her hair. A little inshore, playing some sort of card game, was Henry Pearson himself, with several of yesterday's novelists. With them was Thornton Trencher, that drunken poet who so celebrated chaos that one would have expected him to blow off the top of his head with a 12-gauge shotgun. He seemed quite serene, although he was getting fat.

You wouldn't believe it, you wouldn't believe there had been so many. There was Edsel Milton, the great percussionist, who used to claim to play Shakespeare's sonnets on his drums. There was Henri Pleyel, the skier, whose slender face reminded one of snow-buried mountains with twelve-inch powder on a forty-inch base and no wait at all at the lift station. Here were yesterday's beauties, whom, had you been brought up in Los Angeles, you would have imagined to be pursuing their vanished splendor, stoned on alcohol or crucified on drugs. There were even some great prostitutes here, a little heavy and unfresh but still full of fun. Lila Brown, certainly the most famous, seemed to be carrying on a flirtation with Olmstead Curry, who was our ambassador to Brazil during those difficult years when we had so much trouble with South America. We were only on the island for a few hours, but I keep thinking about this little-known place where everybody was having such an easy time of it, reading the classics and eating shellfish. I just thought you'd like to know.

—JOHN CHEEVER



Forms of Life

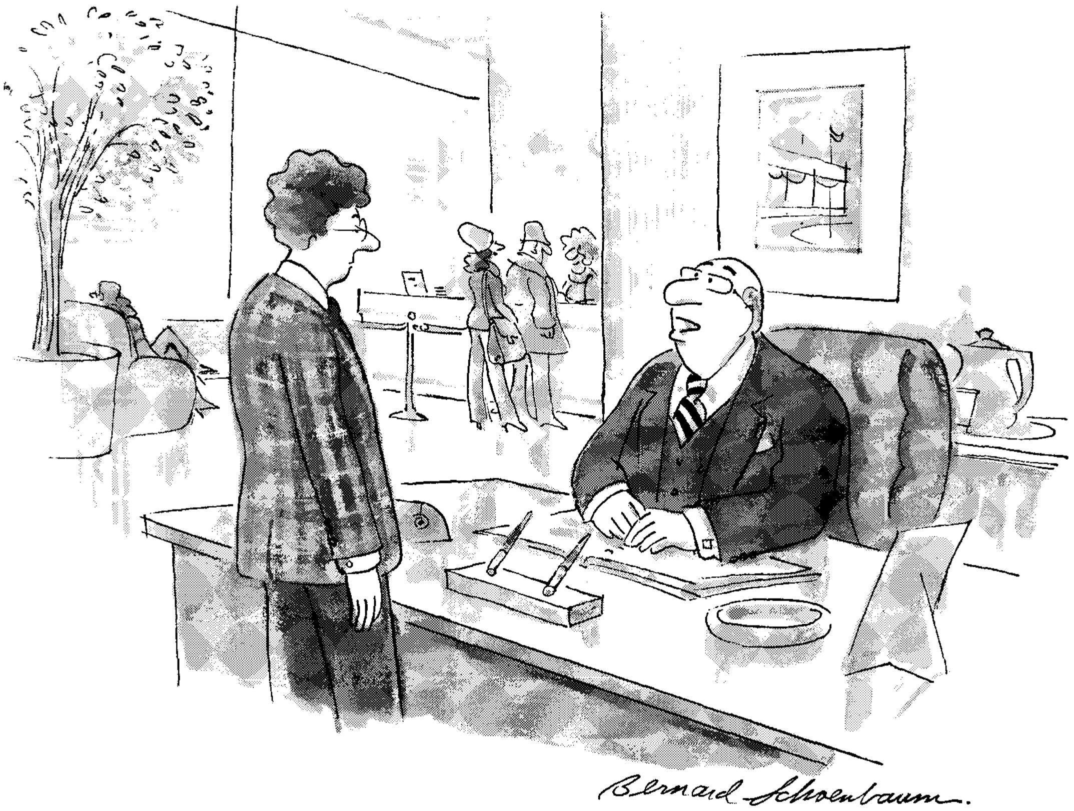
ASTEROIDS

RICKY is in the closet, trying on my boots. There is a hole in one knee of her crimson Danskin stockings. She is long-legged for an eleven-year-old; she trips slightly, pulling on one of the boots. Soon after her mother left, Ricky began having a series of small accidents—falling down a flight of stairs, jarring the dinner table so that Joey, her father, spilled Chianti on his sweater. Once, she bruised her nose and forehead by walking into a glass door. Ricky's mother is a choreographer. After her divorce from Joey, she left for Peru, where she directs a small, impoverished corps of Peruvian dancers. When the letters from Peru arrive, Ricky shows me how they've been sliced open, the pages examined, the envelopes clumsily pasted back together. "Ricky, the llamas have tassels in their pierced ears, and the villagers get them drunk on sweet corn beer," Leigh writes. "I think I'm finally in my element." Before she got the grant to go to Peru, Leigh lived almost entirely on Vitamin C, Perrier, and Quaaludes. She is as thin and long-legged as Ricky; men sometimes stop in the street to stare after her. Ricky goes over each of the letters for hours, trying to crack her mother's secret code.

I'm taking care of Ricky because her father is my lover. Joey is an architect; he has gone to Kansas City to be with his father, who is dying. When I drove Joey to the Albuquerque airport, Ricky sat between us in the front seat. She refused to talk to him. In the airport, when she still would not speak to him, Joey began to look desperate. The guard behind the counter frowned as he shoved Joey's briefcase through the metal detector. "Come on, Mac," he said. "People are trying to catch airplanes around here." Joey picked up his briefcase. He ran his thumb across the handle. "I know it's kind of a last-minute thing," he said. "But I think the two of you should get along just fine. You'll be all right, won't you, Ricky?" A crowd of Japanese businessmen were unslinging the cameras from their necks. They were all wearing gray raincoats. Joey walked backward, still looking at Ricky. A passing stewardess smiled indulgently at him. Even if Ricky had answered him then, I doubt that Joey would have heard her. He finally turned and began to walk rapidly away, but she still did not look. She was watching the Japanese businessmen intently settling their slender cameras against their slender chests. When I touched her on the shoulder, she jumped, and one of her mother's letters fell from her jacket pocket. The smallest businessman bent lightly to retrieve it. He handed it to her and bowed. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much." All of the men in gray raincoats smiled in unison.

Now Ricky is trying on my Wonder Woman T-shirt; it comes down to her thighs. She pushes the sleeves up above her elbows and winds a wool scarf around her throat. Still wearing my boots, she climbs up on the bed and stares at the stuffed antelope head on the wall. The antelope's chin is inches above her forehead. His eyes are glass. Sometimes, when I turn on the light in the room, I think I see the pupils contract, although I know this does not happen. My ex-husband shot the antelope in Texas when he went to visit his sister and brother-in-law, who is an insurance salesman, like my husband. He used to come home from work, pack his pickup, and then drive all night to get to Texas, listening to the faith healers who broadcast from the Mexican radio stations. My husband always wanted children. Some-

"It looks like R.B. is about to make policy."



"And above all, Wilson, a good banker can't just like money, he must love money."

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times he mocked me, placing his hand on my head and shouting "Heal!" For a long time he drove back and forth to Texas every weekend, pretending there was nothing wrong, pretending he was only after antelope. The last weekend, he brought one home, and took me out to see the khaki-colored body in the darkness of the pickup bed; he turned on the light in the garage so that I could see it better. He had wrapped the antelope in rags. The hooves, where they stuck rigidly through the folds in the cloth, seemed sharp and delicate. The eyes were wide open; they had lashes like a woman's.

The next morning my husband drove the antelope to a taxidermist on the outskirts of town. He called from the taxidermist's living room to tell me that he wanted a divorce.

"Why are you telling me this now?" I asked.

"I just got up my nerve," he said. "There are all these heads of extinct animals staring at me from the wall, accusing me. So: we can make this an ordeal, or we can make it as easy on ourselves as possible." He told me that there was a woman in Texas, and that she had once been Miss Indian America.

"How long ago?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"How long ago was she Miss Indian America? Last year, or what?"

"No," he said. "It was when she was nineteen. She's thirty-two now. She has two kids, and she teaches est."

After various arguments he left me the savings account, the antelope head, the Volvo, and the duplex, which was nearly paid for. For Christmas that year he gave paperweights made of antelope hooves to each of his lover's two children.

RICKY is disappointed in the antelope. She mimics his pose, thrusting her chin forward, cupping her hands behind her ears. Joey has been gone for nine days. Today is Saturday, the morning after Halloween, and Ricky still has not taken off her mask. She stares at me through the eyeholes when I ask her what she wants for lunch. "I never eat lunch on Saturdays," she says. "Never, never. I want to go to the zoo."

"You know we can't go to the zoo," I tell her. "What if your father calls?"

"You shouldn't wait around for Joey like that," she says. "Leigh never did."

"This is different." I am not certain how much Joey has told her; I try not to alarm her. "I tell you what. You can have your choice: Stouffer's lasagna or the classic peanut butter and jelly sandwich. There isn't anything else."

"How come you never get around to doing the shopping?" Her voice is slightly muted by the mask.

"I hate to go there after work when I've been standing in front of a Xerox machine all day. My feet are killing me by five o'clock. All secretaries need to live on is yogurt, anyway."

"Yogurt is disgusting," Ricky says. "I wouldn't be caught dead eating it."

"Maybe we can get to the shopping early tomorrow." Tomorrow, I think, is Sunday. Lower telephone rates, Disney's "Wonderful World." Ricky and I have been to five movies, two art galleries, and the Mercedes-Benz dealership. The Mercedes-Benz dealership was purely wishful thinking.

"You should stop wearing those heels if your feet hurt," Ricky says. "You're probably putting stress on all of the wrong tendons." Already she has something of the dancer's pragmatism. Joey told me Leigh had taken a copy of "The Dancer's Foot Book" on the night flight to Peru. I chose the heels because I thought they made my calves look slender. (They are not.) Joey said once that he thought my motivation was deeper than that. He implied that the heels somehow matched my sense of myself. "And what is that?" I asked him. We had known each other for a couple of hours, and were drinking vodka. "Tottering slightly," he said, "and then catching yourself."

I put plates on the table and pour myself some coffee. Ricky lifts my cup, spilling a little into the saucer. Since this morning, she has been carrying a straw in her shirt pocket; she drank a bottle of Nehi orange, still wearing the mask, while she was watching "Scooby-Doo."

SHE made the mask nearly a week ago, in an art class in school. She carried it home in a box. That day, she had stolen one of my scarves to wear to school; it was silk, and she had gotten paint on it. She seemed a little frightened, standing in the kitchen doorway. "My teacher sent you a note," she said. She took it from her jeans pocket and held it out to me. She watched while I unfolded it carefully, smoothing out the creases. It was written in pencil on a sheet torn from a small notebook. "Ricky has been more than ordinarily disruptive." That was all: one sentence, and the signature. I stared at the note; it looked as if the pencil lead had splintered at the end of the word "ordinarily." I tried to imagine the moment the lead broke, the art teacher's apprehensive start. It was possible, of course, that she didn't believe in signs. Ricky had already told me that the art teacher wore queer stockings with seams in them, that she rode a rickety bicycle to the school each morning.

"You've got to initial it and send it back with me tomorrow," Ricky said after she gave me the note. She laid the mask on the table; I saw that her fingernails were still glazed with papier-mâché glue. The mask was yellow, crimson, and indigo. It was very light, smooth inside and out. The openings for the eyes were slanting, like the narrow eyes in an Egyptian painting. I caught myself looking into them, the way you always look into a cat's mouth when it yawns.

"You did this?"

"Sure," she said. "Who else?"

"Ricky, it's very . . . It's very startling."

"You like it?"

"Yes, I do. I like it."

"I thought I'd do something different for Halloween. This will be the first year since I was five that I'm not going to be a princess. I've been all different *princesses*, you know? Blond ones, silver ones, sick ones; princesses who've been drugged by magic apples." She shrugged, looking at the mask. "No one understood what it was."

"Did you want them to?"

"No." She glanced at me coolly. "Sometimes I like it here with you. Joey would have hassled me about it for hours. 'Is it animal, or is it human? Where did you get the idea?' " She undid the buttons of her jacket and draped it over the back of her chair. She opened the refrigerator door and stood on one leg, drinking milk. She knew I disapproved when she drank milk right from the carton; it was a habit of Joey's when he was in a hurry. I started to say something, and stopped. I stroked the glazed blue cheekbone of the mask. When she smiled at me again, her curved upper lip was white with milk.

Halloween night, she came downstairs wearing the mask. It was the first time I had seen her with it on. She had wrapped three of my scarves—pink, blue, and gold—around her throat; her leotard and tights were black. There was a run in one of the legs, behind the knee. Seeing the run made me shiver. She was wearing five or six rings—the kind that come in little plastic capsules from the machines in Woolworth's. She is addicted to those machines; she will decide which capsule she wants and sometimes spend an entire afternoon trying to get it. On her left wrist she wore an old turquoise bracelet of Leigh's, on her right an ancient Timex that Joey had abandoned on my night table. Her hair was braided into perhaps a hundred tiny plaits. She looked at herself in the mirror at the bottom of the stairs, cocked her head slightly, and whistled—a brief, two-note wolf whistle. "Joey always whistles at me when I dress up," she said.

We went out. I was wearing an old black coat with the collar turned up, and still I was cold. We did not go very far. A couple of houses away, we joined a small group of children who turned and stared at Ricky. They were

THE COLD IN THIS PLACE

In April I come on the cellar holes—
gray snow rotting away in the north corners,
ground water trickling in and freezing
into a thin glaze on the free stone, the rubble
of the woods all around, pale tendrils
of pine root prying the walls—

and cannot think why they should have settled here
in the hills around Lincoln, onto the farms
dead before ever they cleared them, in the dark
pockets of these hills, no roads
to anywhere, even at the heart of summer the earth

dense and ringing as iron, the forest
forever creeping into the little fields, and then,
as they knew it would, the cold rising
and flowering on their windows, each winter seeming
never to have been before, beyond cold even,
as if the fires had never burned outward, nor water

come together into rivers, become lakes, the sea
blooming with weeds and grasses and lilies, nor the blood
risen to morning; as ice on the cellar walls
rose with the deepening season, each morning at dawn
the sun shattered into rosy flakes of cloud and the fields
pink and salmon between them and the bitter
mountains. Nights they must have awakened and slept
and awakened to the pulse of their windy chimneys,

and in the mornings, as if they had heard their names called
and there were no choice in it, must have walked down
through the layered cold into their houses as if
they were to enter the sea—the air, as if it were the cold sea,
closing over their heads—and they
might swim up through it, holding their breath,
staring into the clouds of their own breath
trailing up, trapped and gathered

• •

in the teeth and hollows of the green underside
of ice, though, as they well knew, as they had always known,
no more than the green ceilings of their own rooms,
the sweet potatoes, grape ivies, geraniums
no more than themselves, after all, all named and calm
and rooted hard in their small dry soils, their backs
hard against the sky white beyond the windows,

and the stoves ready for fire and the wood
ready to be burned. And what they made of it they called
the *weather-fear*—that cold in themselves
which demonstrated itself without reference, all that was cold
outside themselves, that knowledge of ice
and the general shadow of ice
rising—which I myself have felt,
sensing some torrent of generation at work
in the icy spaces of the world, so that should it be
I have on occasion called my own name into some particular
and bitter morning of this place, awakening

myself, causing myself to rise and walk down
into the cold house, it has never been
that I have expected myself to answer with anything
like the warm truth, hearing my name, being unsure
of who has called or might have named me,
coldly entertaining the thought
of what might to my warmth and profit be retrieved
from that which is hostage to the memory

and dream of ice and the shadow of ice rising
everywhere, and all
the generations caught there, the frozen
beads of our breath spirally expanding
upward, the sun shining down
through the miles and miles, the green atmospheres
of ice, spreading and thinning, absorbed into the greater light
which in the end the ice becomes
and which from the cold beginnings
has spent itself outward to this place.

—John Engels

• •

all nearly a head shorter than she was. A small ghost stared at her apprehensively, and backed away. The door opened and a fat woman began tossing apples into the upraised bags. A bald, middle-aged man stood at the edge of the lawn, watching the woman closely. He was chewing a long strand of red licorice, which he held in a Day-Glo mitten. When the door closed, he stepped forward and rummaged through the ghost's paper bag. The ghost turned away, embarrassed; one or two of the other kids laughed. The father lifted an apple and held it in the beam of a small flashlight, turning it slowly. "No razor blades," he said, and dropped it back into the crumpled brown bag. The other children squatted under the porch light, examining their apples.

That night, when I went into Ricky's room, she was sitting up in bed reading a Tintin comic. She was still wearing her mask. The strap of her nightgown had slid down over her thin shoulder. I pulled it up, and kissed her lightly on the hair. She made a small shrugging movement. There was a glass of chocolate milk on her nightstand, and a small plastic cube—the kind you can slide photographs into—with a Polaroid shot Ricky had taken of her mother. In the photograph, Leigh is holding a kite. She is staring at the sky with a comic, confiding tilt of her head, like a salesman's when you are having trouble making up your mind. There is a green dragon with narrow red wings on the kite. I wanted to say something to Ricky: Are you disappointed in Halloween? Is that why you're still wearing the mask? Did the kite ever fly? Instead, I sat on the edge of the bed and read a little of the Tintin over her shoulder. A small white dog moved from frame to frame, looking for something. He had black dots for eyes, but his face was somehow pointedly intelligent. Ricky read slowly. I had the feeling that she was moving her lips behind the mask.

Ricky is now wearing her Darth Vader T-shirt; her hair is uncombed, and tangles of it stick up from the rim of her mask. "Lasagna," she says. "O.K., *lasagna*." I hear a quiet voice—it sounds as if it comes from somewhere nearby—say calmly, "You're going to have to take that thing off, you know." It takes me a moment to realize that the voice is my own. Then, since I have begun, I say, "Right now, Ricky. *Right now*." She gives no sign of having heard. The mask tilts slightly; she must be looking out the window. When the lasagna is done she carries her plate to her room. I can hear the heels of her clogs on each stair. When she is halfway up, she pauses. "Are you sure we can't go to the zoo?" she calls. This time I do not answer. The clogs tock the rest of the way up the wooden stairs.

After what seems like a long silence, the telephone rings. It is Joey. He is in Kansas City; he says his father will not eat.

"What do you mean?" I ask. "I thought it was something wrong with his heart, not his stomach."

"Well, now he won't eat, either," Joey says. "You can see his ribs. They can't do the surgery unless he eats; he's not strong enough to survive it. And he won't eat. They're talking about starting the intravenous this evening."

"So you can't tell when you're coming home."

"Not yet. Are you angry? How is Ricky?"

"I think it would be easier for both of us if we just knew when you were coming home."

"It looks like he'll be in for a while longer. Sometimes I wish I could take him by the shoulders and shake him back to himself. The closest I get is when I'm sitting there, holding his hand. His body seems to be surrounded by a layer of extra-clear air, his own private ozone. When I was a kid, I used to think he had these huge hands. They always frightened me. Now I catch myself giving one a little secret shake, the way you'd rattle your wrist-watch if you thought it had stopped." Joey's father had been a glass cutter. He had wanted two things from Joey: for him to cut glass and join a union. There was nothing on earth like the feeling a man gets from handling the big plate glass, he said. The first time he'd seen one of Joey's buildings—it was a small jewelry store, linear and somewhat Barragánesque—he had spat contemplatively on the sidewalk, and stood for a long while staring through the narrow window at the jewels.

I can hear Ricky's clogs. She is coming down the stairs.

"Ricky?" I call. "Will you come and talk to Joey?"

She is in the doorway. The mask shakes decisively—*no*.

"Christ," Joey says. "I wish Leigh wasn't in Peru. I wish my father would eat. This male nurse tried to feed him, you know, and he only got applesauce all over his chin. Damn Leigh is in another world every time you need her. She could talk to Ricky. Whenever things went wrong with Ricky, it was only Leigh who could straighten her out. It was that whole thing with Nabor that made her take off like that, I know it was."

Before Leigh had gotten her grant, she had had a lover. He was tall, with a grizzled red beard, and wore a dark stocking cap almost constantly. His name was Nabor. When he first started going out with Leigh, he was wearing a wedding ring; eventually the ring disappeared. They would spend long Saturday afternoons in Leigh's house watching the roller derbies on television with the sound turned off, listening to Vivaldi. Ricky hated Nabor. Often, Joey and I would take her for an evening, an afternoon, or a weekend, so that she would not have to be near him. It was not quite clear why she hated him so much; after the divorce, her mother had had several lovers, some of them even more unlikely than Nabor. Once, in Ricky's room, I saw the two of them playing with a Ouija board. Ricky sat on one side, her fingers resting lightly on the cardboard rim. The board rocked slightly when Nabor touched the pointer. His huge knees were drawn up under the child's play table. One of his shoes was untied. "Will Ricky find love?" Nabor asked. The pointer darted from his fingertips, swerved across the board, stopped at the word "No." "That's a dumb question," Ricky shouted. "I'm only eleven, for Christ's sake."

Nabor looked ashamed. He rose from the table (another man would have teased her), and as he stood he somehow knocked a teacup from a doll's chest. The teacup was no bigger than a chess piece. It shattered. Ricky looked at it thoughtfully and began to cry. I don't think she cared much about the cup. Leigh was always giving her things like that, which she usually lost or traded to the other kids for something more practical: kite string, a broken ukulele, a transparency of the male body cut out of a medical book. Nabor bent and scooped the pieces of the teacup into the palm of his hand, closing his fingers around the fragments.

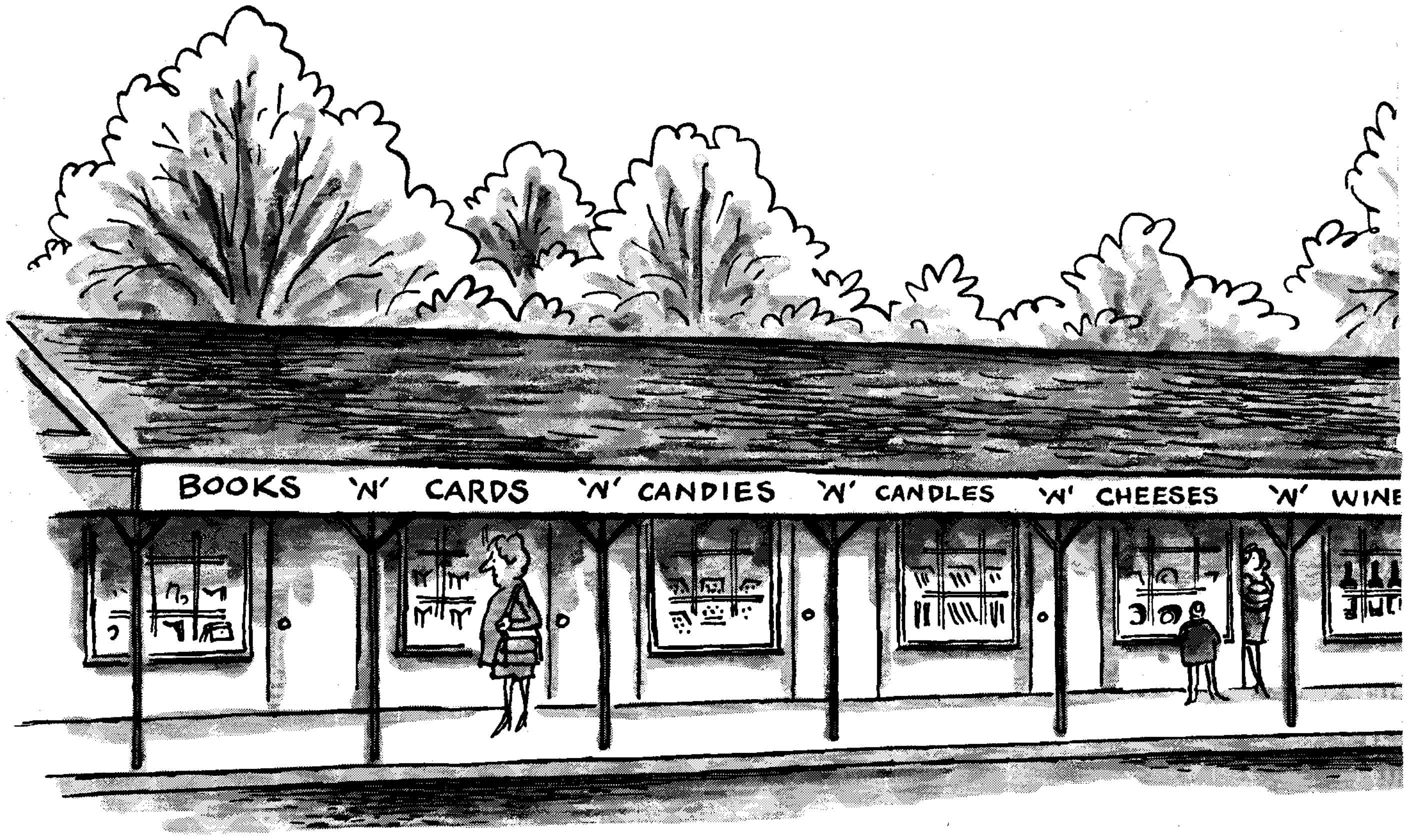
WHEN the telephone rings again, in the evening, I know what is coming. I have already answered the phone when I see Ricky walking slowly down the stairs. She is wearing my long yellow nightgown, and the mask.

"What should I do?" I ask Joey. "Is there anything you want me to do here?" I find that I have wrapped the telephone cord around my wrist. "Are there people to tell?"

"I can't think of anyone."

"I just don't know what to do. There are supposed to be things I should do. I can't remember what they are."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he says. "I'm coming home." When he hangs up, I hold for a few


BOOKS 'N' CARDS 'N' CANDIES 'N' CANDLES 'N' CHEESES 'N' WINE

moments longer, listening to the static. In the distance I can hear the voices of two old women. They are speaking in Tewa. The sound of the language—the quickness with which they answer one another—seems designed to teach me, in useful everyday phrases, the rudiments of their language.

Ricky and I decide to go to a movie—a comedy about truck drivers. She is surprised that I tell her to put her coat on over the nightgown, instead of getting dressed again. We each wear mittens; I can barely feel her hand in mine. Ricky is wearing her mask. The woman in the booth stares at her through the glass. "You'd think she'd see all kinds of freaks this late at night," Ricky says. "You'd think she'd get used to it." I think that to see anything at all in the darkness of the theatre Ricky will have to take off the mask, but I am wrong. She settles herself into her seat, adjusting the chin of the mask. I promise myself not to watch her. The man in the seat in front of us taps the toe of his cowboy boot gently against the metal seat in front of him, keeping time with a country song in the film. "This was a mistake," says the woman beside him. I eat part of a carton of caramel corn, surprised to find that I am hungry. I offer some to Ricky; she takes some, wraps it in a scrap of paper, tucks it in her pocket. She never eats in front of me now; she has become as frugal in her habits as a refugee. In front of us, the man has put his arm around the shoulders of the woman. On his forearm, just below the roll of white shirtsleeve, there is a small tattoo of a hummingbird. You can see each feather in its wings. The man's fingers curl against the woman's neck. She leans her head back against the seat, closing her eyes. That hummingbird must have taken hours.

I look sideways at Ricky. The first time I ever saw her, she was wearing a black beret, and her hair was in a long braid down her back. That was before Leigh left for Peru. It was the first time Joey and I had taken Ricky anywhere with us, and I had a cold. I had been divorced for nearly three weeks then, and I had had a cold the whole time. I could tell that Joey was impatient with my sneezing. He said, "Bless you," quite carefully, each time. I looked at him above the edge of the handkerchief, while he was driving us to the zoo. Ricky was in the back, staring out the window. She held a small brown paper bag of organic sunflower seeds Leigh had given her, and sometimes she would eat some. "You don't have to say that to me every time I sneeze," I said. I didn't know him very well then. We had only gone out a couple of times; we had had supper one evening, in an Italian restaurant where the waiter did a Richard Nixon imitation while he poured the wine. Joey held the steering wheel with two hands, waiting for a traffic light to change. "I do, actually," he said. "There is an old superstition—German, I think—that if someone doesn't bless you after you sneeze, then you're going to die soon." The light changed. "I tried to get Leigh to go to the zoo with Ricky and me once," Joey said. "You know what she told me? 'The zoo is boring. All those animals.' "

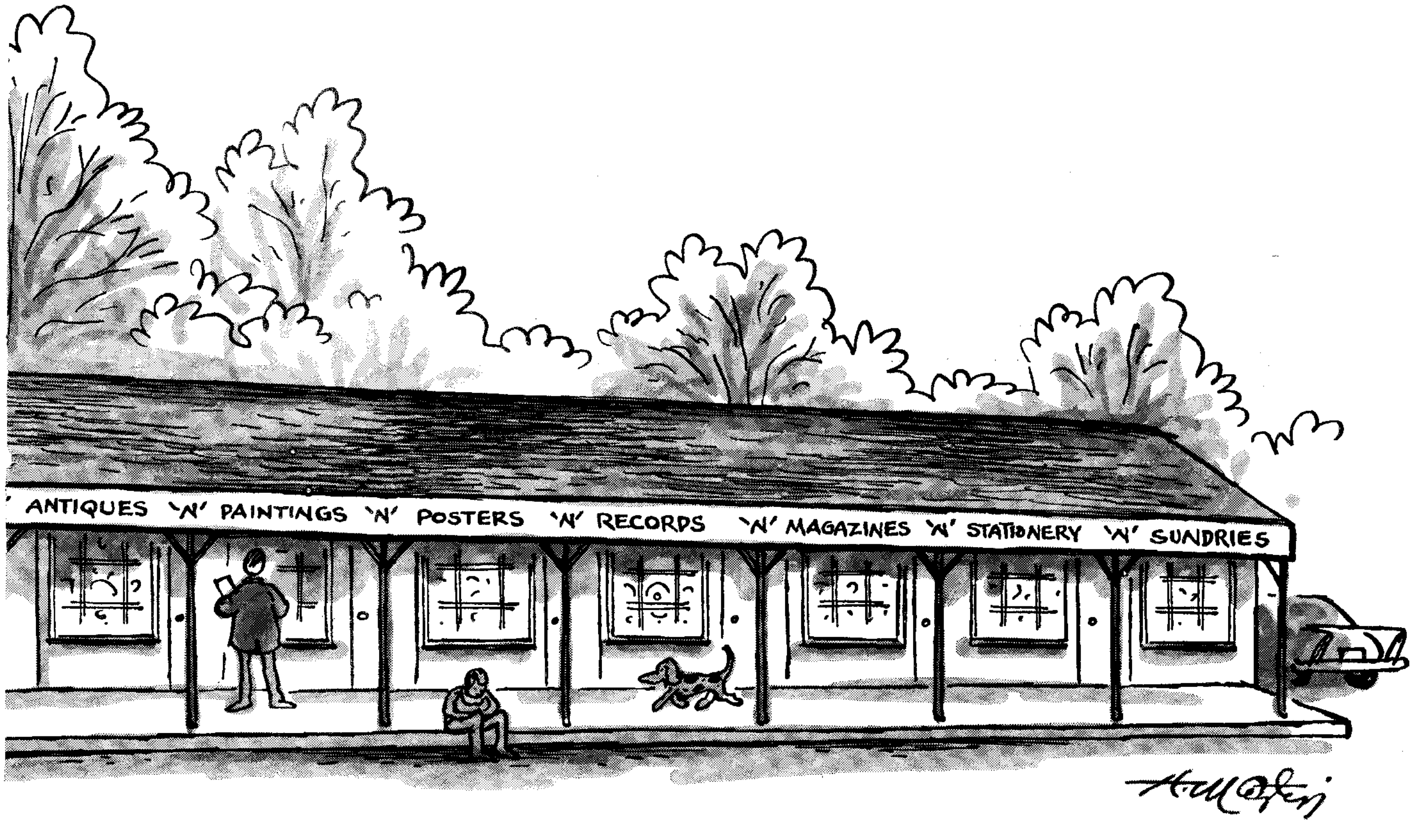
At the zoo, I pretended to be entranced by the animals, most of which were sleeping. Ricky said very little. We watched a sleeping lion, his large head tilted to rest on one paw, his jaw slack, eyes slitted.

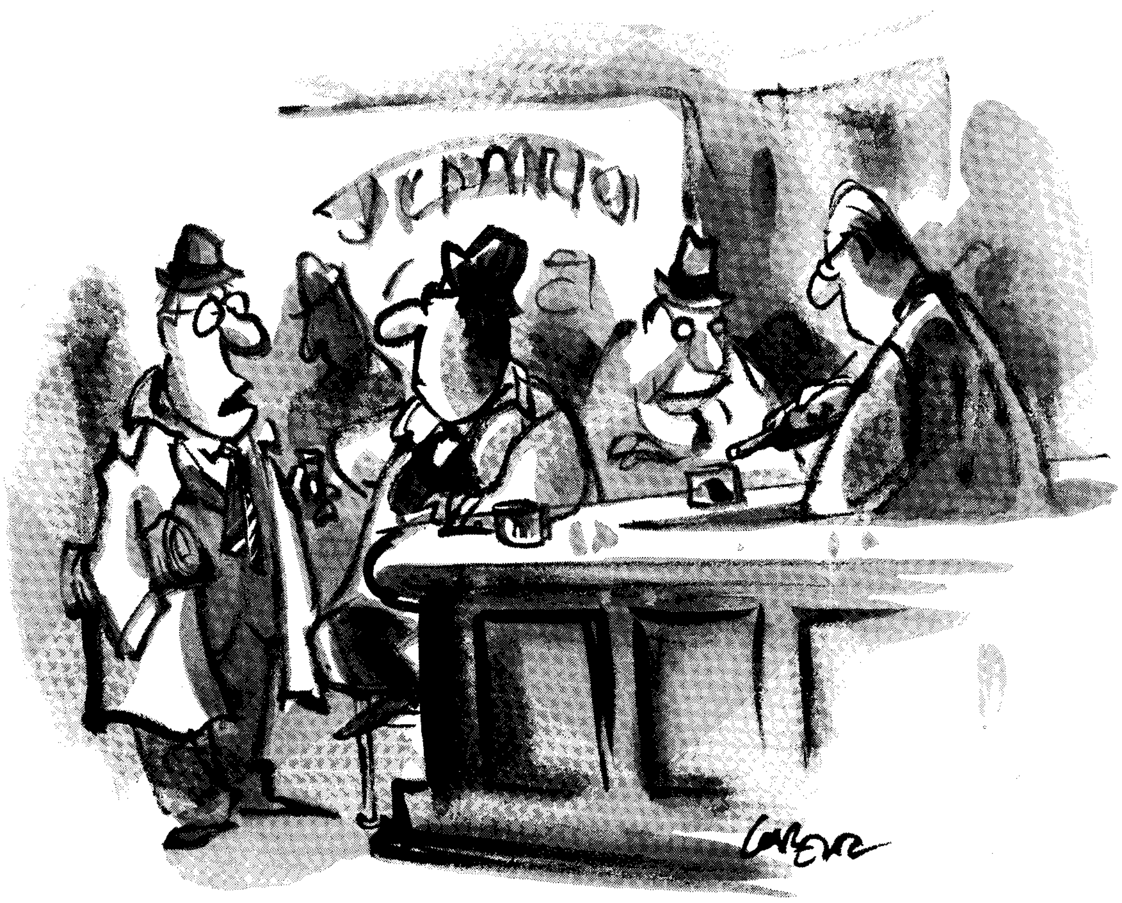
"Is he dreaming?" Ricky asked.

"Even dogs dream," Joey told her. "Cats dream. I think all animals dream."

"I know, but is he dreaming right now?"

"I don't know," Joey said. "I'm not close enough to see his eyelids. That's how you can tell. You watch his eyelids. If his eyelids are moving, he's dreaming." He was always very careful in his explanations to her. I


ANTIQUES 'N' PAINTINGS 'N' POSTERS 'N' RECORDS 'N' MAGAZINES 'N' STATIONERY 'N' SUNDRIES



"One nice thing about being a C.P.A.—it's not a metaphor for anything else."

think he wanted her to be a naturalist.

When we took Ricky back to the house, Leigh was in the kitchen. She was slowly grating cheese into a glass bowl. The steady movement of the grating made me feel even more uneasy. Leigh looked at me. She seemed only slightly curious. Joey had once described their divorce to me. "Not quite a clean break," he said. "More of a greenstick fracture." Ricky walked by me, into the kitchen. She took an orange from the counter and began to peel it. The dual gestures—grating and peeling—suddenly made the alliance between mother and daughter quite clear. That was when I sneezed into my coat sleeve. Joey turned away abruptly. He seemed to be studying his ex-wife's hands as she shook the cheese from the sides of the big glass bowl. Neither of them said anything.

AFTER that day at the zoo, Joey called again. "I want to see you more often," he said. "It's just that there are all of these problems."

"It's O.K.," I said. "I want to see you, too."

"Often?"

"I think so."

"Can you come and play Asteroids?" Whenever he was apprehensive about things—Nabor, or his father's sudden illness—he would go to play Asteroids in a downtown bar. Asteroids is a video game you play on a tall machine with a screen and a panel of buttons. The screen is a clear depthless black, and on it there are small lunar-white outlines, which represent a storm of asteroids; the point of the game is to hit the buttons fast enough so that the small ship you are steering evades the asteroids, and to destroy as many asteroids as you can. Joey had gotten to be very good; his ship was a small defiant point in the center of the jagged, speeding forms. When he was teaching me, he warned me not to use the button in the center of the panel, which would cause your ship to enter Hyperspace, out of the line of fire; in fact, in another dimension altogether. The problem with Hyperspace was that your ship could explode on reëntry. I was always tempted to use it, though. I think I played more desperately than Joey; I was given to last-moment evasions.

THE following Monday, Ricky is silent during the long drive to the airport. On the radio Carly Simon is singing "Jesse." You can see the planes coming in over the city; Joey's flight is late, and Ricky stands watching the runways anxiously. Without the mask, her face seems thinner, exposed. This morning, she left the mask on her bedside table, between the empty chocolate-milk glass and the photograph cube. She looked surprised when I said she could skip school to meet Joey at the airport; I think she expected that I would make her go to school anyway, as a kind of reprimand for the last few days. Carefully, she chose a pair of painter's overalls with a heart sewn in sequins on the bib, and a round black hat with a pheasant's feather curling from the brim. Joey is standing near the metal detector when we first see him. The same guard thumps the handle of his pistol, glances at Joey, and nods. Joey looks at Ricky and gives a long, two-note whistle. "Will you look at those two beautiful women?" he says.

"Sure," the guard says. "Just like when you left. Been here the whole time, waiting for you."

—ELIZABETH TALLENT

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Reuters dispatch in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

LADYSMITH, SOUTH AFRICA

A farmer near here fasted for 38 days because he hoped the ordeal would improve his clarity of mind and general ability.

"It didn't," the farmer, V. W. Smith, told reporters yesterday, after abandoning the water-only diet.

THE NEW RULES

A NEW Administration has come to power, and many Americans are asking: What are the new rules? The following explanation, presented in clear, easy-to-understand language, may be of some help in addressing this matter.

Q: Are there new rules?

A: Yes, there are.

Q: Will I have difficulty understanding them?

A: No. Unlike the reality to which they refer and whose activities and phenomena they govern, the new rules are presented in clear, easy-to-understand language.

Q: Must I obey them?

A: Yes. Their nature as new rules is such that all to whom they pertain must obey them. Like the old rules, they pertain to everyone.

Q: What are the new rules?

A: A complete review of all the new rules would be beyond the scope of this clear, easy-to-understand explanation. However, a sampling of several representative new rules will make clear the general spirit and intent of the entire corpus of new rules.

Money. Money, under the new rules, will be simultaneously more important and less important than it was under the old rules. More important because there will be less of it available to all persons subject to the new rules, less important because its value will continue to decline. Money will still be used for purchasing, however, and, as was the case under the old rules, the impossibility of purchasing goods and services will continue to be expressed in the amount of money required for their purchase. Some Americans will have some money, and will be able to purchase goods and services.

Women. Under the new rules, the importance of women will remain unchanged. However, there will be far less acknowledgment of that importance. Under the old rules, the role of men was one thing, the role of women another. Under the new rules, exactly the same conditions will hold, with this crucial difference: men will no longer be required to pretend that women have an important role. In addition, women will be required to pretend that they have no role at all.

Mexico. To those who complain that the new rules are nothing more than the old rules rewritten in clearer, easier-to-understand language, the example of Mexico stands as a decisive rebuttal. Mexico, under the new rules, will be entirely different. Where Mexico was once referred to as America's Neighbor to the South, it will now be referred to as America's Major Source of Oil for the Coming Decades to the South. Under the old rules, Mexico was ignored or insulted. Under the new rules, this will be absolutely forbidden. The old-rule homily "I need such-and-such like Mexico needs chili peppers" will be replaced by the new-rule homily "We need Mexico."

God. A rule is only as new as the reality that it governs permits it to be. And no truly significant reality could exist for very long without the support of God. It is for this reason that God, under the new rules, will play a major role.

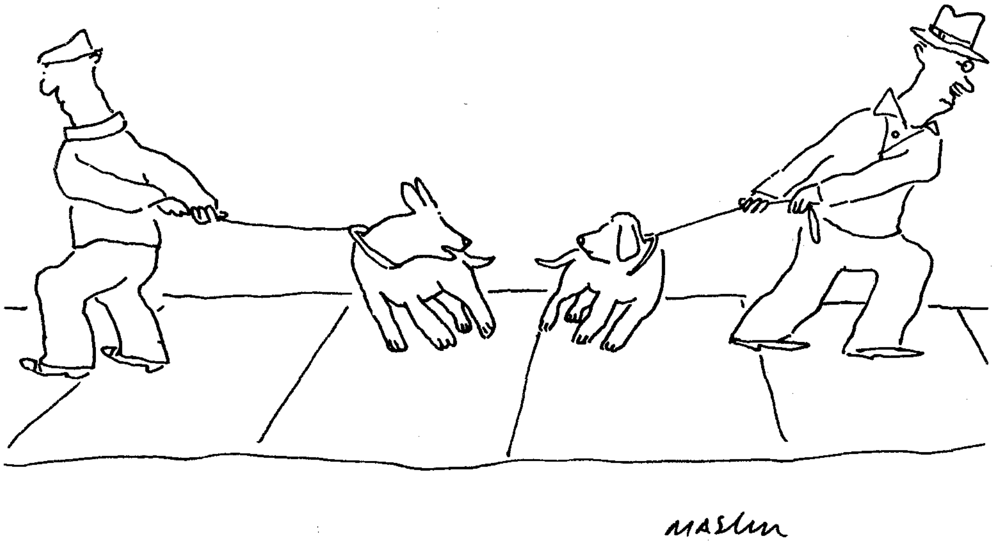
Nice clothes. The new rules mandate that as soon as possible, and from then on, Americans shall display a reawakened fondness for nice clothes. Those Americans able to purchase nice clothes with money will be encouraged to wear them. Under the new rules, it will be left to the wearer's discretion whether he or she will wear nice clothes with a conspicuously displayed attitude of relief that it is, under the new rules, once more permissible to wear nice clothes.

Freedom. Like the people who constitute it, society places a high value on freedom, as do the rules. There are two kinds of freedoms: freedom *from*, and freedom *to*. And, as is traditional in America, the new rules proclaim admiration for both these kinds of freedom. That is why the new rules entail freedom *from* the old rules. That is why they are based upon freedom *to* make the new rules. No one should doubt that under the new rules there will be freedom.

IT must be remembered that the new rules are subject to change. However, the supersession of any present new rule by a subsequent rule *will in no way* alter the superseded rule's status as a new rule. *It will not become an old rule*. Moreover, *it will never be seen to have been an old rule*. It will remain a new rule albeit thenceforth in the mode of having-been-superseded. The superseding rule will not become a new rule but, rather, a newer rule.

It should be apparent that the new rules, as exemplified in the selection above, are designed to create a better society. Naturally, the entire corpus of new rules is extensive, and covers far more than those topics dealt with in the above six samples. (For instance, the official edition of the new rules features eighteen different rules governing the use of the word "fair.") But even the preceding six samples give an indication of how life will be under the new rules. They persuasively demonstrate that society, under the new rules, will be one in which some Americans enjoy the God-given freedom to supply their women with money for nice clothes and, at the same time, need Mexico. This is clear and easy to understand.

—Ellis Weiner



"*Adieu.*"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SEARCH FOR NATIONAL SECURITY

IN 1910, Norman Angell, a British writer, published "The Great Illusion," a vastly popular book with a simple and appealing thesis: that the interdependence of nations had rendered war obsolete and hence "improbable." The debris of modern war—"commercial disaster, financial ruin, and individual suffering," as one statesman put it—would so obviously fall on victor and vanquished alike that major military action was now unthinkable. Scarcely four years later, Europe was in flames; in just one month, August of 1914, almost three hundred thousand Frenchmen died. "The Great Illusion" was itself an illusion. Or so it seemed. In reality, the World War disproved one part of Angell's thesis and confirmed the other. As a prediction, it was a piece of naïveté. The prospect of catastrophic war did not turn out to be "pregnant with restraining influence," because the statesmen of Europe resolutely refused to face that prospect. As Barbara Tuchman has so brilliantly shown in "The Guns of August," they did not mean to go to war at all, and once they did they assumed that the war would be short, because no one could afford a long one. But the financial and economic interdependence of nations, it turned out, defined the new international reality even more decisively than Angell had suggested. The fruits of victory were scarcely distinguishable from the fruits of defeat—the bleeding of a generation, severe economic crisis, and the setting of the stage for a second round. One world war later, Angell's point was clearer still. The nations that started it were in ruins, as were all the victors save one, and that nation, with a monopoly of world power unequalled in all history, found it necessary for its own economic survival to invest billions, much of it in the restoration of the nations that had attacked it, thereby creating formidable commercial rivals.

Seventy years after the publication of "The Great Illusion," the debate in the United States about the connection between world power and military force has reached a new stage. All agree that a nuclear war would be catastrophic, though there are some (including men who are Ronald Reagan's advisers) who believe that "winning" is possible even after megaton-range hydrogen bombs have blasted, burned, and poisoned the planet. (Last year, George Bush said in a Los Angeles *Times* interview that "you can have a winner" in a "nuclear exchange.") There is considerable disagreement about whether the uncontrolled acquisition of nuclear missiles will deter or provoke the dénouement of what the French strategist Raymond Aron has called "the century of total war." That disagreement was the substance of the abortive debate on the treaty that emerged from the second round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. There is an even wider divergence of opinion about how to translate into world power what is now euphemistically termed "conventional" military force. Since April 29, 1975, when the last American soldiers hastily abandoned Saigon, the United States has been without a coherent theory of the practical uses of force. We are in the midst of a major rearmament program, but the roles and missions of the enlarged military establishment are by no means clear.

Americans' ideas of their nation's power have changed radically in the last half-dozen years. Until the withdrawal from Vietnam and the collapse of the Nixon-Kissinger vision of détente, it occurred to almost no one that the United States was declining in influence. "We are the No. 1 nation," President Johnson told the National Foreign Policy Conference at the State Department at a crucial moment in the Vietnam War, "and we are going to stay the No. 1 nation." Today, it is a commonplace that "the military balance" is shifting to the Soviet Union. The "Vietnam syndrome"—a hesitation to use military power abroad for fear of becoming bogged down in another domestically divisive war—is widely regarded as the reason that other nations, whether allies, former allies, or adversaries, are becoming increasingly bold in opposing our interests or pursuing their own. Since 1968, six American ambassadors have been kidnapped or murdered. Embassies have been sacked. A handful of Iranian students managed to humiliate the United States for more than a year by holding some fifty of its citizens hostage. "The spectacle

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of a Mexican President lecturing the President of the United States"—which is how one American banker characterized Jimmy Carter's encounter with José López Portillo in 1979—epitomizes the "erosion of American power." The judgment that the United States has become a "crippled giant," to use Senator William Cohen's phrase, is widespread. For such observers, the decline in American power is symbolized by the battles that the nation refused to join: the victorious fight of left-wing forces in Angola, Nicaragua, and Ethiopia; the overthrow of America's "friend" Shah Reza Pahlavi; and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. "The over-all military balance is shifting sharply against us," Henry Kissinger told the American Society of Newspaper Editors in April of 1980.

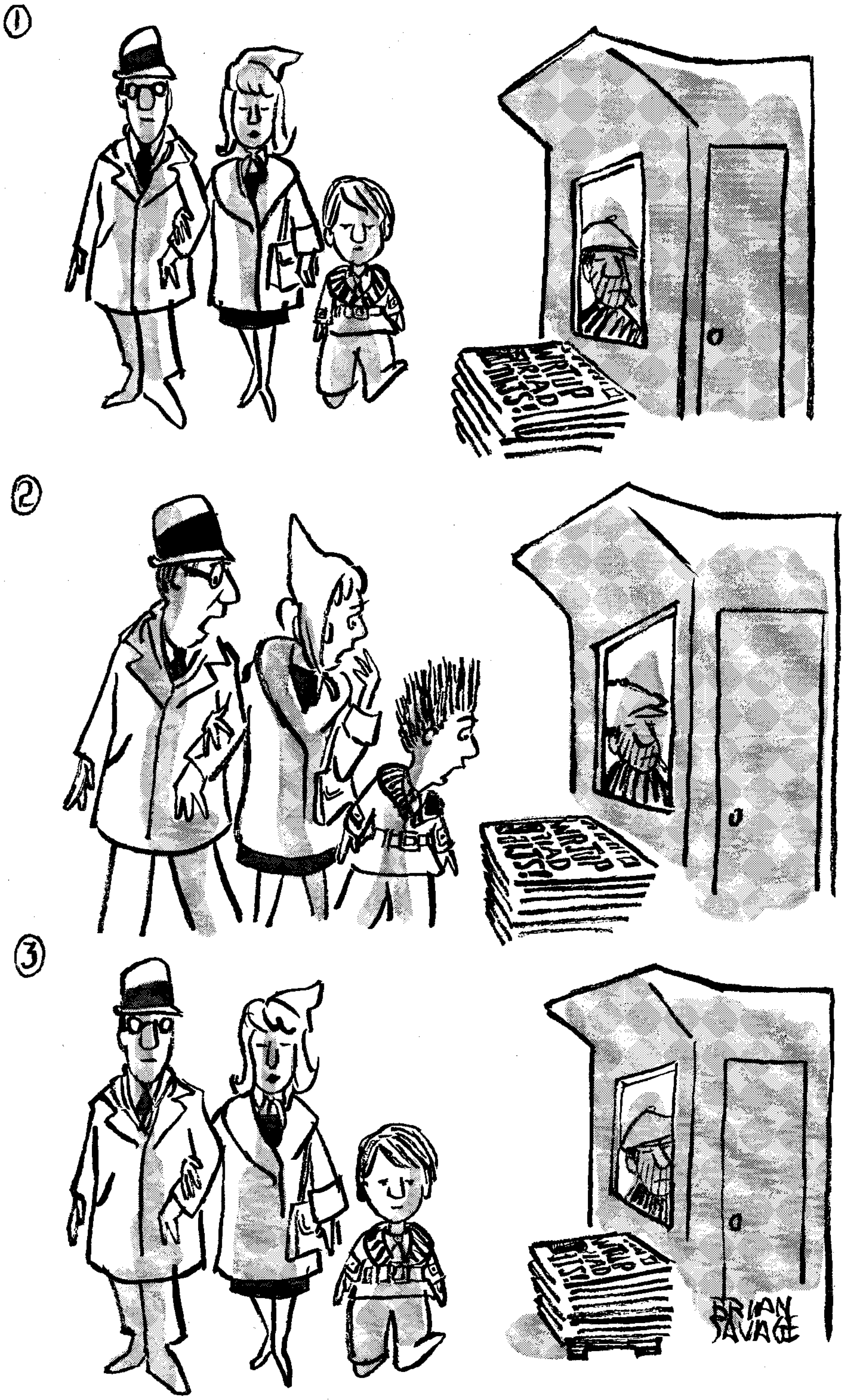
In the mid-nineteen-seventies, in the wake of the Indo-China war, it was fashionable to talk about the need to respect the limits of military power, the necessity of coexistence with the other nuclear superpowers, and the urgency of "global concerns" that transcended the Cold War. The Carter Administration came in with a new post-Vietnam agenda, which included the normalization of relations with Hanoi and the withdrawal of large numbers of ground troops from Korea. There were "festering sores that had to be dealt with—Vietnam, Cuba, the Panama Canal," as Secretary of State Cyrus Vance put it in a *Times* interview in the spring of 1977. Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs, explained, "The day when we were obsessed by security commitments is over, and that strengthens us because it frees us." But as the new decade opened, the Carter Administration proposed to spend a trillion dollars in five years to redress the military balance. Within weeks of taking office, the Reagan Administration, elected on a platform of radical budget cutting in domestic programs, proposed to spend two hundred billion dollars more on the military in the next five years than the Carter Administration had recommended. The new President pronounced the Soviet leaders ready "to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat" to serve their aggressive designs, and the new Secretary of State declared in testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee that as long as profound differences with the Soviet Union remained these would "inevitably bring about confrontation." By spending more than thirty-three per cent of the federal budget on defense, the Administration hopes to restore the military superiority that the United States enjoyed in the Eisenhower-Kennedy years.

How did it happen that American ideas changed so dramatically? What are the fears that are propelling the arms race of the nineteen-eighties? What are the prospects that the huge investments in military hardware and manpower now contemplated can be translated into restored national power? In the United States, surges of military spending traditionally follow the discovery of "gaps" between Soviet capabilities and our own. In the mid-nineteen-fifties, there was the bomber gap; in the Kennedy era, the missile gap. In the nineteen-seventies, the discovery of three gaps dominated the debate on national security: the spending gap; a new and different sort of missile gap; and a doctrine gap.

Ronald Reagan believes that the Soviet Union has outspent the United States on defense by three hundred billion dollars in the last ten years. The spending gap was discovered in 1975, when Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger announced that the Russians were "outspending us by fifty per cent." The following year, Central Intelligence Agency estimates of Russian military spending were doubled overnight because, as a recent Air Force study prepared by the United States Strategic Institute put it, previous estimates had "been in error by as much as one hundred per cent." The fact is that the annual growth in Soviet expenditures continued to be steady and relatively modest. Between 1964 and 1974, the annual rate of growth in Soviet military expenditures averaged two and seven-tenths per cent, according to Representative Les

Aspin, a member of the House Armed Services Committee and a former Pentagon analyst. According to a 1980 C.I.A. estimate, Soviet defense activities between 1970 and 1979 "increased at an average annual rate of three per cent." From 1964 to 1968, American military spending increased, but with the beginning of the lengthy withdrawal from Vietnam, in 1968, the Pentagon budget, in real dollars (over and above the inflation rate), declined for seven successive years.

The dramatic new estimates were based not on the discovery of new or accelerated Soviet building programs but on new ways of calculating the burden that defense expenditures put on the Soviet economy. Instead of spending six or eight per cent of the gross national product on defense, as had been previously believed, the military sector was taking almost twice that percentage of the national wealth. A 1976 C.I.A. report stated, "The new estimate of the share of defense in the Soviet G.N.P. . . . does not mean that the impact of defense programs on the Soviet economy has increased—only that our appreciation of this impact has changed. It also implies that Soviet defense industries are far less efficient than formerly believed." In 1980, the C.I.A. calculated that Soviet military spending was increasing four to five per cent a year, even though the economy as a whole had "slowed to a crawl."



The spending-gap controversy illustrates some of the bizarre aspects of the arms race. American insecurity rises with the dollars we impute to the Soviet military effort. But actual Soviet expenditures are not known. The American intelligence community reconstructs the Soviet military budget by asking, "What would it cost to buy the Soviet defense establishment in the United States at our prices?" Our intelligence analysts pretend that the Russians procure their tanks from Chrysler and that they pay American volunteers' wages to their conscripts. "By computing Soviet manpower costs at American rates," Aspin concludes, "one discovers a huge Soviet defense manpower budget of over fifty billion dollars that exists only in American documents."

The discovery of the spending gap fuelled demands for regular increases in United States military spending measured in real dollars. In a time of government retrenchment, when "efficiency" and "productivity" have become watchwords of the society, defense has become the one public problem to be solved by continued budget increases. In any other policy matter—health, housing, transportation—a prescription to increase the federal budget indefinitely by seven per cent a year without demonstrating the specific need for or utility of the items purchased would not be taken seriously. The defense budget is peculiarly susceptible to such a gross approach because neither generals nor legislators really know how much is enough. A dollar standard for judging the contestants in the arms race is easier than counting missiles or armies, especially since the forces are difficult to compare. In judging the effectiveness of armies and missile forces, technological superiority is a critical and largely unmeasurable factor. Then, too, the American and Soviet forces have different missions. According to the Defense Department, "at least 22 per cent of the increase in the Soviet defense budget during these years [1964-77] has been attributed to

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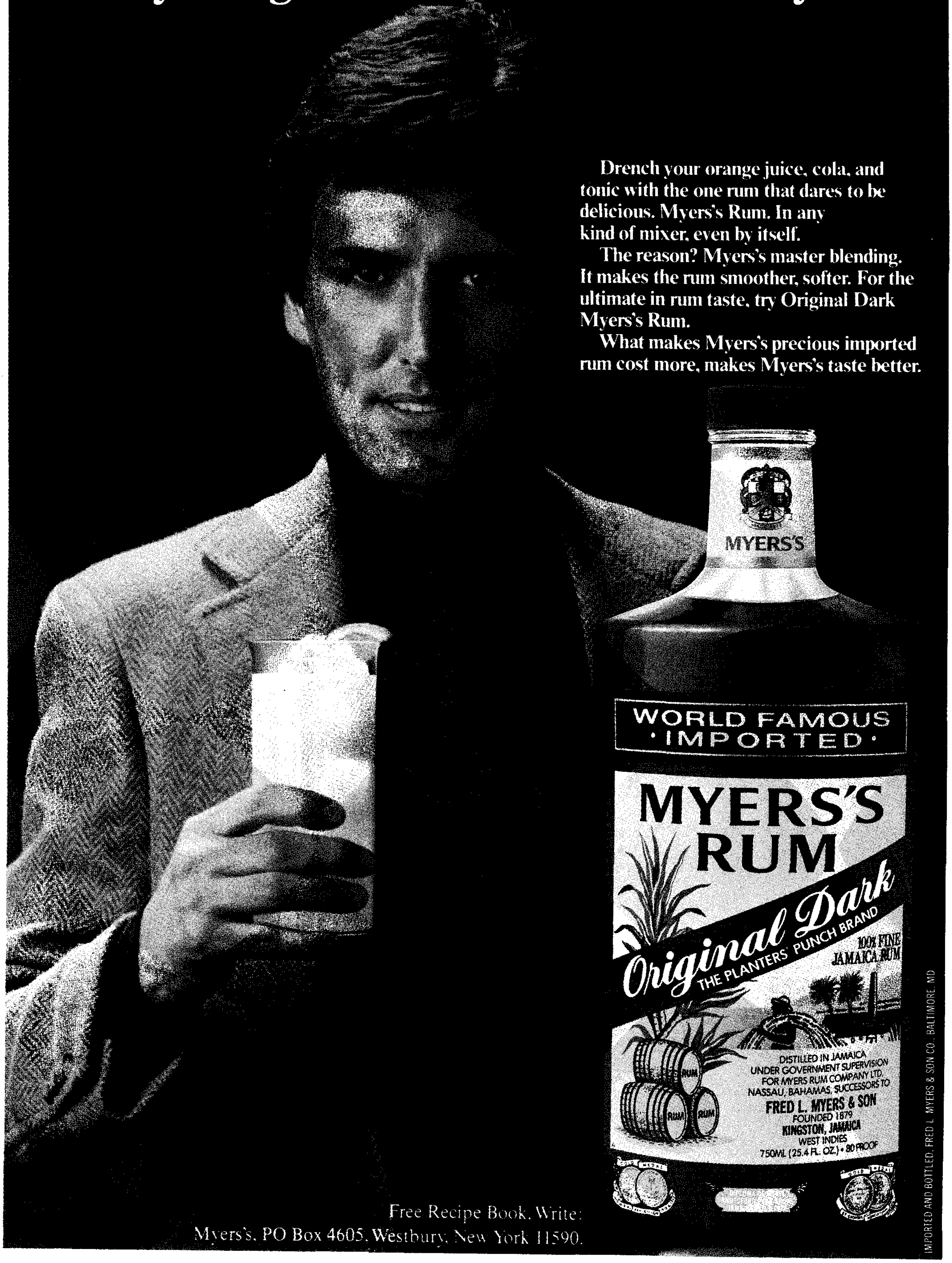
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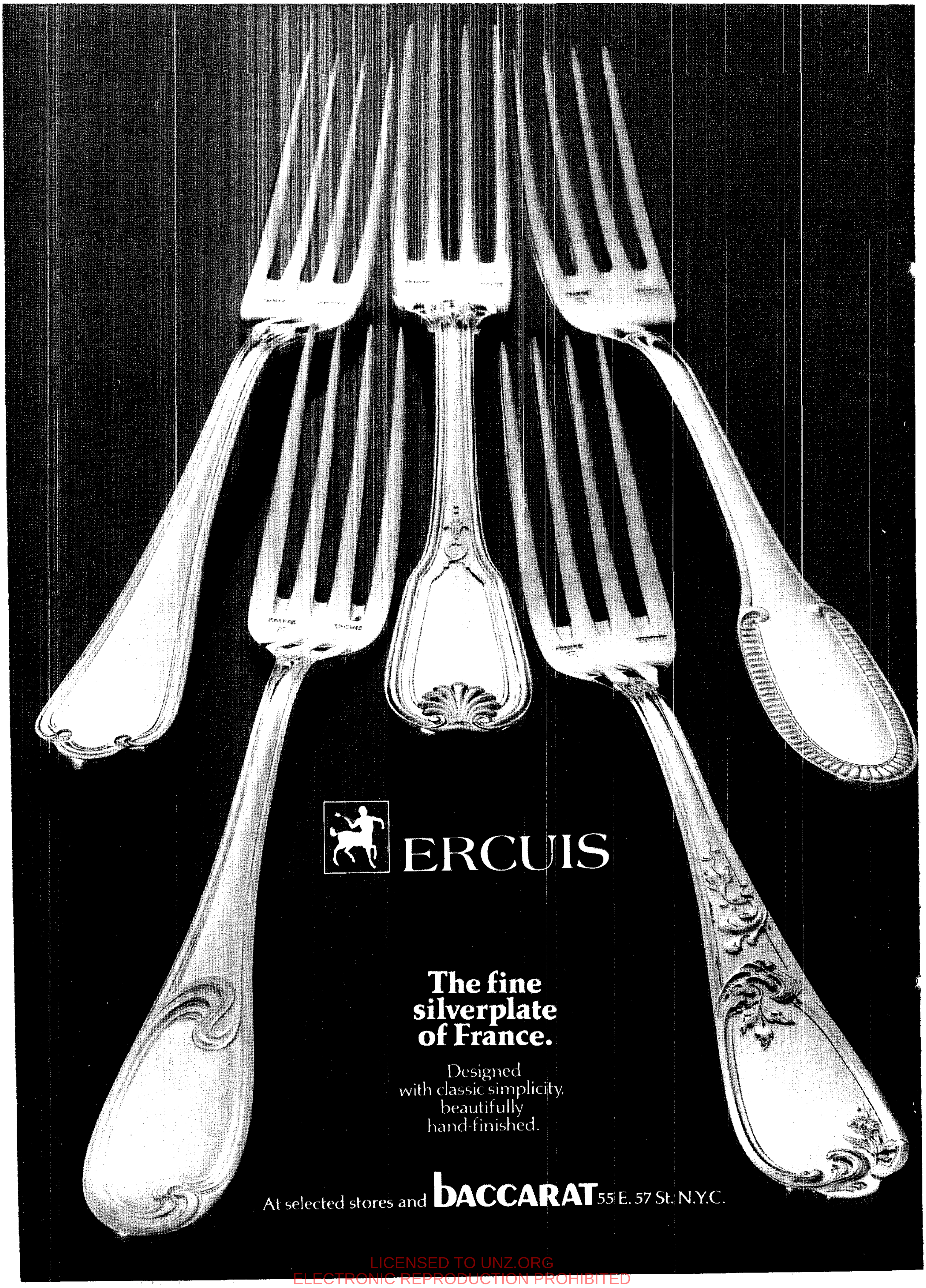

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the buildup in the Far East." This reality renders over-all comparisons of American and Soviet spending rates somewhat misleading. The Russians have forty-four divisions on the Chinese frontier and thirty in Central Europe, of which five are stationed in Czechoslovakia, four in Hungary, and two in Poland. The combined defense budgets of the United States and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are greater than the combined expenditures of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact nations, and if one sets aside the China-directed Soviet military expenditures the spending gap is about twenty-five per cent in favor of the West.

Still, defense spending is an index of intentions. That the Russians are willing year after year to devote to their military establishment a considerably higher fraction of their considerably smaller national wealth suggests that they are determined to stay in the arms race, and will never again willingly revert to a position of obvious military inferiority. Some American advocates of greatly increased military spending—including a number of advisers to President Reagan—argue that the Russians are bent on gaining military superiority over the United States, but that if the United States resumes the spending race seriously the Kremlin will eventually give up, because the smaller and weaker Soviet economy will not be able to stand the strain. The spending gap is a consequence of the relative weakness of the Russians' economy and the relative inefficiency of their military production. Being "outspent" by the Russians ought to be seen more as a badge of their weakness than as a threat. But "there is no evidence to support the contention," as Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense in the Carter Administration, said upon leaving office, that the Russians will abandon the arms race. The United States started the postwar era with a monopoly on nuclear weapons and the only economy left intact in the industrial world. The Russians made their most significant postwar territorial gains when they were still reeling from the German invasion, which had cost them twenty million casualties, and they began to acquire a modern military machine while their economy was still in disarray. The Kremlin leaders seem prepared to sacrifice consumer goods and future industrial growth indefinitely in order to keep up in the military competition.

THE rubles that the Russians spend hurt them more than they hurt the United States. Spending money does not necessarily translate into gaining military capability, much less political power. But a genuine missile gap is another matter. If the Russians could neutralize the American nuclear-strike force, they would have an enormous political advantage. "Within another year or two," Secretary Brown said in the Defense Department's fiscal 1981 annual report, the Soviet Union will have "the necessary combination of ICBM reliability, numbers, warhead yields, and accuracies to put most of our Minuteman and Titan silos at risk."

The nuclear forces of the United States are designed to deter. Since they are meant to produce psychological as well as physical consequences—there would be no national-security objective to be served once thousands of nuclear weapons had been detonated—almost as much attention has been lavished on advertising nuclear weapons as on designing them. As the arms race has accelerated, subtle changes in official language to describe the nuclear balance have occurred. In his statement on "United States Military Posture for Fiscal Year 1975," Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, characterized the American-Soviet strategic relationship as one of "dynamic equilibrium" or "relative strategic parity." Six years later, in the 1981 statement on military posture, a successor in the position, General David C. Jones, concluded that "the strategic balance is shifting in favor of the Soviet Union, and the shift can only be halted by a serious commitment to extensive improvements in U.S. forces." At about the same time, Brown reported, "By most relevant measures, we remain the military equal or superior to the Soviet Union."

How the military balance is described is more than a theological exercise for defense strategists. The words are chosen

"Beg pardon, Captain, but me and some of the boys would like to sing you a little chantey we just composed about being so off course we don't know where the hell we are."

"We've had some fun times together, Andrew, but I don't think I could face a lifetime of you sending back the wine."

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carefully, with a view to their impact on three distinct audiences: the American public and its representatives in Congress; allies and clients; and, of course, the Russians. To exact major increases in military spending, it has been traditional, as Senator Arthur Vandenberg advised President Truman, to "scare hell out of the country." President Nixon's first Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, tried to sell the anti-ballistic missile by announcing that "the Soviets are going for a first strike, there is no doubt about it." A billion dollars was wasted on what was known as Weapon Systems 125-A, a hopelessly impractical atomic-powered airplane, on the strength of an erroneous intelligence report that the Russians were building one. But the very statements designed to scare legislators into appropriating more money for weapons have the potential of misleading the Russians. As Senator John Glenn observed in March of 1981 concerning the alarmist talk about America's land-based missile force, "We have convinced ourselves that the existing system is vulnerable, and the trouble is that we may also have convinced the Russians." Emphasizing American weakness also confuses allies, who want American military forces large enough to keep the Russians peaceful but not so large as to make them nervous. Since, as General Jones pointed out, "there is not a single military balance which must be evaluated, but rather several functional and crosscutting balances, each of which portrays a different relative mix of strengths and weaknesses," the evaluation of relative strength depends on where you start, what you count, and what you project. Defense spending, Brown argued, may be "the best single crude measure of relative military capabilities," because the Russians are somewhat less inefficient in military matters than in the civilian economy. But a serious assessment must look at what they have built, what they continue to build, and what specific new threats their weapons programs pose.

In just over a decade, the United States increased its stock of deployable nuclear warheads from 3,950 to 9,000, while the Soviet stockpile grew from 1,659 to 7,000. As Henry Kissinger once noted, it is bombs and warheads rather than missiles that destroy targets. The Russians have, however, far surpassed the United States in the deployment of new missiles. Since 1969, they have installed three new models of intercontinental ballistic missiles and three new submarine-launched ballistic-missile systems. In the same period, the United States deployed the Minuteman III, the Poseidon, and a few Trident I submarine-launched missiles. The result is the much publicized numbers gap. The Russians now have 2,504 "delivery vehicles" (the standard euphemism for bombers and missiles), while the United States, having eliminated more than two hundred obsolete missiles, has only 1,977.

There are two levels at which this gap can be considered—one technical, the other strategic. As a technical matter, there is much less of a gap than the numbers suggest, because the new inertial guidance system installed on five hundred and fifty Minuteman III missiles has enormously increased their accuracy. Each warhead, according to the calculations of D. C. Kephart, a senior engineer with the Rand Corporation, is nearly three times as likely to destroy a hardened Soviet ICBM silo as the missile system it replaced. The MK-12A warhead now being added to three hundred Minuteman III missiles doubles the explosive yield and further increases the probability of destroying hard targets. Whether these improvements increase or decrease American security is itself a matter of debate, but the impression that the United States has been standing still in the nineteen-seventies is erroneous. As Representative Aspin summarizes the decade, "the power of U.S. warheads has thus kept pace with the Soviet Union's, even without additional missiles." The

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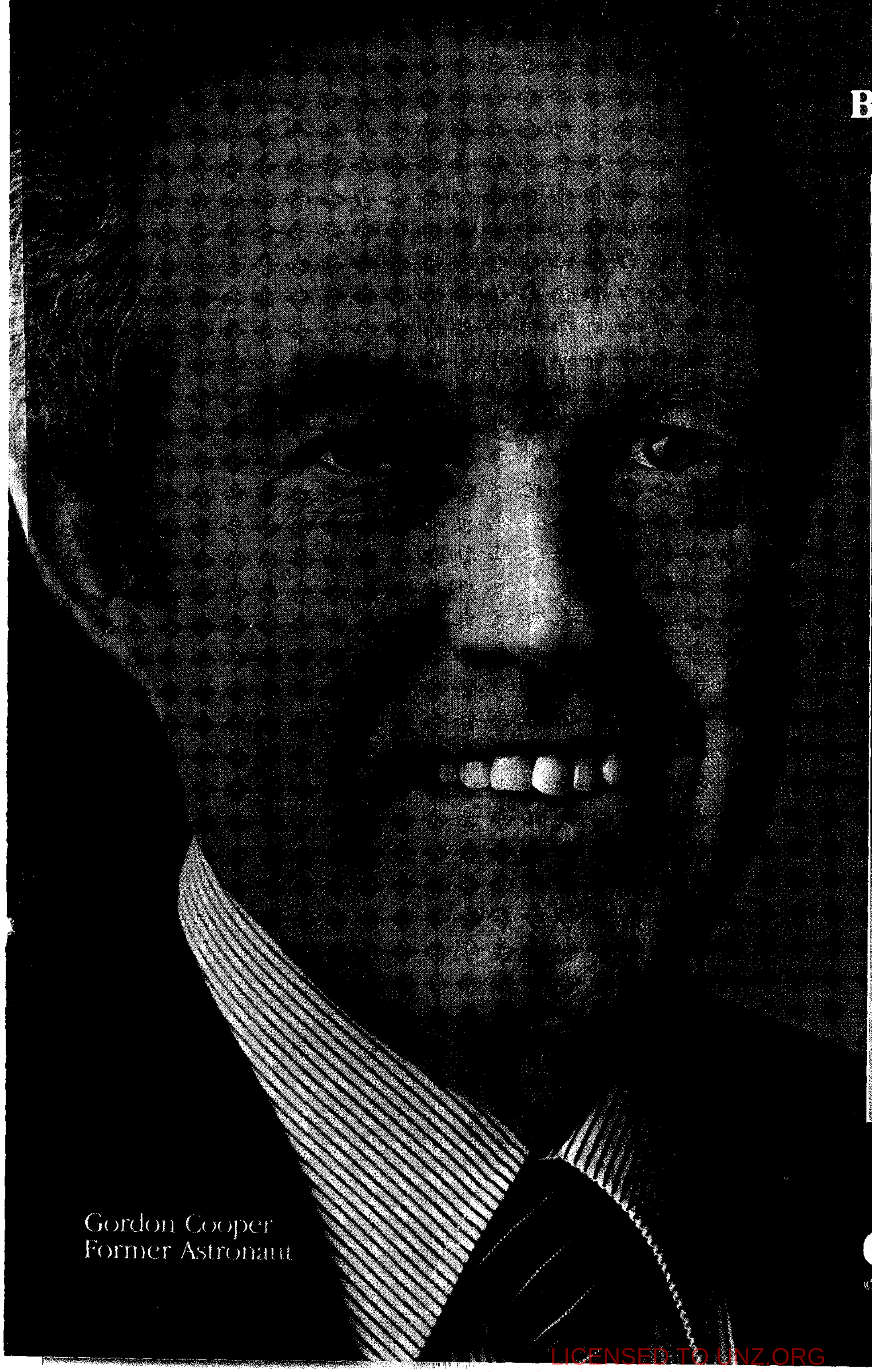

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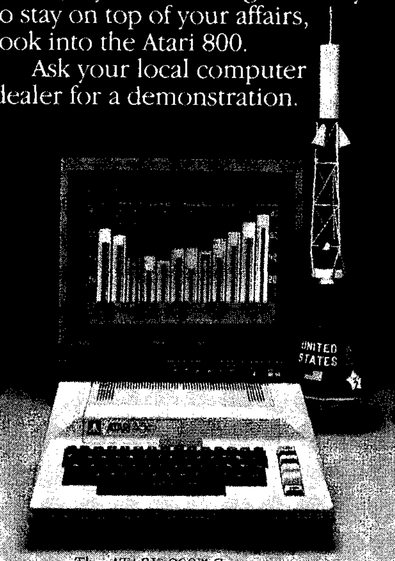

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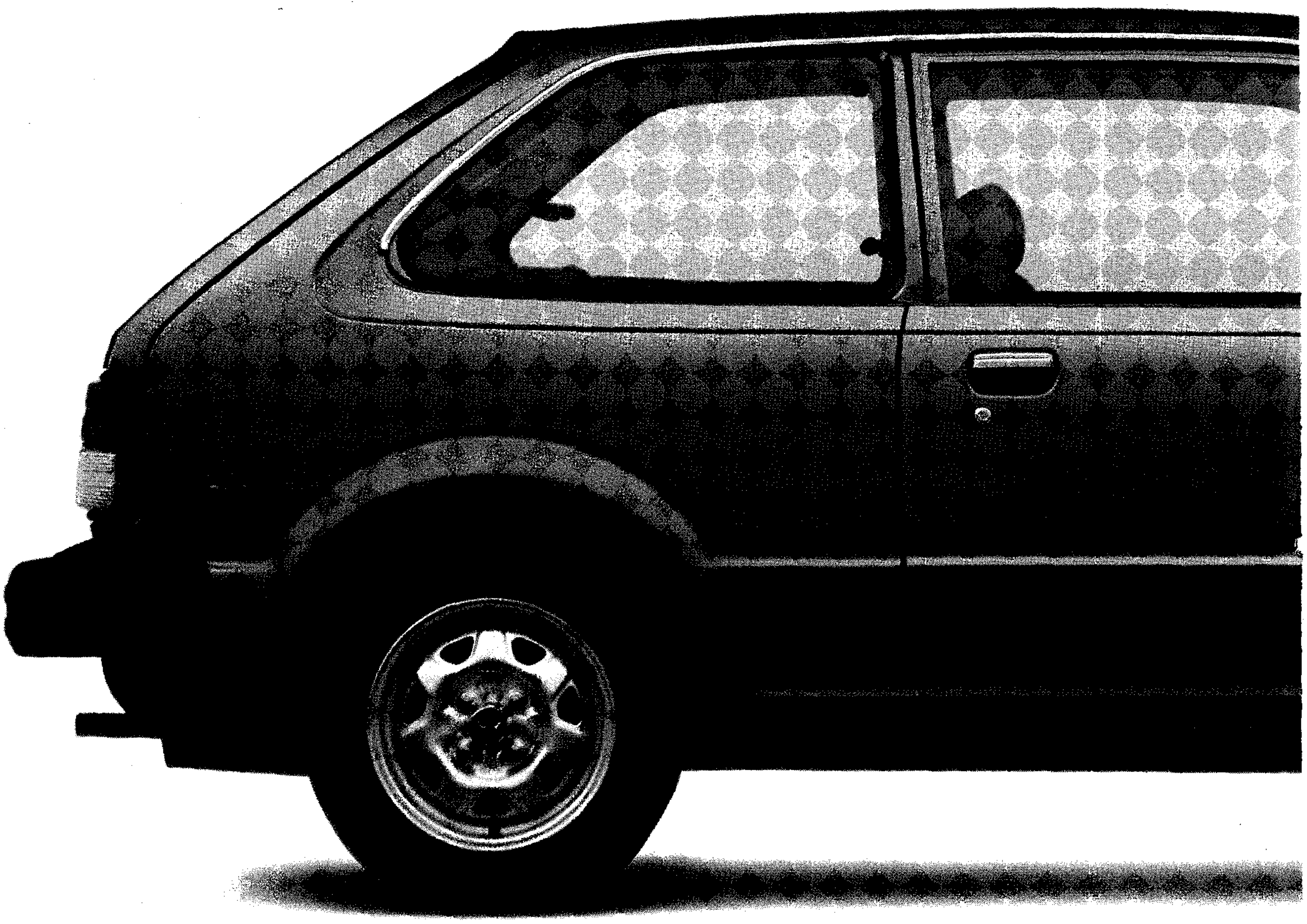

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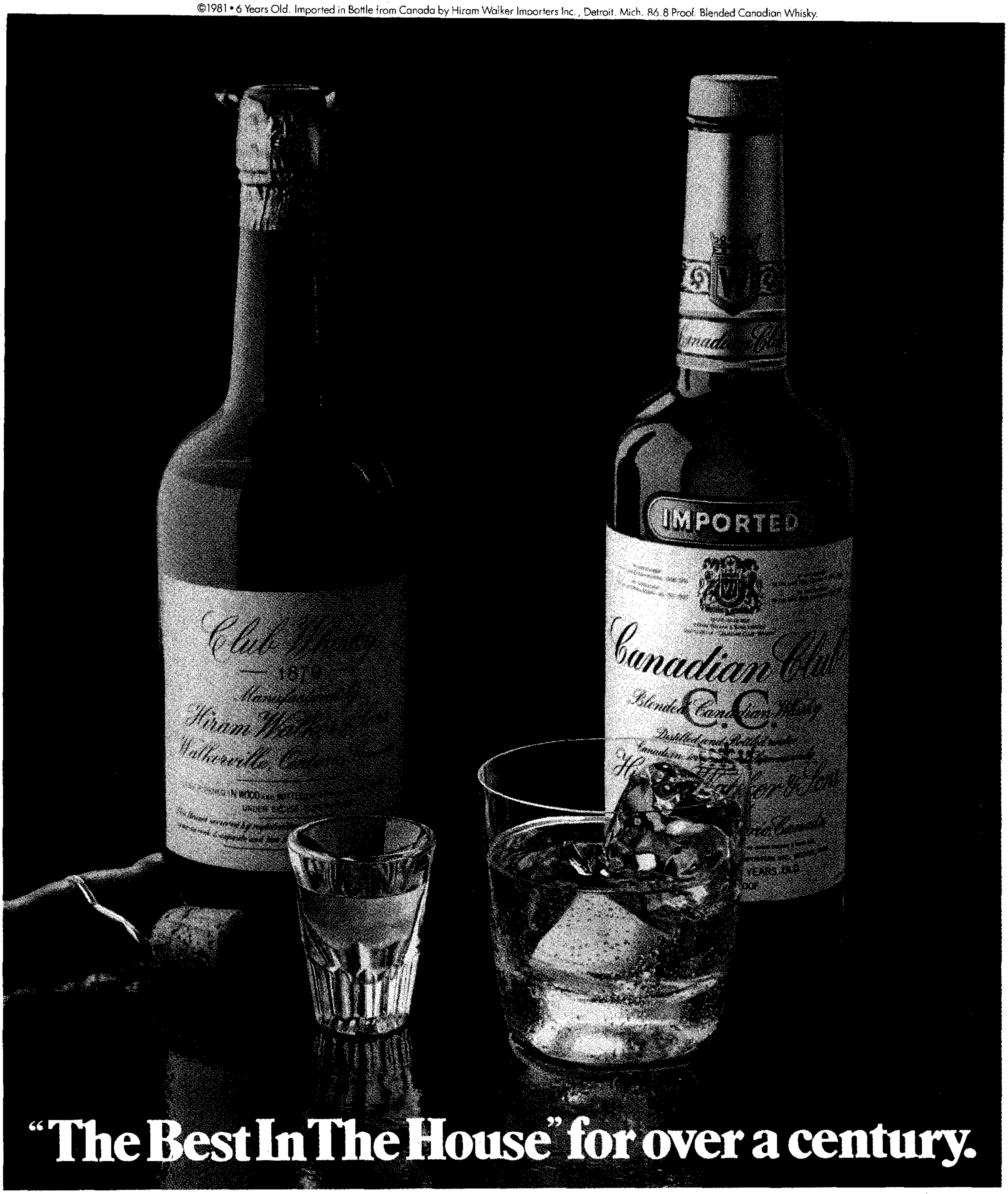

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cost is "several orders of magnitude cheaper than building a new missile." He goes on:

> The Soviets have spent tens of billions of dollars on new missiles, but we have continued to overwhelm them in deployment of new warheads; we have matched them in hard-target-kill capability with just a billion dollars' worth of new guidance systems and warheads; and we have degraded Soviet missile power by upgrading our missile silos at low cost.

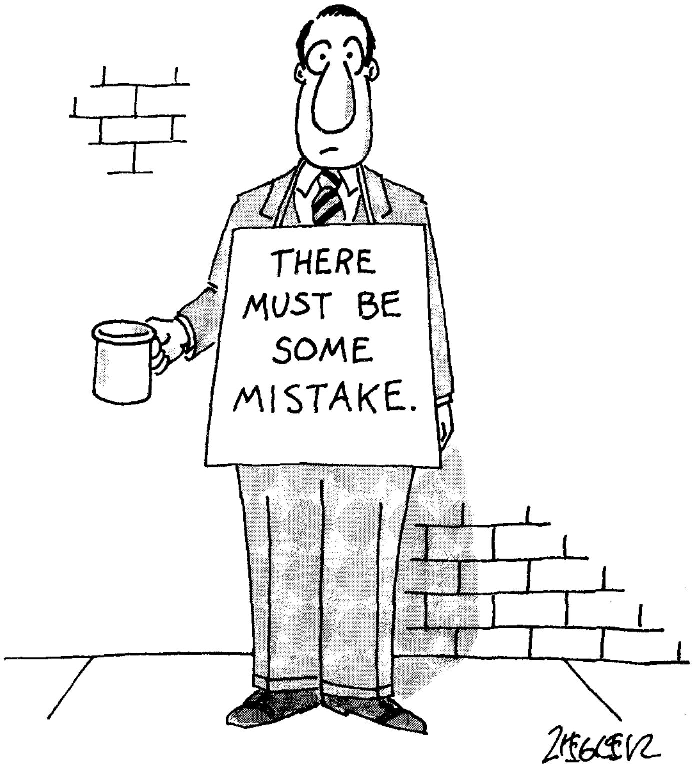
The United States has also developed the air-launched cruise missile, which can fly less than a hundred feet from the ground and deliver within a hundred feet of a target warheads eleven times as powerful as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. President Carter's decision to cancel the B-1 bomber was not, as some critics have argued, an act of unilateral restraint. "The B-1, a very expensive weapons system, basically conceived in the absence of the cruise-missile factor, is not necessary," he declared in a news conference. William Perry, the Pentagon's chief scientist, testified in 1979 that developments in Soviet air defense rendered the B-1 impractical. The cruise missile, because it is much smaller and can fly lower, is a much more threatening weapon—and much cheaper. To counter it, Dr. Perry suggests, would require the Soviets to spend thirty to fifty billion dollars.

Because of the obsolescence of the Polaris and Poseidon submarines, which are normally retired after twenty-five years, the number of American submarine-launched missiles will be reduced, by 1992, from 656 to 384. But a substantial portion of these submarines are being fitted with vastly more accurate and more powerful missiles. Trident I missiles carry eight one-hundred-kiloton warheads, replacing missiles bearing nine forty-kiloton warheads. The new Trident II, as envisioned in 1979, will carry fourteen warheads; this means that each submarine commander, who will be able to launch twenty-four of the new missiles, will be able to land the equivalent of eleven Hiroshima bombs on three hundred and thirty-six separate and dispersed targets.

Both superpowers have been proceeding inexorably with the nuclear-arms race through the last decade, each in its own way. The question raised by the increasingly strident chorus of critics of this country's defense establishment who demand a quantum jump in military spending is whether Soviet weapons developments have given the Russians new political capabilities. The attainment of "strategic parity, or even an over-all advantage by the Soviet Union," according to General Jones, does not mean that there is "a realistic possibility of a Soviet 'bolt out of the blue' strategic attack on the United States." In the 1981 "Military Posture" statement, he said that the strategic forces were sufficient "to absorb a Soviet first strike" and to "inflict major destruction on the Soviet Union." Thirteen years ago, the Department of Defense pointed out that if a hundred nuclear warheads landed on the Soviet Union, thirty-seven million people, or fifteen per cent of the population, would die instantly and fifty-nine per cent of the industrial capacity would be destroyed. If four hundred such warheads were to land on target, seventy-four million people would die and seventy-six per cent of the industrial capacity would be destroyed. The Soviet Union has three principal population centers and two hundred and seventy-one other cities with a population of a hundred thousand or more. Given these realities, a stockpile of five hundred deliverable nuclear weapons represents enormous overkill. Even if the worst assumptions of American military planners prove correct and the Russians develop the capability in the nineteen-eighties to destroy ninety per cent of the American land-based missiles, the submarines, cruise missiles, and bombers would still be able to deliver far more than five hundred nuclear warheads to the Soviet Union.

But grisly arithmetic does not dispose of the issue, because nuclear weapons are designed to serve more varied and subtle purposes than the deterrence of an all-out attack. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, this country's clear "superiority" in nuclear weapons was such as to constitute what some defense planners call a "credible first-strike posture." The country could have launched a surprise attack on the Soviet Union and paralyzed the Kremlin's ability to retaliate, because the Soviets' relatively small stock of bombers and missiles could have been targeted in advance by the much larger American force. At the time of the Cuban missile crisis—in October of 1962—the Russians had fewer than thirty intercontinental ballistic missiles that could reach the United States; the United States had two hundred and twenty-four that could reach the Soviet Union. In the era of "superiority," the United States officially subscribed to the view that its threat to initiate nuclear war was a crucial counterweight to Soviet "superiority" in ground forces. The Russians had a mirror-image version of the American doctrine. During the period when the United States had a virtual monopoly on nuclear weapons, the Russians' only deterrent was to hold Western Europe hostage. In Stalin's time, it was supposed that their strategy in the event of an American nuclear attack would be to occupy all of Europe and, in effect, hold it hostage. In the late nineteen-fifties, the Russians began to target European cities with medium-range nuclear missiles.

In the era of superiority, American strategic doctrine called for "massive retaliation"—the use of nuclear weapons "by means and at places of


THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.
ZIEGLER

our own choosing," as John Foster Dulles put it, to deter or to punish "unacceptable" Soviet actions. On several occasions, American officials considered using the atomic bomb. In 1952, Harry Truman thought about the possibility of eliminating Moscow, Leningrad (called St. Petersburg in his private notes, which have recently been made public), and a ring of other cities if the Soviet Union did not settle quickly in Korea. A few months later, his successor, Dwight Eisenhower, conveyed to the Chinese an explicit threat to use nuclear weapons, and in his memoirs he expressed the belief that his action ended the war. In the Kennedy Administration, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., reports, in "A Thousand Days," the use of nuclear weapons was considered in the 1961 Berlin crisis.

Since the nineteen-sixties, however, first-strike strategies have ceased to be credible. The nuclear-arms race began in earnest only after the Cuban missile crisis. For the first postwar generation, the United States was, as President Kennedy's science adviser, Jerome B. Wiesner, put it, "running the arms race with itself." Within the last ten years, the Soviet Union has acquired enough of a strike force to deliver a devastating retaliatory attack on the United States. A first-strike strategy is no longer possible for the United States. It never was for the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, new uses for nuclear weapons have been discovered which keep the arms race going. Presidential Directive 59, adopted in July of 1980, calls for increasing the American capacity for fighting a "limited nuclear war." Ever since the early sixties, defense strategists have been pressing for more "counterforce capabilities;" that is, weapons designed to knock out weapons. Harold Brown said in his annual report for fiscal year 1981 that in addition to "second-strike forces necessary to attack a comprehensive set of targets" there should be forces held in reserve that could be used against "selected targets." Under Presidential Directive 59, these will increasingly be military targets. There should be enough of a residual force, Brown said, to carry on a war "for a substantial period after a strategic exchange."

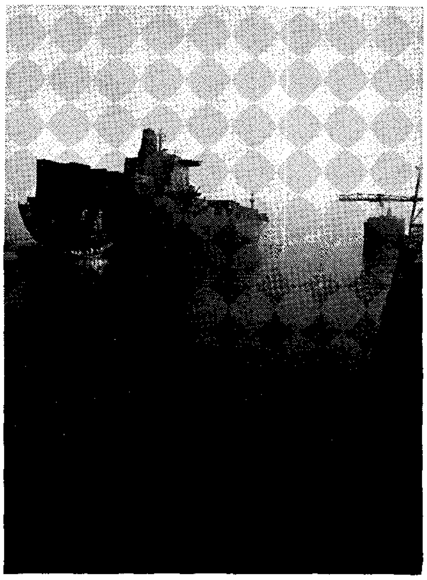
If the official function of the nuclear force is to target weapons and to keep hitting the enemy months after a "strategic exchange," no set number of bombs or missiles is enough. Every weapon that the Russians build must be matched; every technological improvement in their defense—the achievement of greater accuracy or reduced vulnerability—must be offset. Once the nuclear force is regarded as a "flexible" instrument for achieving purposes beyond the crude one of deterring a nuclear attack with the threat of an all-out counterattack on Soviet society, the arms race becomes a never-ending, infinitely escalating contest.

IT was on August 5, 1980, a few days before the Democratic National Convention, that the Carter Administration publicly issued Presidential Directive 59, which had been approved, in secret, a week earlier. The announcement meant that the United States had now officially embraced a counterforce strategy—a decision that was the culmination of an eighteen-year planning effort. On June 16, 1962, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara declared that the principal goal of American strategy in a nuclear war "should be the destruction of the enemy's military forces, not his civilian population." In the nineteen-sixties, American strategic programs began to emphasize greater accuracy and power for the nuclear strike force. As the nineteen-seventies dawned, President Nixon, in a foreign-policy report to Congress, called for a limited counterforce capability:

> Should the President, in the event of a nuclear attack, be left with the single option of ordering the mass destruction of enemy civilians in the face of the certainty that it would be followed by the mass slaughter of Americans? Should the concept of assured destruction be narrowly defined, and should it be the only measure of our ability to deter the variety of threats we might face?

Four years later, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger announced "a new targeting doctrine that emphasizes selectivity and flexibility." Such public announcements are designed as signals to the Russians, as justifications for new weapons programs, and—perhaps most important—as concessions to disarm hawkish critics. The highly secret blueprint for conducting nuclear war is called SIOP (for Single Integrated Operational Plan). According to former high Pentagon officials, for more than twenty years it has included both military and nonmilitary targets.

The new public emphasis on weapons to hit weapons is a consequence of what William Colby, former director of the C.I.A., has called "the paper-and-pencil war." American military



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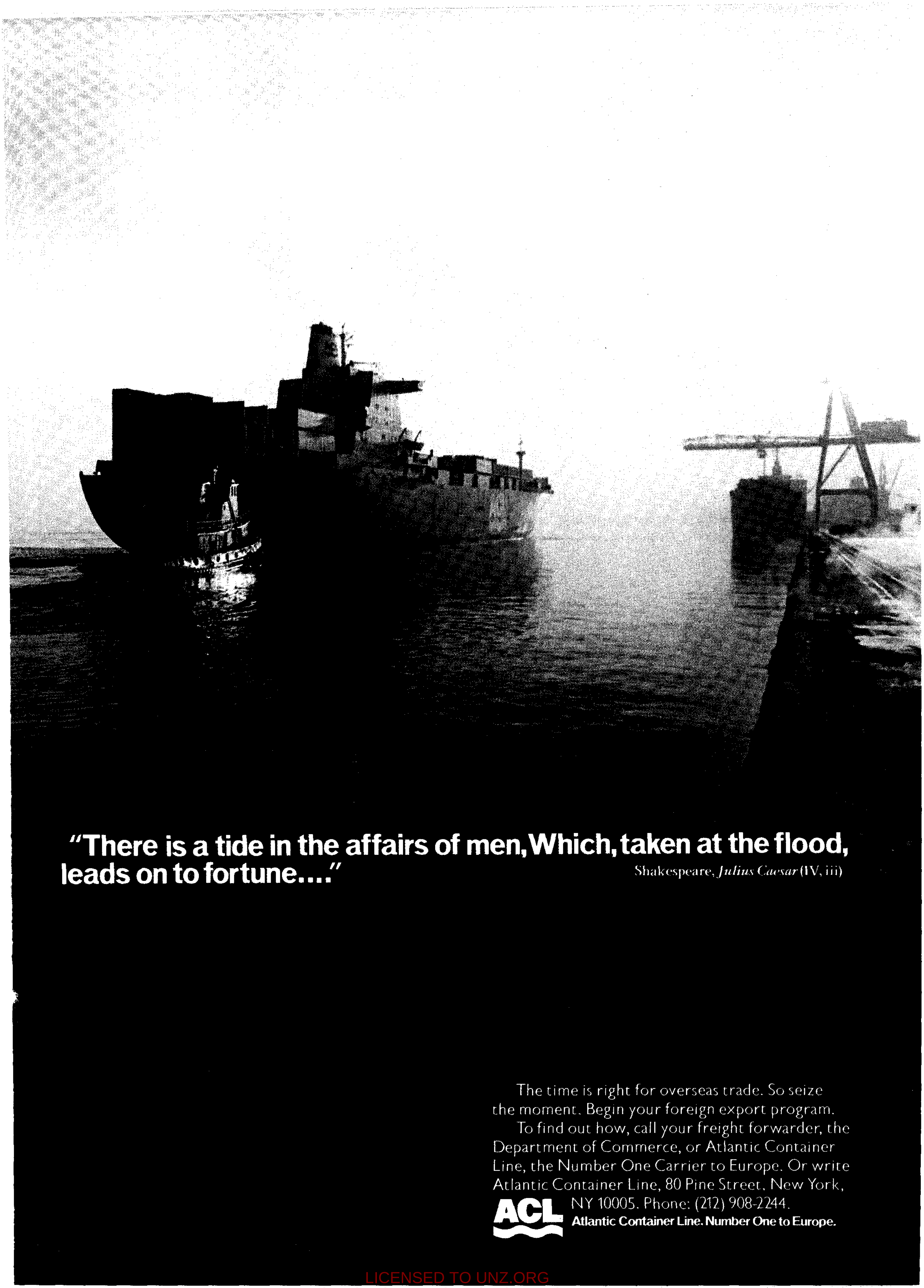

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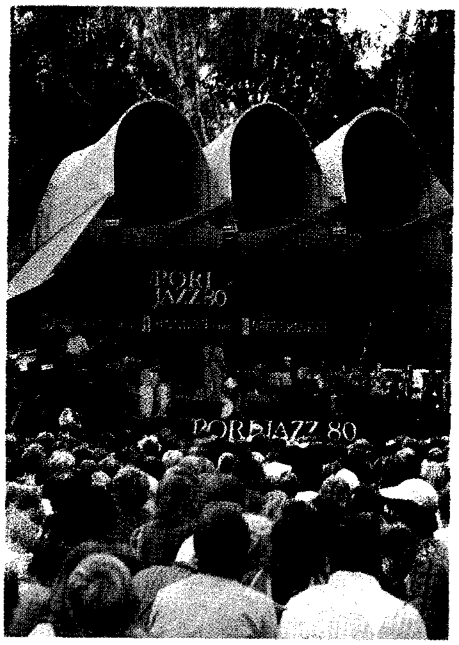

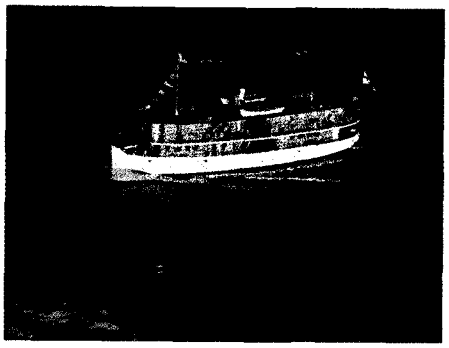

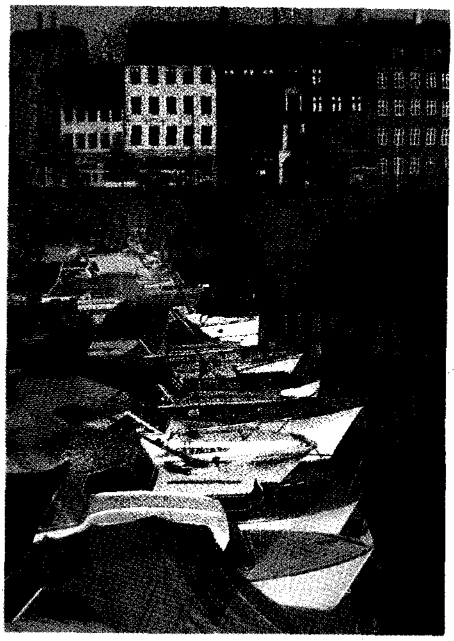

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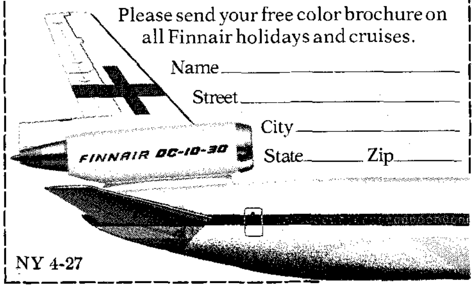

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planners constantly strive to increase their "options." In the paper-and-pencil war, the side with the better options wins. As Paul Nitze, a former Pentagon official and a leading advocate of increased military spending, put it, "it is possible to think of highly plausible scenarios, assuming a position of Soviet superiority and a deterioration of crisis stability, in which, should the balloon go up, the outcome would be highly one-sided."

According to the Nitze theory, the Russians could "win" in a counterforce exchange once they were in a position to wreak greater destruction on the United States missile force than the United States could wreak on theirs. In such a situation, the proponents of counterforce argue, the only options that the President of the United States would have after a surprise Soviet attack on the vulnerable land-based missiles would be to launch an all-out war that would destroy both societies or to surrender. If the United States had an equivalent or superior counterforce capability, however, the Kremlin version of the Pentagon computer model could not print out a first-strike option. The men in the Kremlin would proceed more cautiously, and peace would be preserved.

The tools of nuclear strategy are computers, mathematical models, and topographical curves. The entire purpose of the American nuclear arsenal is to influence the behavior of six or seven Soviet leaders. (As an educational system, it has the highest per-pupil cost of any in the world.) The argument between doves and hawks is only in small part an argument about relative technical capabilities; it is principally a disagreement about the psychology of Soviet leaders. If the United States is unable to undertake a "limited" retaliation against a Soviet attack, the hawks maintain, the United States will be thought of by Soviet leaders and third countries alike as weak, and over time the Russians will score political victories.

Many national-security specialists make a completely different assessment of Soviet psychology. Harold Brown, in his 1979 annual report, noted that it is "not at all clear that an initial use of nuclear weapons—however selectively they might be targeted—could be kept from escalating to a full-scale thermonuclear exchange, especially if command-control centers were brought under attack." Within the past five years, both President Carter and President Leonid Brezhnev publicly stated that a limited nuclear war was implausible. For the losing side—indeed, for any belligerent—the devastation caused by even a small nuclear attack would create nearly irresistible political and psychological pressures to step up the war.

The advocates of moderation in military spending have a triple argument. First, they question whether a counterforce gap exists. There are so many imponderables in predicting the success of a disarming strike that no rational leader would try one. Even a "surgical" attack on the Minuteman silos would cause up to twenty-two million deaths, Brown warned at his last congressional appearance as Defense Secretary—enough, according to Leslie H. Gelb, former head of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs in the State Department (who will rejoin the *Times* as national-security correspondent in May), so that "the Soviets would have to assume retaliation against their cities." Second, even if a theoretical gap did exist, weapons stockpiles on both sides are now, in contrast to the time of the Cuban missile crisis, so high that the risks of escalation preclude using nuclear weapons as political instruments. (In the Cuban crisis, it should be recalled, the United States did not threaten to use nuclear weapons first—only to retaliate with nuclear weapons in the event that nuclear missiles in Cuba were fired.) Third, feverish preparations to counter nuclear war by design actually make nuclear war by miscalculation more likely.

The race to achieve counterforce capability makes military planners on both sides increasingly nervous. "We and the Soviet Union are reaching a period in which each can successfully target the other's hardened fixed systems more cheaply than either can further harden its systems to make them

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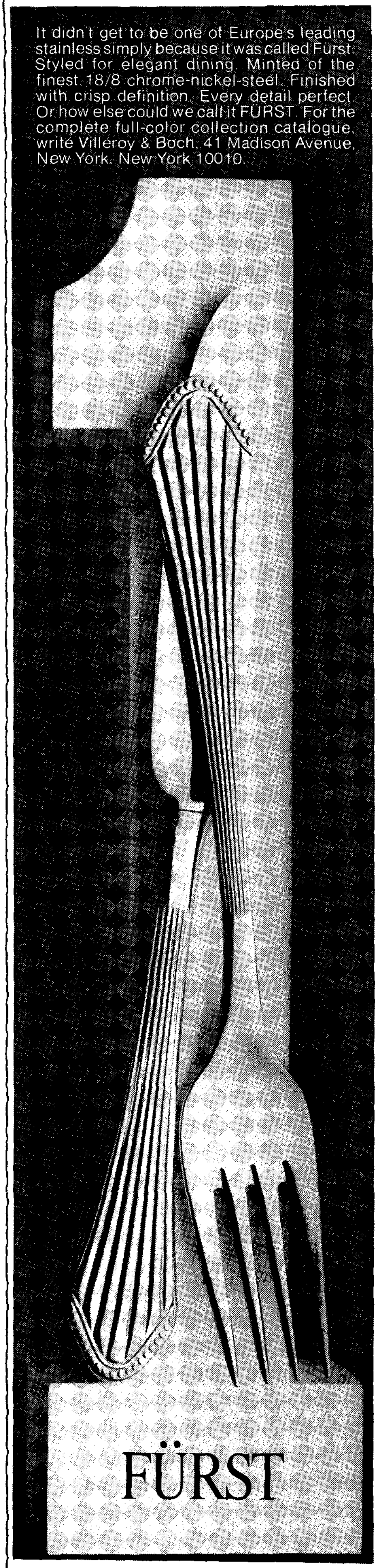
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survive," Secretary Brown told the graduating class at the Naval Academy in 1979. Weapons targeted to destroy other weapons are presumptively first-strike weapons; empty silos from which missiles have already been launched are not worth spending billions to hit. Even if, as is probably the case, neither side has the intention of striking first, the military posture of the adversaries appears otherwise. What looks in Washington like a defensive countermove looks in Moscow like an offensive strike. As soon as Presidential Directive 59, on the shift to counterforce strategy, was issued, a Soviet spokesman called it "ominous"—a judgment shared by American advocates of arms control, who point out that the world is moving toward a military environment in which pressures are mounting to launch a "preemptive" strike to save the increasingly vulnerable missiles.

The more vulnerable the land-based missiles become, the greater is the pressure to adopt a "launch-under-attack" strategy. "Very low survivability of ICBMs in the early 1980s will leave us with very little effective quick response hard-target kill capability unless we were to adopt a launch-under-attack policy," according to the Defense Department's 1980 "Military Posture" statement. Even the most consistent advocates of increased military spending see the dangers. Paul Nitze puts it this way:

> An important issue surrounding the launch-under-attack option is "launch what against what Soviet targets—upon what degree of evidence that an attack of what size is under way against U.S. targets?" Extremely difficult considerations are involved in answering that complex question. Should the President be asked to resolve them in the few minutes which may be available to him, or should the answers be preprogrammed into a computer? Neither alternative is without immense dangers.

Fred C. Iklé, a former head of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and now Under-Secretary of Defense for Policy, notes that a launch-under-attack system would put "incredible responsibilities on some tech sergeant in the innards of the system," and explains, "The more quick and automatic it is, the more you're turning over decisions—the most fateful decisions in the nation's history—to people far removed from the President and the Joint Chiefs."

On three recent occasions—one in the fall of 1979 and two in the spring of 1980—military computers erroneously indicated that the Soviet Union had launched nuclear missiles against the United States. On the first such occasion, a technician inadvertently ran through a computer system a test tape for triggering the beginning of the retaliatory process. On the two other occasions, both in June of 1980, a computer malfunction was blamed for the false alarm. Strategic-bomber crews were ordered to their planes, and silo-based missiles were brought to a higher state of readiness after audio and visual signals showed that the Russians had launched both submarine-based and land-based missiles. In all cases, the alert was called off within three minutes. Declaring that "we weren't remotely close to World War III," Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas B. Ross declined to comment on the suggestion that a similar malfunction might trigger a series of escalating responses in the United States and the Soviet Union which could get out of hand. While Assistant Secretary Ross was reassuring Americans that the overanxious computer was being removed, General Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, was publicly suggesting that the Russians take the incident as a warning. They "had better know that we are ready and that we can respond in a very few minutes," he said.

The advocates of more missiles argue that the bigger and more survivable the American force is, the less pressure there will be to adopt a launch-under-attack posture. But every gain in missile strength helps raise the spectre for the Russians of an American drive to achieve a first-strike posture. And such gain can be offset by a corresponding Soviet innovation. In a world in which both sides are rapidly "modernizing" their nuclear forces, military planners inevitably become more nervous, and sudden responses appear increasingly unavoidable. The advocates of arms control argue that in a calmer, less hostile, and more predictable military environment the risks of miscalculation are significantly reduced.

Discussions of a gap between Soviet notions of the arms race and American notions have probably influenced military thinking in recent years more than the spending gap or the missile gap. Without the assumption that the American-Soviet arms race is an asymmetrical contest, the projected American arms buildup makes no

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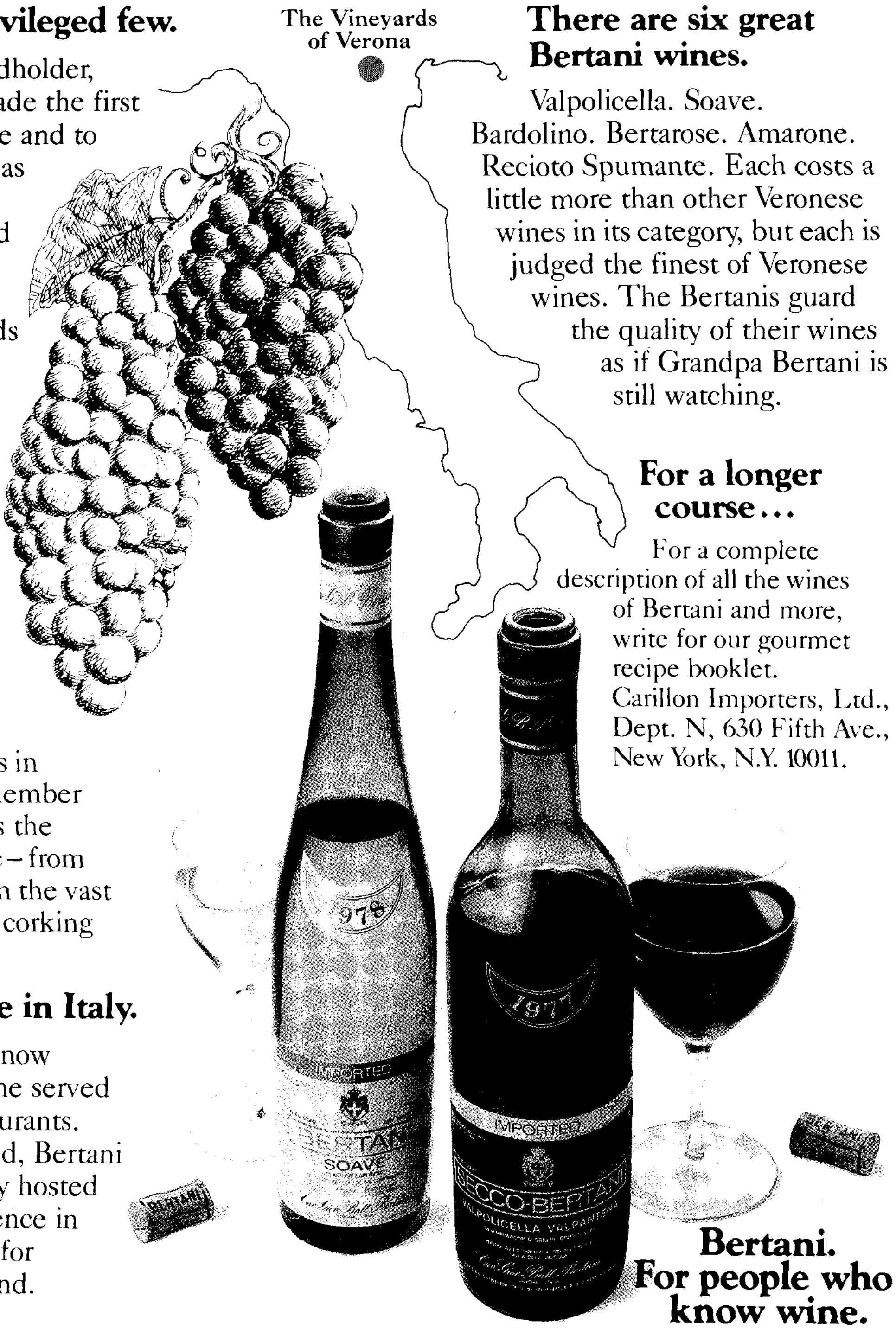

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sense. We are not hurt by the money the Russians spend. Nor do additions to Soviet overkill capacity cause us to be less secure. If the United States has enough deliverable nuclear warheads to cause "unacceptable" damage to the Soviet Union in a retaliatory attack—and the destructive power carried by a single nuclear submarine would appear to be enough, given what a hundred warheads will do—what is the argument for building more?

The Reagan Administration is considering a new sea-based missile system as an alternative to the bizarre basing system for the MX missile proposed by the Carter Administration. The issue, according to former Secretary Brown, is that while a decision to rely on submarine-based missiles and cruise missiles "could be viewed as playing to U.S. strengths," a refusal to convert the intercontinental-ballistic-missile system into a mobile land-based missile system would be seen as a willingness "to accept inferiority, or at least as evidence that we were not competitive in a major (indeed, what the Soviets have chosen as *the* major) area of strategic power." The appearance of asymmetry would "make them a little gutsier and us a little more timid," according to the Carnegie Endowment's military analyst, Barry Blechman.

Such statements about the need to counter "perceptions" of military weakness even when no actual weakness exists have in the past two years become conventional wisdom. Curiously, Blechman is the co-author of a Brookings Institution study of two hundred and fifteen incidents between 1946 and 1975 in which the United States used armed force as a political instrument. That study, "Force Without War," concluded:

> In general, the data do not support propositions as to the importance of the strategic balance. It was not true that positive outcomes were proportionately less frequent, the less the U.S. advantage vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in the number of either nuclear warheads or delivery vehicles . . .

He also said:

> We did not find that the United States was less often successful as the Soviet Union closed the U.S. lead in strategic nuclear weapons that had been maintained for the first twenty or so years following the Second World War.

Paul Warnke, a former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and chief SALT negotiator, points out that ideas of American weakness are more likely to be stimu-

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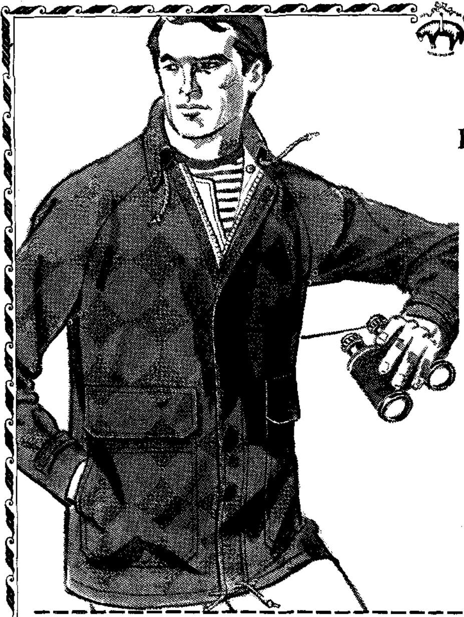

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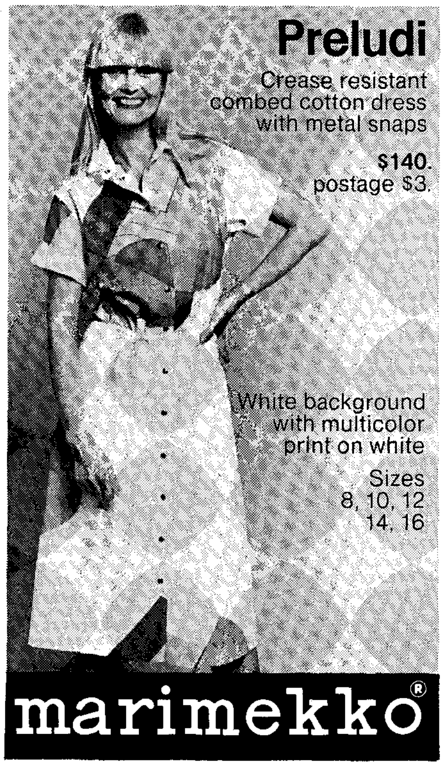
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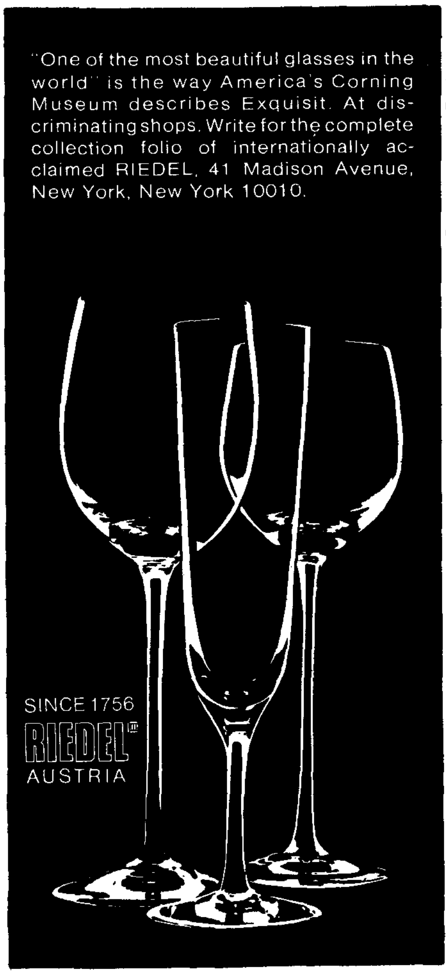
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lated by the irresponsible charges of retired generals and hawkish professors than by a failure to make marginal additions to the already enormous missile force. Some people, such as the members of the Committee on the Present Danger, in their desire to make the United States stronger, emphasize present weakness. If the Russians believed the statements of such groups—that the American nuclear retaliatory force could be neutralized by a Soviet attack—they might become more daring in resorting to nuclear blackmail.

The Russians showed in Afghanistan, and more recently in their thinly veiled military threats to Poland, that they are prepared to use force to serve what they consider to be their interests. But since Khrushchev they have been cautious about directly provoking confrontation with the United States. Khrushchev was a specialist in bluster and bluff, a showman who believed in what Dean Acheson once called the "shadows of power"—the psychological intangibles that affect statesmen, such as prestige, awe, and dread. In the late fifties, despite the fact that the United States still had significant military superiority, he acted as if he believed that the "correlation of forces" had shifted to the Soviet Union. Euphoria in the "socialist world" was infectious: in late 1957, Mao declared in the Kremlin that "the East Wind prevails over the West Wind." In 1960, Khrushchev delivered what President Eisenhower interpreted as an ultimatum on Berlin—a separate peace treaty with East Germany would be signed, and the Allies would have to get permission from the Germans to keep their troops in Berlin—and he repeated the threat a year later to President Kennedy. Two weeks before Kennedy took office, Khrushchev made a tough speech vowing support for national-liberation movements, which the new Administration interpreted as a thrown gauntlet. All the while, Khrushchev was drastically cutting Soviet ground troops and adding slowly to the still tiny Soviet missile force. In the Brezhnev era, the Russians have carefully avoided rattling missiles in the direction of the West.

Presidential Directive 59, announcing a "war-fighting" strategy for the United States, was designed as an answer to the "war-fighting" strategy that has been imputed to the Soviets by defense critics in the last four years. The United States, according to an array of former national-security officials, who have campaigned through such organizations as the Committee on the Present Danger and the American Security Council, can no longer afford to rely on MAD—mutual assured destruction—as its principal strategy of war prevention. Such a strategy is immoral, they say, because the United States is threatening to kill tens of millions of innocent Russians in retaliation for the provocative acts of their leaders, over whom they have no control. Since the United States has refused to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons, an American nuclear strike against population centers in the Soviet Union could be ordered in retaliation for something less than a Soviet nuclear attack. But the principal point that the opponents of MAD make is that the Russians are playing a different game, and thus the whole expensive effort to create a properly cautious state of mind inside the Kremlin has been based on a misconception. True deterrence, in this view, requires matching the Russians at their own game.

The moral issue raised by the advocates of an American war-fighting strategy is deceptive. It is presumably more "moral" to hit missiles than to hit people, but in fact a counterforce strike involves hitting both missiles and people. If the Russians wanted to destroy a hundred and fifty Minuteman missiles at, say, Whiteman Air Force Base, in Sedalia, Missouri, they would need to launch three hundred of their missiles. According to a report by NBC News, information provided by the Pentagon indicates that the "zone of total destruction" would exceed the size of the state of Delaware. If westerly winds prevailed, as is usually the case, fallout would reach St. Louis, and half of its population would die. Louisville and Cincinnati would also lie in the track of the hypothetical counterforce attack. "Millions would be poisoned by radiation," the NBC report concluded. In sum, the argument against developing a war-fighting strategy is that such counterforce attacks, with the huge casualties they would cause, would lead to direct counterattacks on cities. A war-fighting strategy is not a substitute for MAD, in other words, but a supplement to it. Far from being an alternative to the suicide-or-surrender dilemma, it offers an illusion of victory that makes nuclear war seem less unthinkable and thus more likely.

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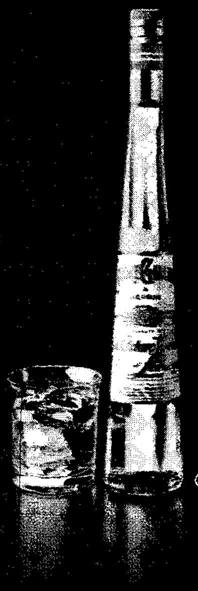

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Liquore Galliano®, Bottled in Italy, 70 Proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., New York, NY © 1980 behalf of a war-fighting strategy is that the Russians have one. Indeed, they are developing a counterforce capability of their own—more accurate warheads and greater numbers of more powerful missiles able to knock other missiles out. As has been true of every major technological development of the postwar arms race, they started far behind the United States and have striven to imitate American technological achievements. Usually, the weapons they have been working on are deployed about five years after they have been deployed by the Americans. Thus, the first Soviet MIRV test occurred in 1973, three years after the United States had deployed multiple independently targeted reëntry vehicles.

According to Richard Pipes, a professor of Russian history at Harvard who has been a theoretician for the Committee on the Present Danger and is now a senior staff member of the National Security Council, "The Soviet Union thinks it can fight and win a nuclear war." An examination of Soviet military journals has convinced him that the Russians believe they can accomplish political objectives by threatening and, if necessary, fighting a nuclear war. Because they have better civil defense, they will suffer less damage, and hence will win. Soviet military theorists share Lenin's famous enthusiasm for Clausewitz. In "Military Strategy," the standard Soviet military text, the late Marshal V. D. Sokolovsky writes that "the essential nature of war as a continuation of politics does not change with changing technology and armaments." Pipes interprets the repetition of the Clausewitzian maxim to mean that "mutual deterrence does not really exist"—an extraordinary logical leap, and one that ignores much of what Soviet theorists say. In "Marxism-Leninism on War and Army," an official text written by a committee of leading Soviet officers and military analysts, Sokolovsky's point about politics and war is spelled out:

> Politics will determine when the armed struggle is to be started and what means are to be employed. Nuclear war cannot emerge from nowhere, out of a vacuum, by itself . . . war cannot be understood without first understanding its connection with the policies preceding it. . . . The political interests of the classes at war and of their conditions determine the war aims, while armed struggle is the means of achieving these aims. . . . War is the continuation of the politics of definite classes and conditions by violent means.

It is precisely the fact that Soviet leaders do see war as an extension of

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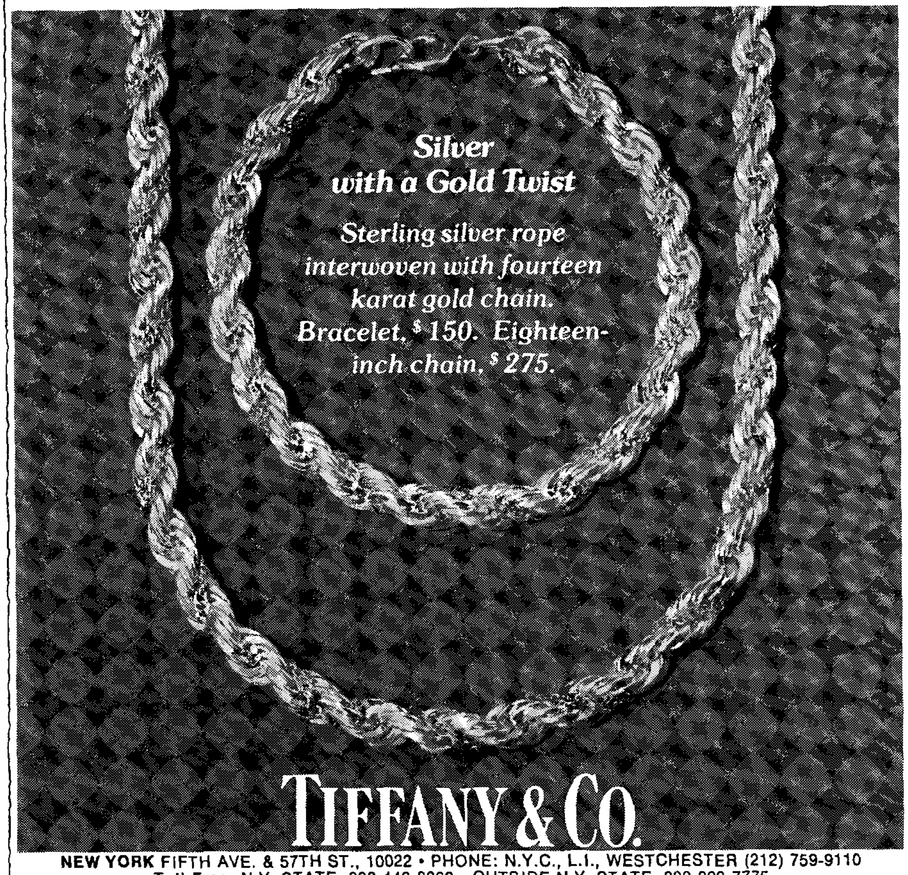

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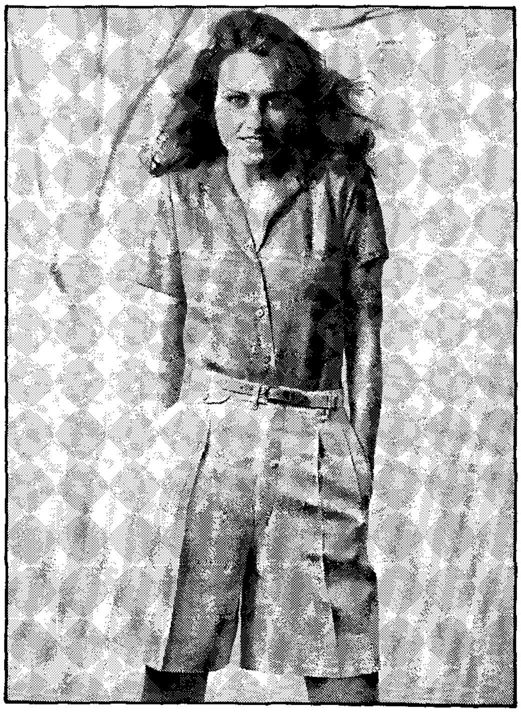

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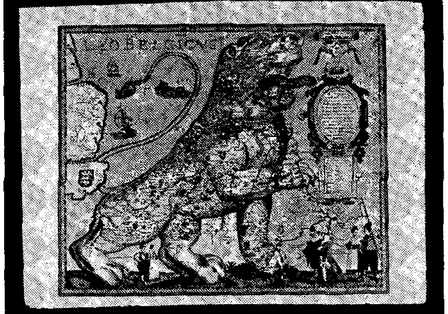

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politics that gives us hope of avoiding it. Soviet leaders are hardly pacifists, but they do not go to war without good reason. There is, George Kennan says, "no limited objective, no limited danger, no special fear, no ambition, no local situation" that could "conceivably justify" a nuclear war—for the Russians any more than for us.

General K. Bochkarev, Deputy Commandant of the General Staff Academy—a war college for the Soviet military leadership—writes in the military journal *Voyennaya mysl'* ("Military Thought") that nuclear war would be an "adventuristic gamble," but goes on to note that "there is *no serious proof* that it has already been discarded by the general staffs of the Western powers, and above all by the Pentagon." In a passage that has been cited by American critics as evidence that the Russians are planning a nuclear war, he criticizes the notion that there can be no winner in a nuclear contest. Such a belief would mean that "the very call to raise the combat readiness of our armed forces and improve their capability to defeat any aggressor is senseless," Bochkarev says. Morale rests on "the ideology of Marxism-Leninism which . . . instills in [our forces] unflagging confidence in the indestructibility and final triumph of the forces of socialism."

Soviet military leaders face the same problem as their American counterparts: the need, year after year, to maintain the readiness of combat forces that are designed not to be used and offer no hope of victory. To build an armed force on the prospect of either permanent inaction or annihilation is a virtually impossible task. This reality leads military planners on both sides to develop war-winning fantasies and to write for themselves documents that alarm the other side. American military officers have written bloodcurdling scenarios about a successful first strike on the Soviet Union. In a review of Soviet military journals, Fred Kaplan, a former defense adviser to Representative Aspin, finds their message to be "that the Soviets will *not* use nuclear weapons for political gain, but that they suspect the United States might and that therefore the Soviet camp must be prepared to make the best of things if war does erupt." At the highest political level, the Russians have grasped the meaning of nuclear war. "The starting of a nuclear-missile war would spell inevitable annihilation for the aggressor himself, to say nothing of the vast losses for many other countries perhaps not even formally involved in the war," Leonid Brezhnev declared at the thirtieth-anniversary celebration of the Second World War victory.

Yet the Soviet civil-defense program is offered as evidence that the Russians are following a strategy other than that of mutual assured destruction. Their plans for evacuation and for the protection of industry mean, according to some critics, that the Russians might suffer "only" five to twenty-five million casualties—they suffered twenty million in the Second World War—and recover. According to General Daniel O. Graham, a former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency:

> The Soviets evacuate their cities and hunker down. Then they move against NATO or Yugoslavia or China or the Middle East with superior conventional forces. The United States is faced with the demand to stay out or risk nuclear exchange in which 100 million Americans would die, as opposed to 10 million Russians.

The Central Intelligence Agency has a different view of Soviet civil defense. The Russians, it points out, have never conducted an evacuation drill in a major city or entirely emptied even a small town. President Carter's C.I.A. director, Stansfield Turner, found, in 1977, "little evidence today of serious efforts at mass indoctrination of the population" on civil defense. The C.I.A. also concluded that there is "little evidence . . . that would suggest a comprehensive program for hardening economic installations," and that "over all, the measures the Soviets have taken to protect their economy would not prevent massive damage from an attack designed to destroy Soviet economic facilities." A study by the congressional Office of Technology Assessment, in Washington, concludes that three Minuteman III ICBMs and seven Poseidon SLBMs could wipe out seventy-three per cent of Soviet industrial-refining capacity; according to another official study, seventy-five per cent of the basic industrial capacity—primary metals, chemicals, petroleum, construction equipment, agricultural and railroad equipment, synthetic rubber, and power generators—is concentrated in four hundred plants. Since one submarine equipped with Trident II missiles could destroy more than three hundred cities, and even an attempt at mass evacuation would run great risks of triggering an American response, the Russians have no way of converting

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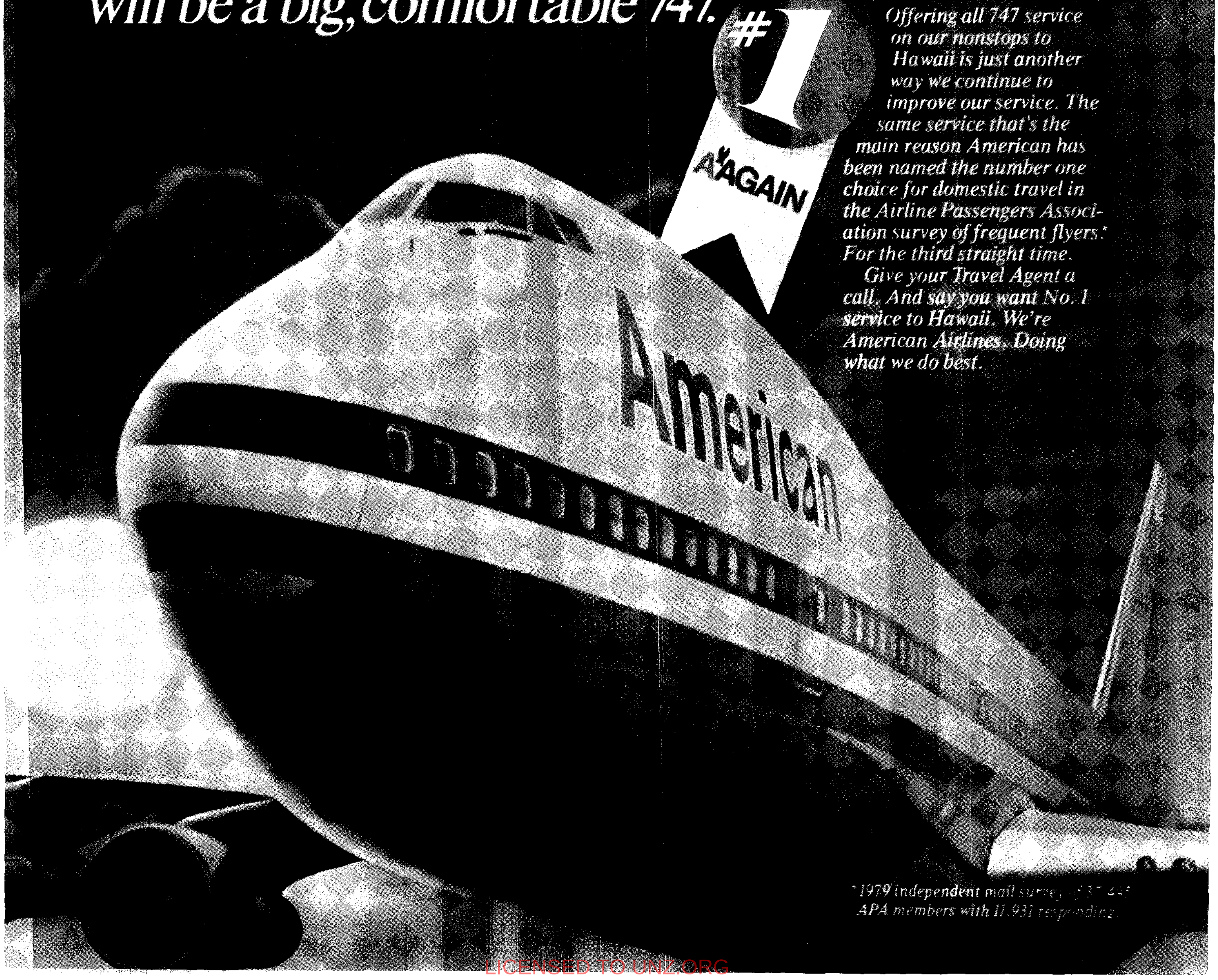

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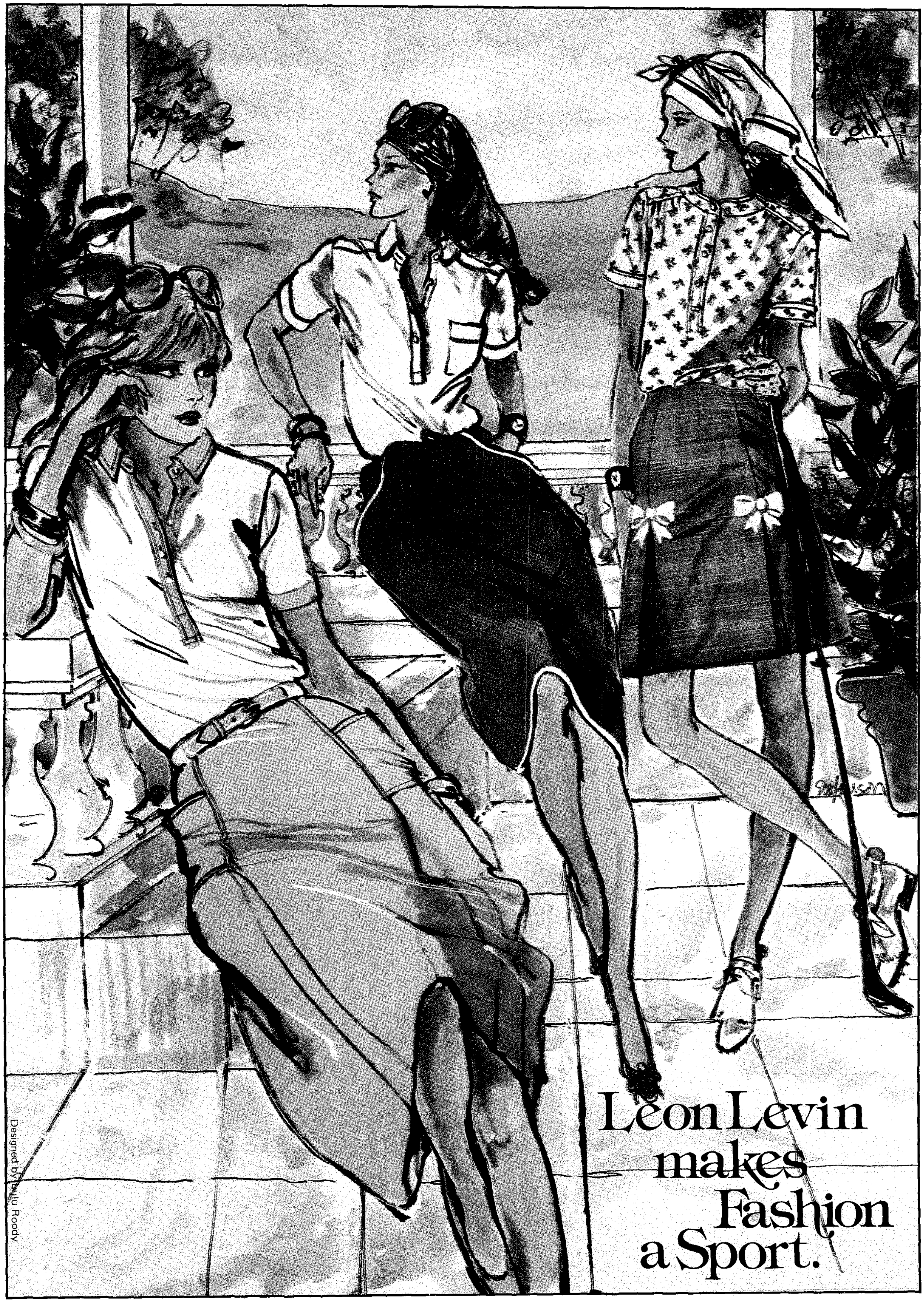
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their continuing low-level civil-defense efforts into a successful "war-winning strategy."

WHILE most of the ominous interpretations of "the present danger" posed by Soviet expansionism fasten on the nuclear balance, the Committee on the Present Danger, Ronald Reagan, and other critics have also expressed concern about the non-nuclear military balance. The Soviet Union has a bigger army than the United States, but the United States *and* the other members of NATO have five million one hundred thousand men under arms, whereas the Soviet bloc has four million eight hundred thousand, including a million Warsaw Pact troops of doubtful reliability. Secretary Brown, in his 1981 annual report, concluded that in Central Europe "a rough numerical balance exists between the immediately available non-nuclear forces of NATO (including France) and those of the Warsaw Pact." In tanks, the Russians and their East European allies outnumber the West three to one, but NATO far outnumbers the Warsaw Pact nations in anti-tank weapons. Since the purpose of NATO is defensive, it makes sense to invest in technology to stop tanks rather than engage in a tank-collecting contest.

Until the era of détente, no one talked about an American-Soviet naval-arms race. The United States Navy was supreme. There was virtually no bit of water in the world beyond the reach of an American armada. The Soviet Union was largely landlocked, and most of the ports it had were frozen much of the year. Czarist Russia had never been a sea power, and it was highly improbable that Soviet Russia would become one. Within the last five years, however, the situation has shifted dramatically. There has unquestionably been a Soviet naval buildup. At issue are the extent and the significance of that buildup. As in the nuclear-arms race, numbers can be used to create wildly different pictures of the world. Advocates of a bigger American Navy note that the Russians now have more ships than the United States. This claim is misleading, though, because most of their ships are small and are designed for coastal defense. The United States Navy is made up of far larger and more powerful ships and, unlike the Soviet Navy, is able to project its power on a global scale. Still, the Soviet Union is adding to its naval power at the rate of about eleven major surface combat ships a year. At the end of the Second World War, the Soviet Navy was a coastal-defense force—in effect, a branch of the Army. Gradually, in the fifties, the Russians began to build nuclear submarines and ships to oppose American carriers. In recent years, the Russians have been building small aircraft carriers, guided-missile cruisers, and other surface ships designed to project power at a distance or to attack American ocean supply lines to Europe and Japan, but the ships have virtually no ability to land an expeditionary force by sea.

American naval forces are now sufficient—according to former Defense Secretary Brown, in his fiscal 1981 annual report—to bottle up the Soviet fleet in home waters in the event of a major war in Europe and to substantially eliminate any Soviet naval contribution to the war. At the same time, the growing Soviet submarine capability would take "as long as three months . . . to control," during which "a significant percentage of U.S. and Allied reinforcement and resupply shipping" might be lost.

In the nuclear-arms race, what is "enough" depends on the assumptions that one makes about the uses of nuclear weapons. Just before Jimmy Carter came into office, he asked Brown to study the feasibility of reducing the long-range strategic-missile force from eighteen hundred to two hundred; two and a half years later, he approved the proposal for a new MX missile. A year after that, as the Presidential campaign was about to begin, he announced the new policy of targeting military and political rather than civilian targets. The Soviets' rate of weapons acquisition had not substantially changed. American weapons theory had changed.

In non-nuclear forces, the debate about gaps and balances is equally unreal. How much is enough depends on what is to be done with the forces—their roles and missions in support of national objectives. The answer cannot be found by simply counting and matching Soviet forces. Once the purpose of military spending has become the creation of "perceptions," with weapons being bought primarily as symbols, there can never be enough of them. Once statesmen have been enticed into the hermetic world of war games, they lose touch with reality. Whether there are "enough" weapons depends on what a future war will be like. If the past two world wars are

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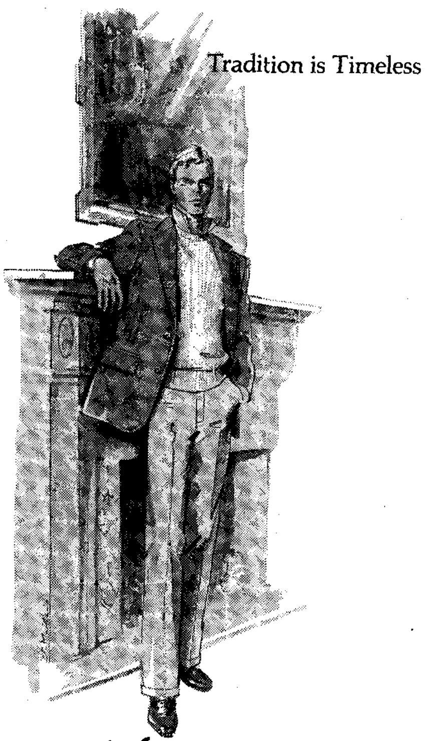
any guide, a future war will bear little resemblance to the wars of the war plans. George Kennan, who is a leading exponent of the realist school of international relations and a man who takes power seriously, feels that reducing national security to military gamesmanship can have dangerous consequences. In "U.S.-Soviet Relations," an article reprinted from a speech Kennan gave before the Council on Foreign Relations in November of 1977, he argues:

> ... This entire science of long-range massive destruction, of calculated advantage or disadvantage in modern weaponry, has gotten seriously out of hand. The variables, complexities, and uncertainties it involves have grown beyond the power of either human mind or computer....
>
> There is a distinct unreality about this whole science of destruction as the locus—the theater—in which our differences over policy have to be resolved. We are not going to solve our problems by trying to agree over whether the Russians will or will not have the capability of "taking out" our land-based missiles some time in the 1980's. This is not the heart of the problem; something deeper is involved.

The arms race can be neither stopped nor stabilized without a theory about what lethal force—nuclear and non-nuclear—can do for a great nation in the nuclear age. That is a subject on which there has not yet been a national debate.

A DIFFERENT debate has taken place over the last four years—one in which two questions have come to dominate all discussions of national security. First, is the United States becoming No. 2 in military might? Second, is the Soviet Union bent on world domination? When the Carter Administration came into office, its approach to national security was quite different from the one suggested by these questions. In his 1976 campaign, Carter criticized Henry Kissinger's policy of détente as "a one-way street" but he nevertheless called for a continuation of it. "We must replace balance-of-power politics with world-order politics," Carter told Leslie Gelb, of the *Times*, in June of 1976. "It is likely in the near future that issues of war and peace will be more a function of economic and social problems than of the military-security problems which have dominated international relations since World War II." Carter promised a cut of five to seven billion dollars in the military budget. In his Inaugural Address, he declared, "We will move this year toward our ultimate goal—the elimination of



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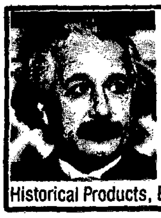

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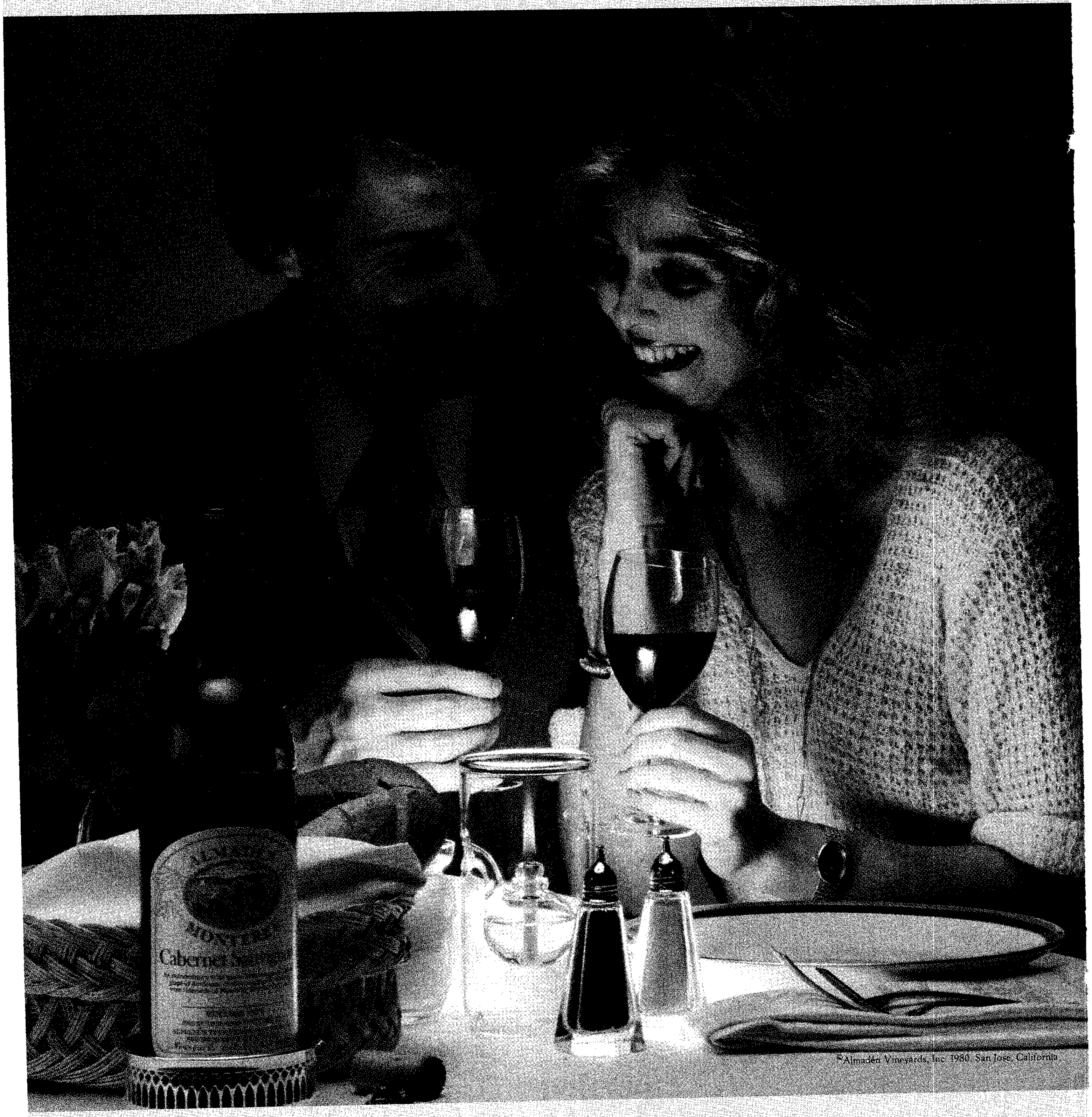

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Although the notion of détente with the Russians had been saddled with so many negative connotations by its critics that the Ford Administration jettisoned the term before the 1976 campaign, there did appear to be a national consensus on arms control. In an address before the National Press Club ten days before Carter's Inauguration, Secretary Kissinger attacked the enemies of the SALT II treaty, saying, "I do not believe the Soviet Union is achieving military superiority over the United States." Besides, he added, the whole idea of military superiority when each side can annihilate the other "has no operational significance." He went on to say that those who were still talking about superiority "are not doing this country a service."

More than two years before, Kissinger had taken on the enemies of détente in private. In the summer of 1974, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, a group of Democrats who had broken with Senator George McGovern over foreign and domestic policy two years earlier, after his campaign for President, released a report prepared by a task force whose chairman was Eugene Rostow, a former Under-Secretary of State, who believed that the United States had gone soft in Vietnam. This report, titled "The Quest for Détente," was a wholesale attack on the Kissinger policy. It said that the Russians could not be trusted, and that Nixon had claimed too much for détente. In September of 1974, Rostow told Kissinger in a personal letter, "And we think it is not only wrong but dangerous to lull Western public opinion by proclaiming an end of the Cold War, a substitution for confrontation, and a generation of peace." Two weeks earlier, Kissinger had written Rostow explaining his concept of American-Soviet relations:

> We have sought to rely on a balance of mutual interest rather than on Soviet intentions as expressed by ideological dogma. In dealing with the Soviets, we have, in a sense, appealed to the spirit of Pavlov rather than Hegel.

But, as is true of much of what passes for a debate on national security, the issues were never joined in the correspondence; Rostow and Kissinger had been delivering parallel monologues.

The foreign-policy establishment has always been divided over how to deal with the Soviet Union. This division reflects two radically different conceptions of what the Soviet Union is, and two virtually opposite strategies for dealing with it. One conception, which was spelled out in what became known as National Security Council 68, or N.S.C. 68, a memorandum titled "The Report by the Secretaries of State and Defense on 'United States Objectives and Programs for National Security,' April 7, 1950," is the view that has generally prevailed for the past thirty years. N.S.C. 68 said:

> The Soviet Union, unlike previous aspirants to hegemony, is animated by a new fanatic faith, antithetical to our own, and seeks to impose its absolute authority over the rest of the world. Conflict has, therefore, become endemic.

The memorandum noted that containment would be the American strategy for opposing Soviet ambitions:

> As for the policy of "containment," it is one which seeks by all means short of war to 1) block further expansion of Soviet power, 2) expose the falsities of Soviet pretensions, 3) induce a retraction of the Kremlin's control and influence, and 4) in general, so foster the seeds of destruction within the Soviet system that the Kremlin is brought at least to the point of modifying its behavior to conform to generally accepted international standards.

N.S.C. 68 called for "dynamic steps to reduce the power and influence of the Kremlin inside the Soviet Union and other areas under its control"—a policy that a few years later, in the John Foster Dulles era, came to be termed "rollback" instead of "containment." The strategy was to include "operations by covert means in the fields of economic warfare and political and psychological warfare." N.S.C. 68 added, "In other words, it would be the current Soviet cold-war technique used against the Soviet Union." It was "cardinal" to this policy that "we possess superior over-all power," the memo said:

> Without superior aggregate military strength, in being and readily mobilizable, a policy of "containment"—which is in effect a policy of calculated and gradual coercion—is no more than a policy of bluff.

Because the Soviet Union possessed armed forces "far in excess of those to defend its national territory," N.S.C. 68 reached the conclusion that the Soviet Union was "developing the military capacity to support its design for world domination."

The other view of the Soviet Union was expressed during the deliberations on N.S.C. 68 by George Kennan and Charles E. Bohlen, the two senior So-

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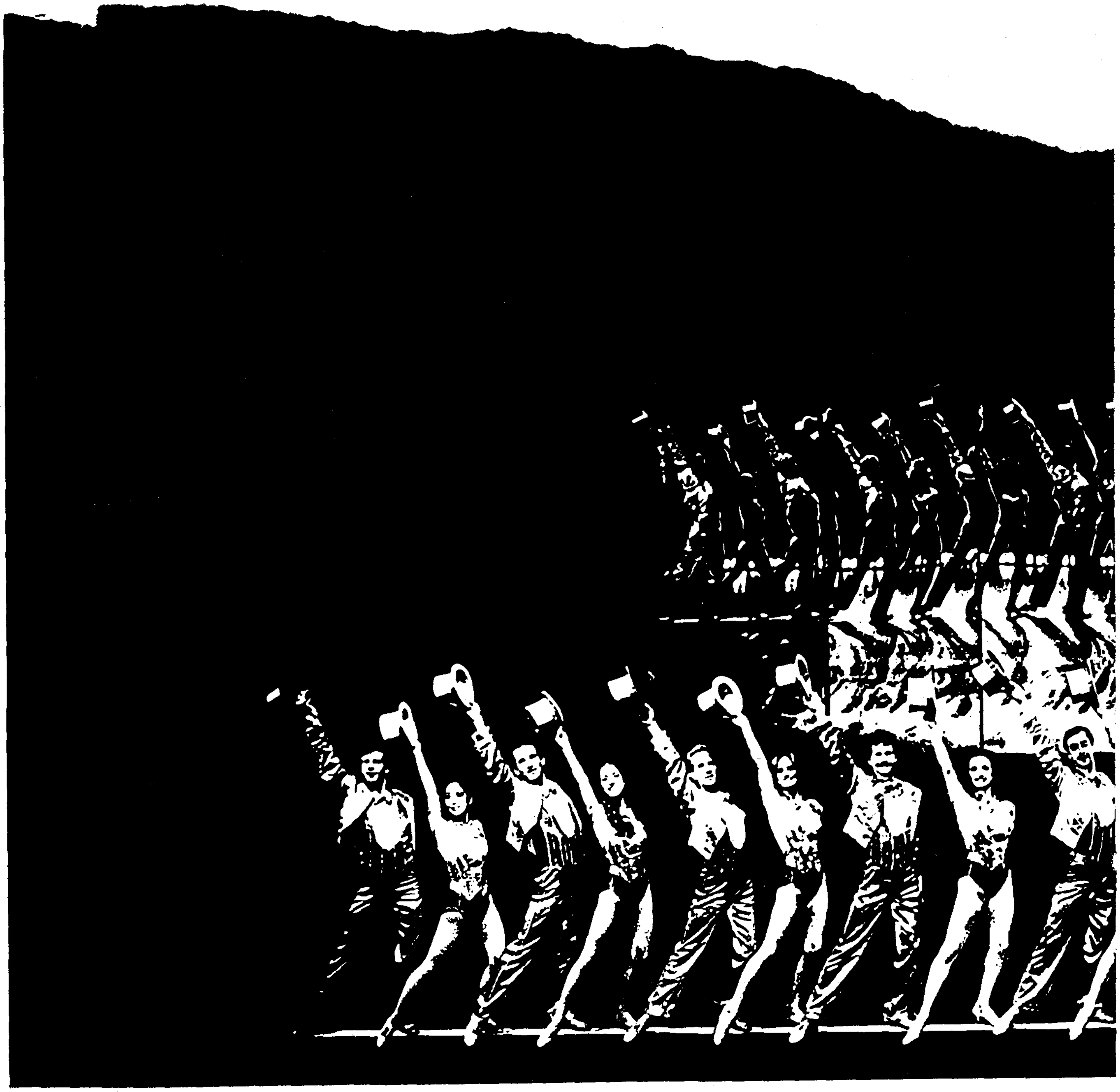

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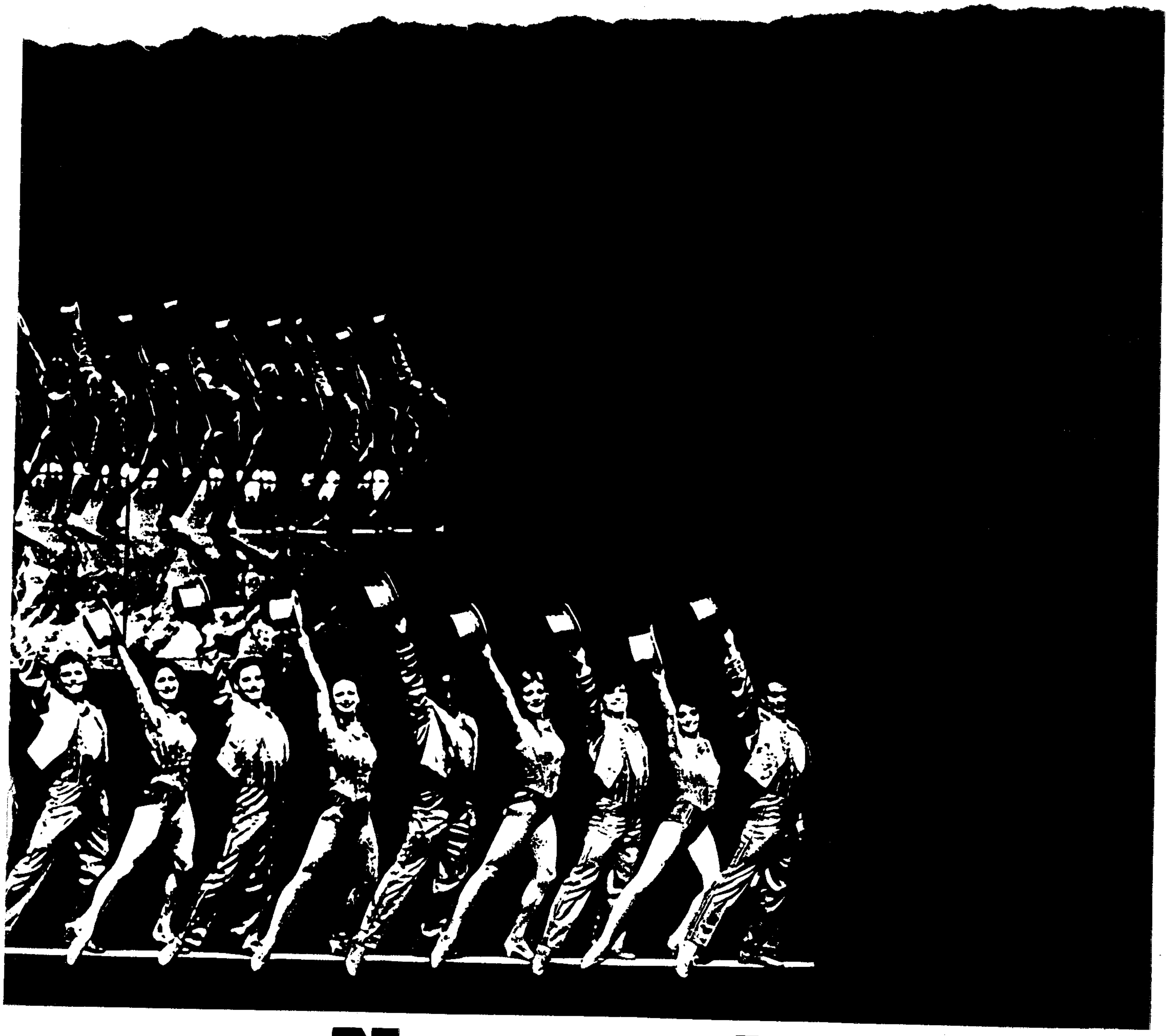

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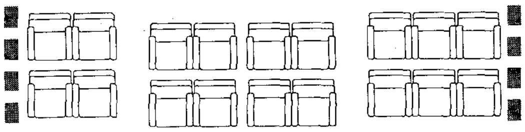

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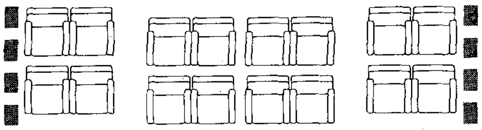

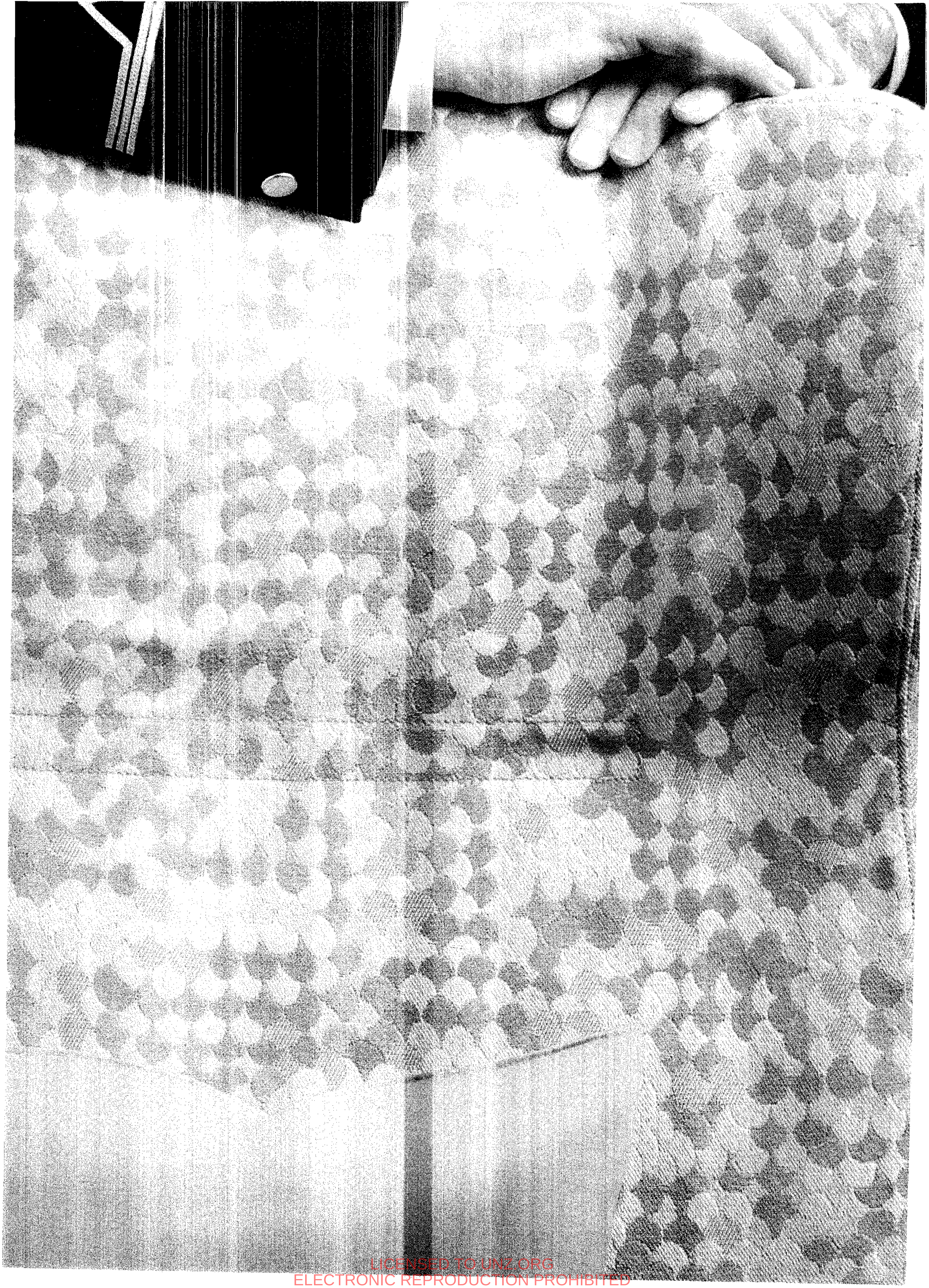

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viet specialists in the government. The Soviet threat, Kennan argued, was primarily a political, economic, and diplomatic challenge. Kennan had profoundly alarmed the whole government in 1946 by sending from Moscow, where he was serving as Minister-Counsellor of the Embassy, a long telegram designed to alert what he considered naïve politicians in Washington to the true nature of the Stalinist regime. He later reworked the telegram into an article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," which appeared in *Foreign Affairs* under the pseudonym X. In it, he advised "the containment of Russian expansive tendencies . . . by the adroit and vigilant application of counterforce at a series of constantly shifting geographical points." The analysis dovetailed with the kind of strategic thinking that was taking shape in Washington, and it became instantly influential. Twenty years later, in his "Memoirs, 1925-1950," Kennan wrote that he regretted his failure to make clear that "what I was talking about when I mentioned the containment of Soviet power was not the containment by military means of a military threat, but the political containment of a political threat."

Thus, the view of the Russians that competed with the apocalyptic message of N.S.C. 68 also started by assuming that the men in the Kremlin were tough, cynical, and opportunistic. No doubt they wished the United States no good, and perhaps they harbored dreams of world domination, but they were cautious pragmatists with enormous problems, who wanted to make concrete deals with the West in areas where mutual interests dictated them. W. Averell Harriman, who, like Kennan and Bohlen, is a former Ambassador to Moscow and has known every Soviet leader since Lenin, has been an influential exponent of this view. (Like Kennan, he was also quite vocal in the immediate postwar period.) In 1974, in a conference on Capitol Hill, he criticized Defense Secretary Schlesinger's hard-line statements:

> Tough statements by our Secretary of Defense or others have the same effect in Moscow as tough statements by [Soviet Defense Minister] Grechko have on us here. They pull the rug out from under the more moderate and strengthen the arguments of the militants and other hardliners.

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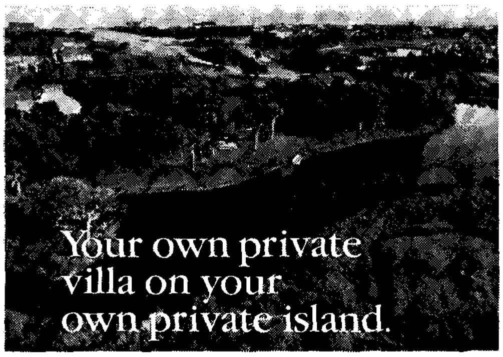

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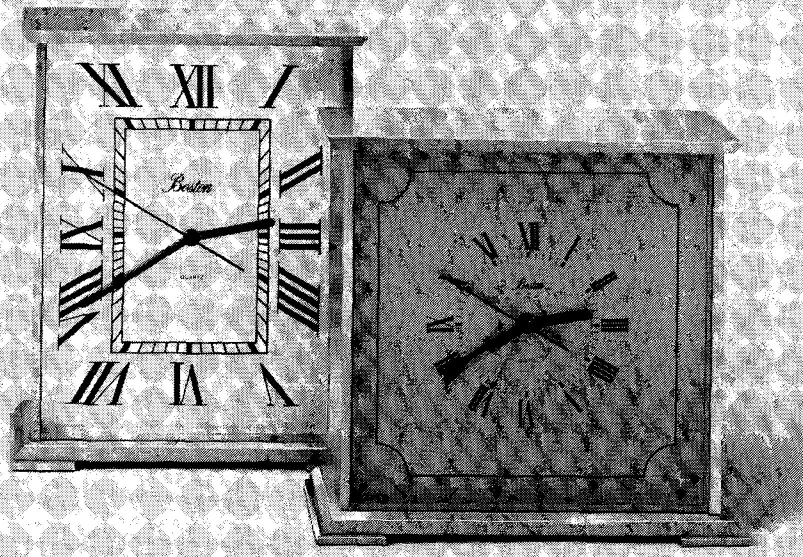

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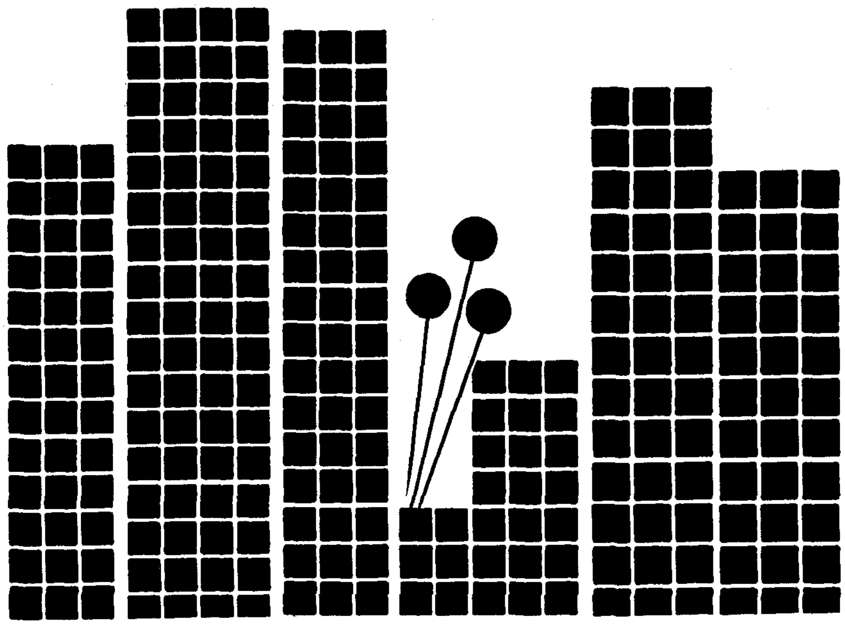

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sian leaders exhibited the same reaction to developments in the arms race. According to the view expressed in N.S.C. 68, the Russians loathed compromise: they "understand only force." They would not make any concessions or moderate their limitless appetite unless they were compelled to do so under military pressure. Any effort at accommodation would be regarded as evidence of weakness, and would be cynically exploited. Kennan regarded the view that the Soviet leaders operated according to a totally different set of psychological and moral principles as an example of a "peculiarly American tendency to what I would call the dehumanization of any major national opponent: the tendency, that is, to form a species of devil-image of that opponent, to deprive him in our imaginations of all normal human attributes, and to see him as totally evil and devoted to nothing but our destruction."

Until the Tet offensive in Vietnam, in January and February of 1968, such critics of the "overmilitarization" of American foreign policy were few. At that time, the Joint Chiefs of Staff requested two hundred and six thousand additional troops, a hundred and ten thousand of them for Vietnam, and the request touched off an internal debate that soon led to a major split in the foreign-policy consensus. Clark Clifford, the new Secretary of Defense, who was the author of an early Truman Administration memorandum that foreshadowed N.S.C. 68, and who was known for his hard-line views, turned around dramatically. He began to accept the views of Paul Warnke, who was working for him as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, that "we can keep on winning the war forever . . . and it won't ever make any difference . . . because there is no way we can bring about political progress in South Vietnam." In short, there were limits to the political uses of force. This was an idea that explicitly challenged the underpinnings of bipartisan wisdom, which held that it was possible, as Henry Kissinger once put it, "to create a military capability which can redress the balance in limited wars and which can translate our technological advantage into local superiority." Paul Nitze, who was also working for Clifford, as Deputy Secretary of Defense, emphasized the folly of an open-ended commitment in Southeast Asia that would sap forces needed elsewhere. But he did not ac-

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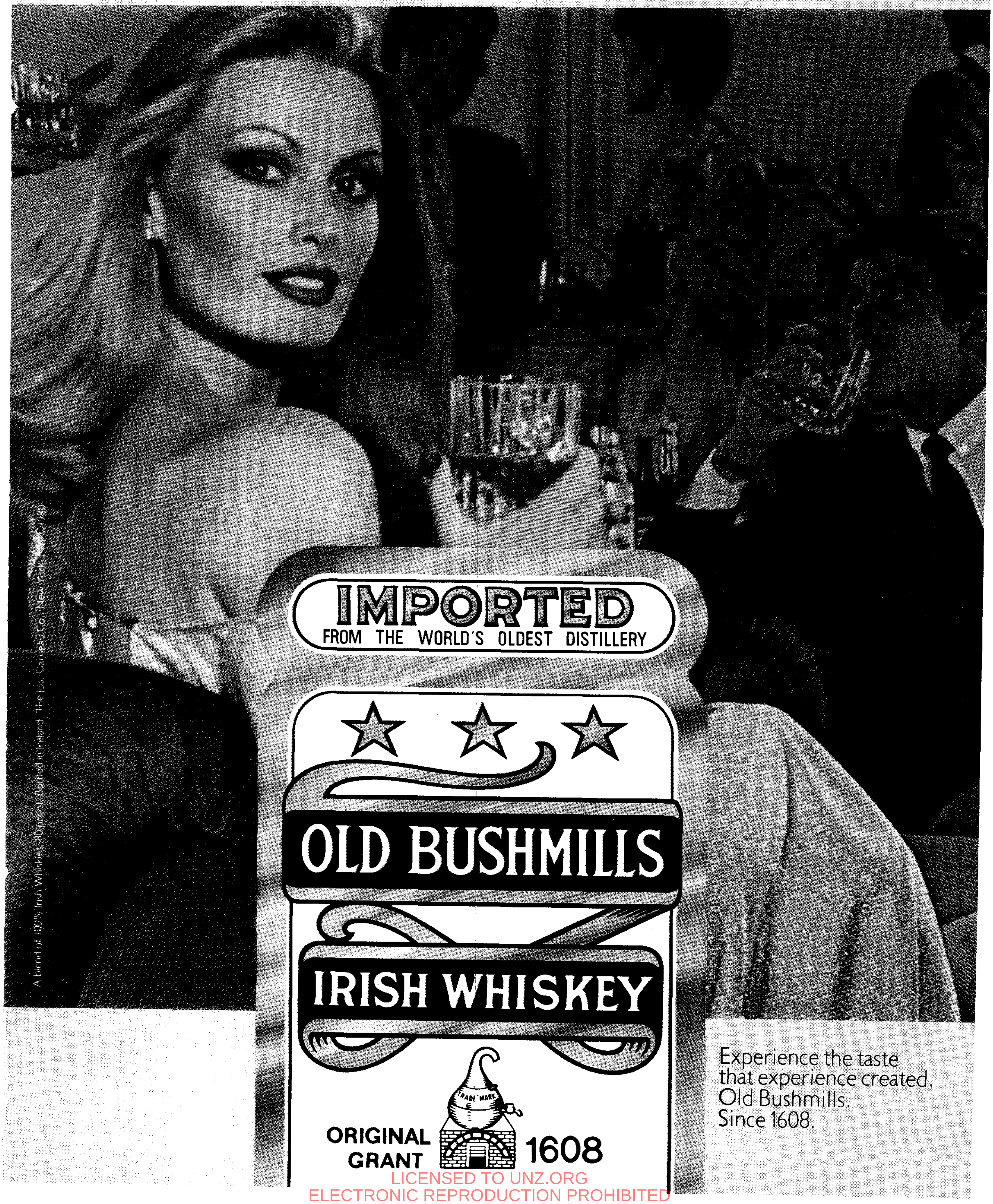
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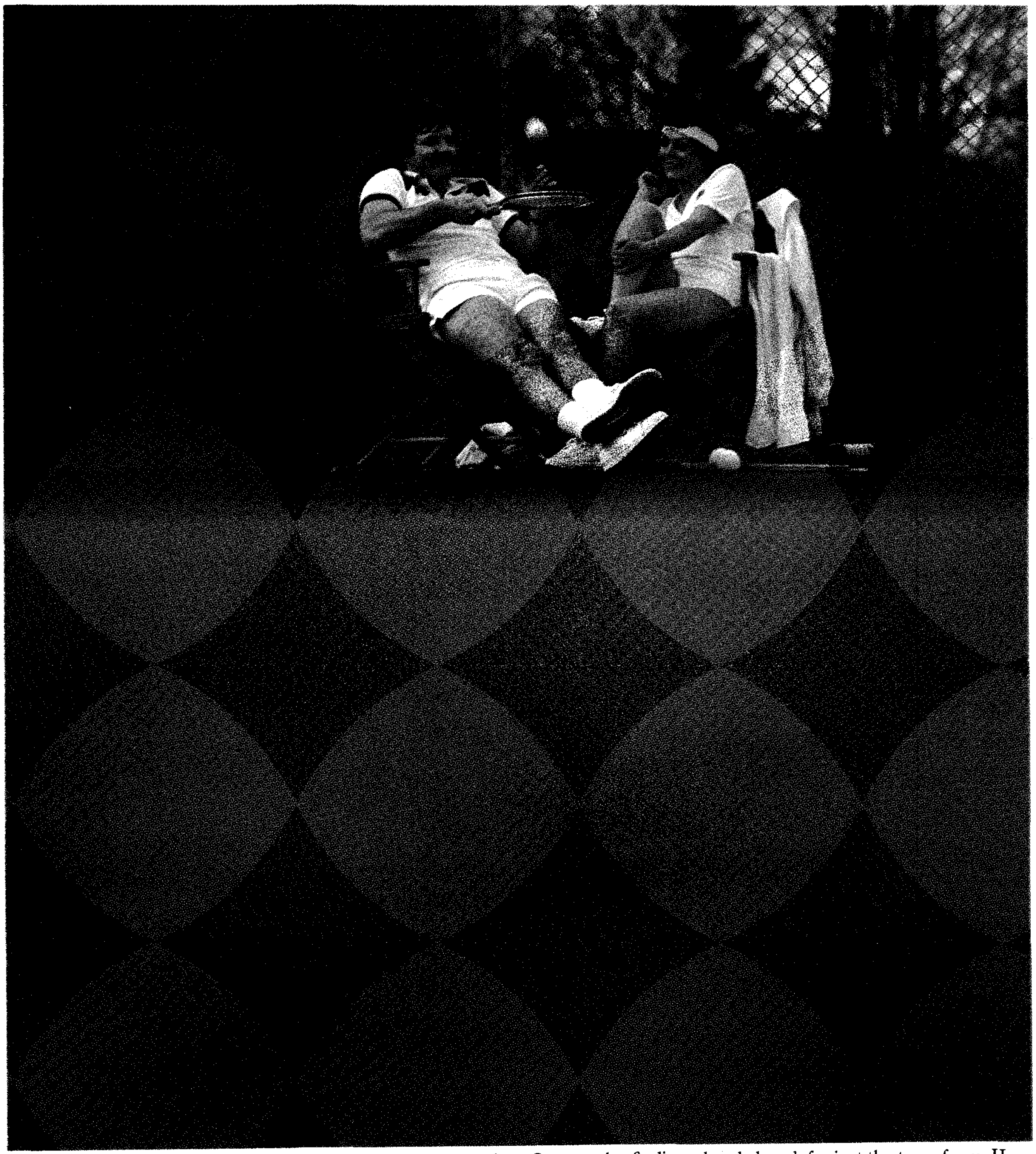

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cept the larger challenge to the consensus which Warnke pressed. In a 1970 interview, Warnke said:

> What happens in Southeast Asia is of only marginal importance to the Soviet Union. Whether Hanoi wins or Saigon manages to hold on indefinitely is not going to have the least impact on Russians in Egypt or Egyptians in Russia or pressure on Berlin or anything else.

The different lessons that Nitze and Warnke drew from the Vietnam experience turned the two men into bitter antagonists.

The consensus cracked further when, right after the Tet offensive, the "wise men" called in by Lyndon Johnson for outside advice—including Dean Acheson and John J. McCloy and other representatives of the New York financial world—told the President that the war was ruining the economy, imperilling American relations with Europe, and losing the support of the country. Acheson, the quintessential hard-liner, told the President in 1968 that "he was being led up the garden path" by the Joint Chiefs. For seven years after that, two Administrations followed a tortuous course of disengagement from Indo-China. During the long process of "Vietnamization," Nixon and Kissinger tried to hold on to the foreign-policy consensus first by postponing the defeat in Indo-China and then by accepting as a "lesson of Vietnam" the necessity of limiting American commitments. American policy was as anti-Communist as ever; the ascendancy of the left, whether by election, as in Chile, or by revolution, as in Portugal, would be firmly resisted, in accordance with the traditional view that every regime of the Marxist left anywhere in the world was a gain for Russia and a defeat for the United States. But the United States would no longer send in its own troops. The draft would be ended; teen-agers from the middle class would not again be asked to cast an existential vote on foreign military operations. Under the Nixon Doctrine, friendly "regional powers," such as Iran, Zaire, and Brazil, would become surrogate peacekeepers. As John F. Kennedy had put it, the burden of preserving freedom would no longer rest entirely on America.

Although the Indo-China defeat will most likely come to be seen as a turning point in American foreign policy at least as significant as Franklin D. Roosevelt's decision to end American isolationism by aiding Britain in 1940 or Harry Truman's decision to station American forces permanently in Europe—decisions that were arrived at only after prolonged, heated discussion—there was no comparable debate in the nineteen-seventies on the policies that had led the United States into the Vietnam quagmire. Instead, different constituencies chipped away at different aspects of the battered consensus. Important segments of the financial community blamed high military spending for the deterioration of the dollar, the gold outflow, and the inflation that began with the Vietnam War budgets. Military spending may have stimulated the economy in the past, but—according to a 1976 United Nations Association panel that included a number of bankers and corporate executives—continued "high levels of defense spending are a burden, not a boon, to the national economy." In 1969, Gallup polls found that fifty-two per cent of the public thought too much money was being spent on defense. Over the years from 1968 to 1973, opposition to military spending remained at about fifty per cent. In the pre-Vietnam period, it had never been more than twenty per cent.

In 1970, a group of businessmen, professors, and former junior foreign-service officers, including Zbigniew Brzezinski, Samuel Huntington, Warren Manshel, and others who later assumed important positions in the Carter Administration, announced the publication of a new journal, *Foreign Policy*. The premise of the new magazine was that "an era in American foreign policy which began in the late 1940's has ended." The contributions stressed "world order," "interdependence," and "global concern." The editors explained that "in the light of Vietnam, the basic purposes of American foreign policy demand reëxamination and redefinition." In 1973, David Rockefeller organized the Trilateral Commission—a collection of bankers, industrialists, a few influential professors, and other prominent figures from the United States, Western Europe, and Japan—to develop a new set of principles and proposals for the post-Vietnam world. Its major premise was that the growing conflicts within the industrial world, the collapse of the Bretton Woods monetary arrangements, and the world energy crisis constituted the most urgent national-security problems. International relations should no longer be viewed through the prism of American-Soviet confrontation. The Cold War

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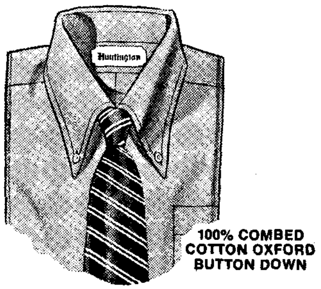
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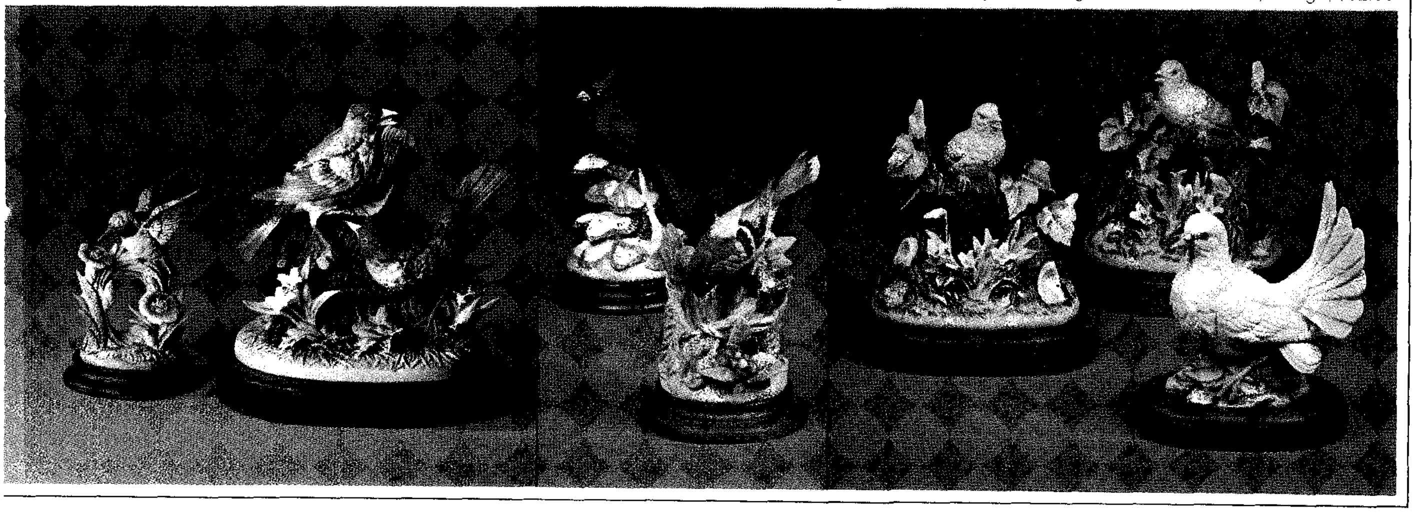

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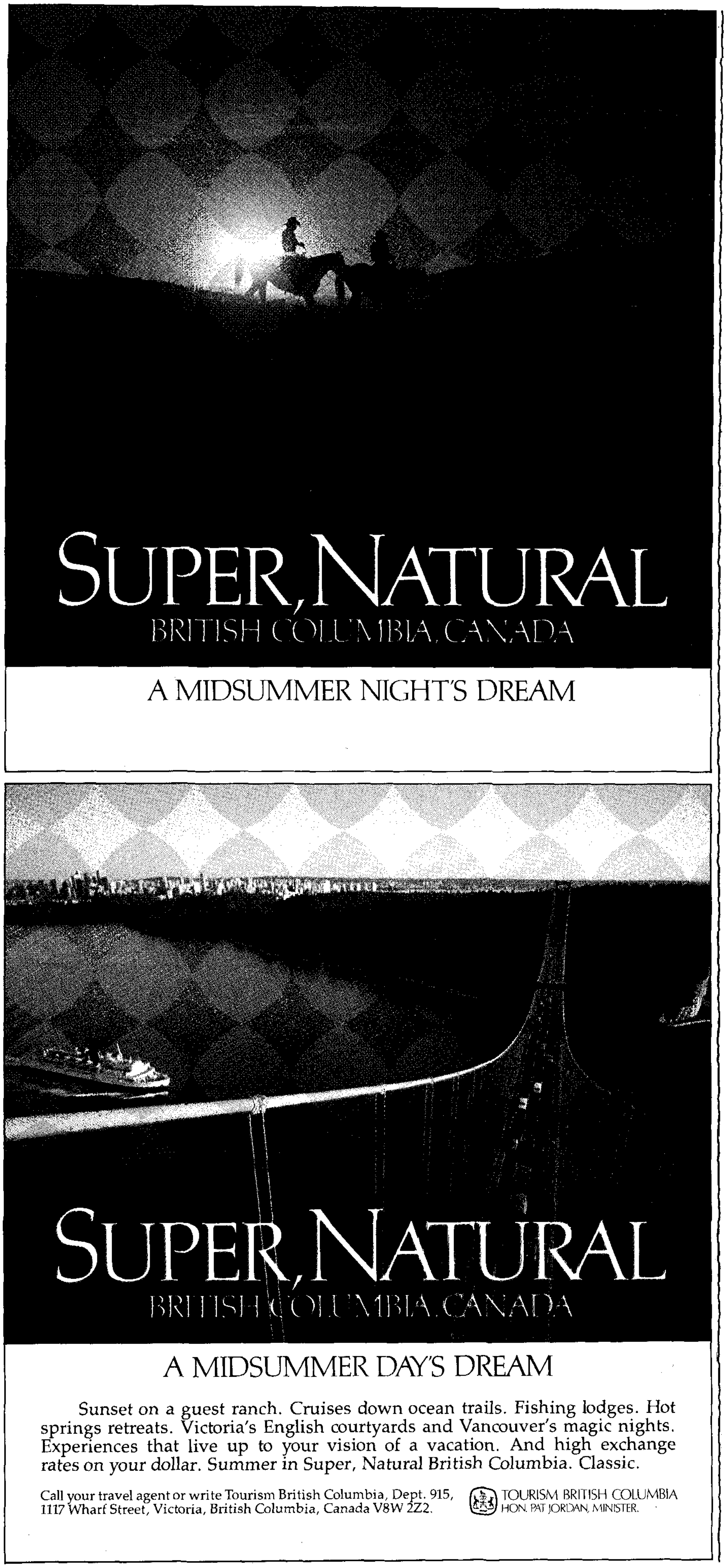

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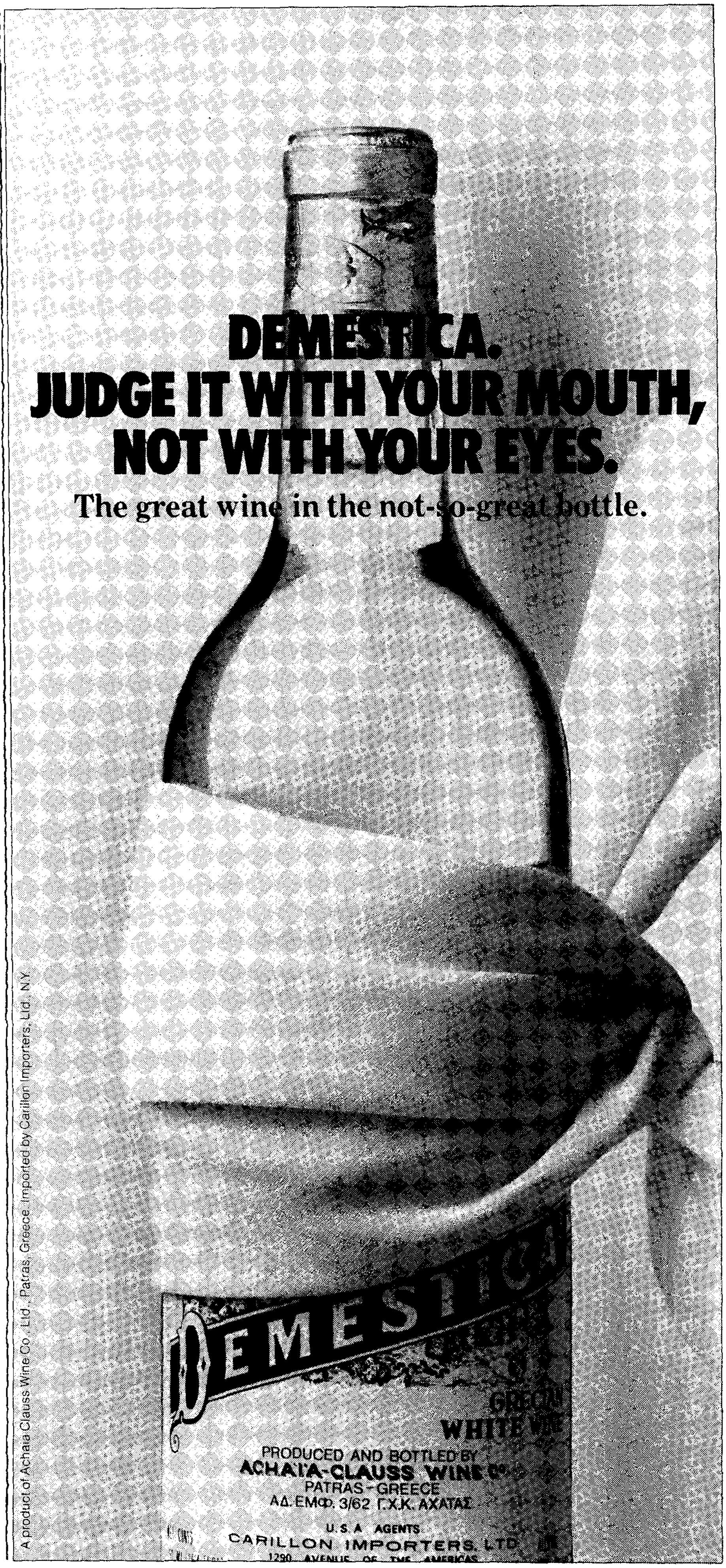
was over. Zbigniew Brzezinski became the director of the group. Walter Mondale, Cyrus Vance, Paul Warnke, Harold Brown, and other people who later became officials in the Carter Administration were invited to join. At the urging of Hedley Donovan, the editor-in-chief of Time, Inc., Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter was added to the list.

The Trilateral Commission implicitly attacked the old Cold War consensus in a number of ways. The energy crisis of 1973 made it clear that the Soviet Union was not the source of all crises; there were many problems for which containment and anti-Communism were no answers at all. Relations between the underdeveloped nations and the industrial nations had to be improved in the interests of protecting access to scarce resources and of rebuilding the world economy. Neither of these interests could be served by viewing political and economic change in the Third World as an arena of superpower confrontation. As President Nixon's deteriorating relations with Europe had made clear, American-Soviet tensions would split the industrial world at a time when coöperation among the developed countries was crucial to the national interest. Prosperity required the expansion of trade, and that, in turn, required the reducing of tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union. Prominent business leaders became spokesmen for détente. Donald Kendall, the chairman of PepsiCo and a friend of President Nixon, became a founder of the American Committee on East-West Accord—a lobby for better relations with Russia that included executives from El Paso Natural Gas, the Control Data Corporation, Brown Brothers Harriman, and other corporate and banking interests. Thornton Bradshaw, the president of the Atlantic Richfield Company, headed the United Nations Association panel that in 1976 called for a freeze on American and Soviet military spending.

In 1975, Paul Warnke, writing in *Foreign Policy*, posed the most explicit challenge to the fundamental assumptions of national-security policy ever suggested by anyone who had formerly held a high position in the Pentagon. It was a "fiction that protection of our interests implies a global military mission" or that "a failure by the United States to maintain a cosmetic military 'superiority' will cause us political disadvantage," he wrote, adding that "our preoccupation with military power as a political tool needs to be faced and overcome." The huge nuclear-weapons stockpiles, far in excess of what was needed to destroy any other society, "serve only as offsets, not as exploitable resources." Therefore, "they are not translatable into sound political currency." Conventional military forces also had a limited political effectiveness. The United States could neither control political and economic change in the former colonial world nor act as a global policeman.

The high-water mark of détente was 1974—the year of Nixon's visit to Moscow and of the Vladivostok accords on nuclear weapons. The move back to the assumptions and policies of the Cold War began almost at the moment Richard Nixon was driven from office. (For several years, the official Soviet explanation of Watergate was that the crisis had been invented by reactionary forces to get rid of Nixon, the architect of détente.) By the mid-nineteen-seventies, opinion polls were registering a shift in the public mood. The number of Americans who wanted military spending increased had grown dramatically. In 1972, only thirty-nine per cent of the respondents to a Potomac Associates poll thought that "the United States should maintain its dominant position as the world's most powerful nation at all costs, even going to the brink of war if necessary;" by May of 1976, in the midst of the Presidential-primary campaign, fifty-two per cent supported the statement. NBC surveys reported that voters in the early-primary states believed by a wide margin that the Soviet Union had benefitted more from détente than the United States. The public-opinion analysts William Watts and Lloyd Free, of Potomac Associates, concluded that "there is a new desire to put an end to what is seen as weakening of the U.S. role in the world, and to resume the position of being 'number one.' "

In the summer of 1974, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority issued its report "The Quest for Détente," which countered the very idea that there could be an end to the Cold War. The same year, Eugene Rostow, the author of the report, wrote in a letter to Kissinger, "Soviet policy never changes." In June, Paul Nitze, who had served in one important national-security post or another in every Administration since Truman's, resigned as a member of the delegation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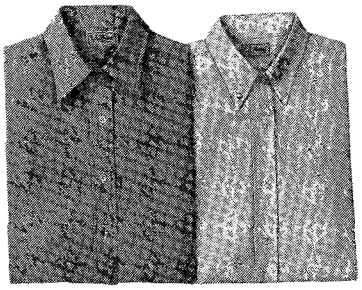

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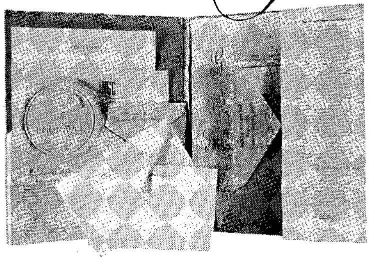

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that was negotiating the SALT II treaty, and told the Senate Armed Services Committee that the Administration was selling a "myth of détente." Nitze, Rostow, Schlesinger, and three other former government officials—Charls Walker, Deputy Secretary of the Treasury in the Nixon Administration; David Packard, a computer magnate who had been a Deputy Secretary of Defense under Nixon; and Henry Fowler, Johnson's Secretary of the Treasury—met regularly through the first year of the Ford Administration to discuss the formation of an influential group to attack détente, to highlight the Soviet threat, and to push for significant increases in military spending. In March of 1976, over a lunch at the Metropolitan Club in Washington, the group was officially constituted—the Committee on the Present Danger.

In choosing the name, the organizers reached back to 1950, when James Bryant Conant, the president of Harvard—along with Will Clayton, former Assistant Secretary of State; Robert Patterson, former Secretary of War; and other former national-security officials—founded an organization with roughly the same aims and the same name. The inspiration for the original Committee on the Present Danger was Conant's, as he explained in his autobiography, "My Secret Lives":

> "Get a group of distinguished citizens together," I said, "draw up a program, put it before the public, get people to write Congress and . . . respond to the gravity of the situation. From what I have just heard, I judge the country is asleep. You should wake it up."

The committee was intended as a vast public-relations effort for rearmament, universal military service, the stationing of troops in Europe, and the education of the public for a permanent Cold War. The committee members declared at their opening press conference—on December 12, 1950, in the midst of a Chinese drive on MacArthur's forces in Korea—that "the aggressive designs of the Soviet Union are unmistakably plain." (For Dean Rusk, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, as for many observers of the day, the Chinese were simply Russian "puppets.") The first Committee on the Present Danger achieved its goal brilliantly. When it disbanded, early in 1953, military spending had tripled; the country had accepted the Cold War consensus; and the assumptions of N.S.C. 68 had become a part of the national consciousness.

In "Peddlers of Crisis," a 1980 study comparing the two committees, Jerry W. Sanders, a sociologist at the University of Hawaii, notes that some people were identified with both efforts. Nitze, who became the leading spokesman for the 1976 committee, had worked informally with the earlier committee as a member of the State Department. Charles Tyroler, the director of the 1976 committee, had had experience with the 1950 committee as a young Defense Department official. The issues, the language, and the techniques employed by the two groups were the same. Yet there were two important differences.

In 1950, Professor Sanders' research has revealed, the organizers of the committee saw their role as support of the government. Conant wrote that such a group could be effective "only if it were welcomed (unofficially, but sincerely) by the Administration." On October 24, 1950, the organizers wrote to Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall:

> Specifically, we have thought that one way in which such a committee might be of help would be in strengthening the public support for such stern measures as may be necessary. We of course do not wish to involve you in any way whatever relative to this proposal, and write this letter only because we would not wish to proceed if you felt it would not be constructive to do so.

Marshall wrote a personal note to each signatory of the letter saying, "Your proposal is an undertaking of great importance," and invited the group for a private meeting. Consultant status and classified briefings were provided for the committee members. In December of 1952, the committee met with President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower. Conant, the chairman, and Tracy Voorhees, the vice-chairman, entered the new Administration, and the committee, now fully integrated into the government, disbanded shortly thereafter.

The 1976 committee was organized in opposition to Ford and Kissinger. In May of 1976, Eugene Rostow wrote to James Schlesinger, who had been dismissed as Secretary of Defense by President Ford for his anti-détente views:

> I enclose a newspaper clipping about the President's recent speech before the American Jewish Committee. I believe the speech must be answered soon, and strongly, in the election debate. I am urging some of the Democrats to speak out on the subject. If you agree, you might pass

the enclosed package on to Governor Reagan, perhaps with your own outline of a possible speech.

The opposition to Carter ran even deeper. Taking the Nitze position, the committee condemned the new Administration's SALT policy. In direct opposition to the "world order" rhetoric of the new Administration, the committee's opening statement declared that "the principal threat to our nation, to world peace, and to the cause of human freedom is the Soviet drive for dominance based upon an unprecedented military buildup." The new Administration included not a single member of the committee, and when, in August of 1977, a few of its leaders met with President Carter, the atmosphere was tense. According to the version of events that the committee members gave to the columnists Evans and Novak, Nitze was "dismayed" to hear the President argue that public opinion would not support a larger military budget. On the contrary, the President's visitors had argued, the public was "ahead" of the leaders on the issue. The year before, Eugene Rostow had argued before the Democratic Platform Committee that "a strong and angry tide of concern about the safety of the nation is running throughout the country." From the outset of the new Administration, individual members of the committee attacked its national-security advisers, the pro-détente businessmen, and the "world order" intellectuals in harsh personal terms. What Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary*, called the "isolationism" and the "culture of appeasement" of "post-Vietnam America" were the sickness of an élite that had lost the "will" to proclaim the superiority of American values. The businessmen who supported better relations with the Communist nations were, as Richard V. Allen, Reagan's national-security adviser, put it, "supercharged from vodka parties and the promise of hundreds of millions of orders." The naïveté "typical of commercial societies" kept the country from paying "serious attention to military strategy," Professor Pipes asserted in *Commentary* in 1977. The Rutgers sociology professor Peter Berger explained elsewhere in *Commentary* that "most American intellectuals have since Vietnam come to believe that the exercise of American power is immoral." The Carter Administration had lent authority to a new foreign-policy establishment, which believed in transcending the Cold War. Once

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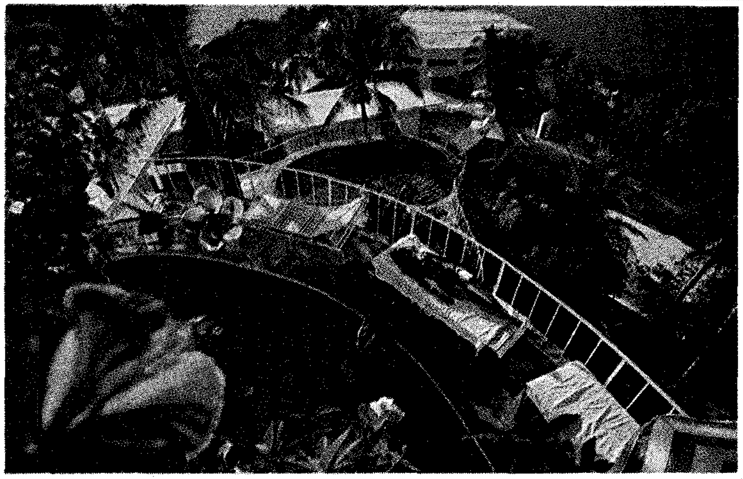
more, just as John F. Kennedy had noted at his Inauguration, the torch was passing. The Committee on the Present Danger had assigned itself the task of getting it back.

The second difference between the new committee and its predecessor, Sanders notes, was its political flavor. The first committee was bipartisan, but its Republicans were exclusively from the "internationalist," Eisenhower wing of the Party. Fiscal conservatives, including members of the National Association of Manufacturers, opposed big military budgets, on the ground that the country couldn't afford them. Stalin's secret plan, the conservatives argued, was to bankrupt the Treasury. Moreover, the right wing of the Republican Party, led by Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, opposed the stationing of troops in Europe, the building up of NATO, and other crucial aspects of the emerging internationalist consensus. Taft's adherents, who had been isolationists before the war, now favored a military buildup, but only to fight what former President Herbert Hoover had once termed "the hordes of Asia," and not to bring about "a hopeless land war with Russia and the massacre of American boys." These were the McCarthy years, and the committee members, being spokesmen for Dean Acheson and General George Marshall, who were the hated targets of the right, became the targets of such attacks themselves.

In 1976, the situation was quite different. From its inception, the committee worked with right-wing groups and individuals who would have been highly suspicious of its predecessor. Frank Barnett, who in October of 1962 helped found the National Strategy Information Center, a pro-military lobby, was, as he himself put it, "by origin a Robert Taft Republican from Peoria, Illinois." In May of 1976, he wrote to Eugene Rostow that his organization had raised a million dollars in a fund drive "to crank up an all-out effort to meet the current and growing threat from the U.S.S.R." He was moving to the nation's capital to set up "a full-scale Washington office" that would, he continued:

> 1) Interact with policy echelons in the White House and Pentagon (where we still have friends);
> 2) "Tutor" congressional staffs and brief members;
> 3) Work with trade associations—with an interest in "defense"—which have Washington offices;
> 4) Generate more public information



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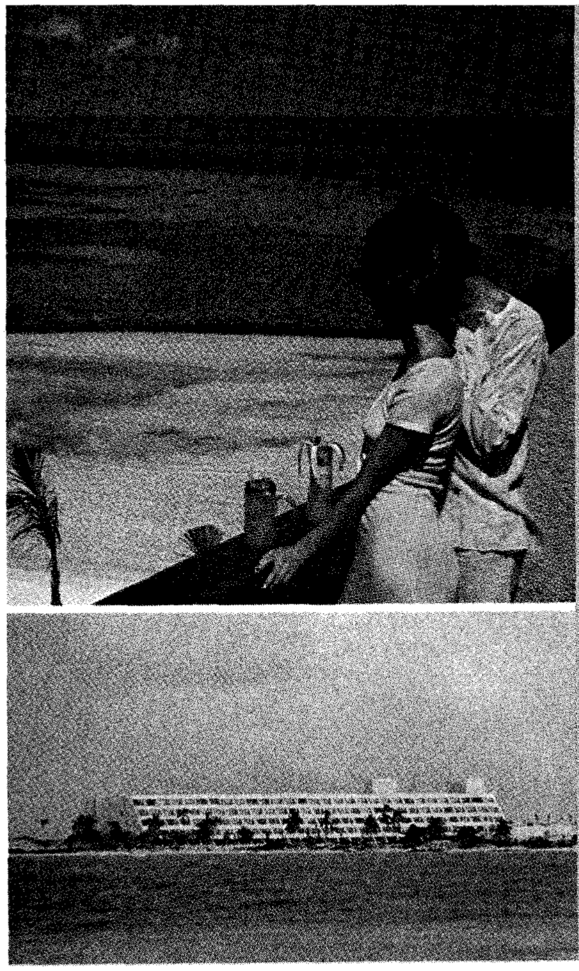

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through friends in the Washington press corps who write about military and foreign affairs.

Barnett invited Rostow to join his board. In accepting, the former Under-Secretary of State noted that "our new Committee on the Present Danger, of which you will be an active member, is planning a comparable operation," and added, "It should be no problem to coördinate our activities and indeed to act jointly on many issues."

Within four years, the committee fought three major battles with the pro-détente forces in two Administrations, and in the process helped to change dramatically the views that Americans held about the Russians and about themselves. The first battle began within weeks of the committee's founding meeting. President Ford, who was under attack from Ronald Reagan in the Republican primaries, approved the appointment of seven outside experts to go over the C.I.A.'s intelligence data on the Soviet Union. This group—military and academic specialists who were selected for their "more sombre views" of the Soviet threat—quickly became known as Team B. The President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which had sixteen members, six of whom were the original members of the Committee on the Present Danger, had recommended such an outside evaluation a year earlier. The National Intelligence Estimate of Soviet military strength—an annual assessment compiled by the C.I.A. and the rest of the government's intelligence agencies—had been under attack for being complacent about the Russians. In a study of previous projections of Soviet strategic capabilities made in 1973, Professor Albert Wohlstetter, now a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, had concluded that forty-nine of fifty-one projections made over a twelve-year period had turned out to be underestimates. (There had been some highly influential overestimates, however, including Paul Nitze's erroneous prediction that the year 1954, because of the Soviet military buildup, would be "the year of maximum danger," and the Air Force's alarmist projection of Soviet missile production, which was the basis of John Kennedy's equally misleading "missile gap" rhetoric in the 1960 campaign. In both cases, the gaps existed but were heavily in favor of the United States.)

In February of 1978, a report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelli-

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gence concluded, "The composition of the B Team dealing with Soviet objectives was so structured that the outcome of the exercise was predetermined. . . . The intelligence agencies were cast inaccurately in the role of doves."

"There are more liberals per square foot in the C.I.A. than in any other part of the government," General Graham, who was a member of Team B, told Sanders in an August, 1977, interview.

Professor Pipes, the chairman of the group, declared that it was not "hard-line," only "Clausewitzian . . . which is the way the Soviets look at it."

The Team B report, completed in late 1976, was never published, but its contents were leaked. It included every element of the analysis that the Committee on the Present Danger had made of the Soviet threat. The Russians were said to have a war-winning strategy, a dangerously effective civil-defense program, and a plan to use "military superiority" over the United States to achieve their global designs. Speaking to the press, Major General George Keegan, then the chief of Air Force Intelligence, declared that the Russians had already achieved superiority. "I am unaware of a single important category in which the Soviets have not established a significant lead over the United States," he said. William Van Cleave, another member of Team B, endorsed this view, saying that he would heartily favor trading defense establishments with the Russians. The findings of Team B challenged years of work within the intelligence community. "It was an absolute disaster for the agency," a C.I.A. official said of the report in speaking to the *Times*. The Washington *Post* said, "Numerous sources on all sides agree that the 'peer pressures' on the insiders . . . were great. Daniel Graham was reported to have said to the C.I.A. group at one point: 'I don't want to tell you guys you're going to lose your jobs if you don't get on board, but that's the way it is.' " The *Post* account predicted that the Team B exercise, flawed as it was, would be influential:

> The encouragement given to pessimists or "worst case" theorists on Soviet intentions inside the government is regarded as a high barrier for the Carter Administration to overcome to carry out its own broader objectives for U.S.-Soviet nuclear arms control.

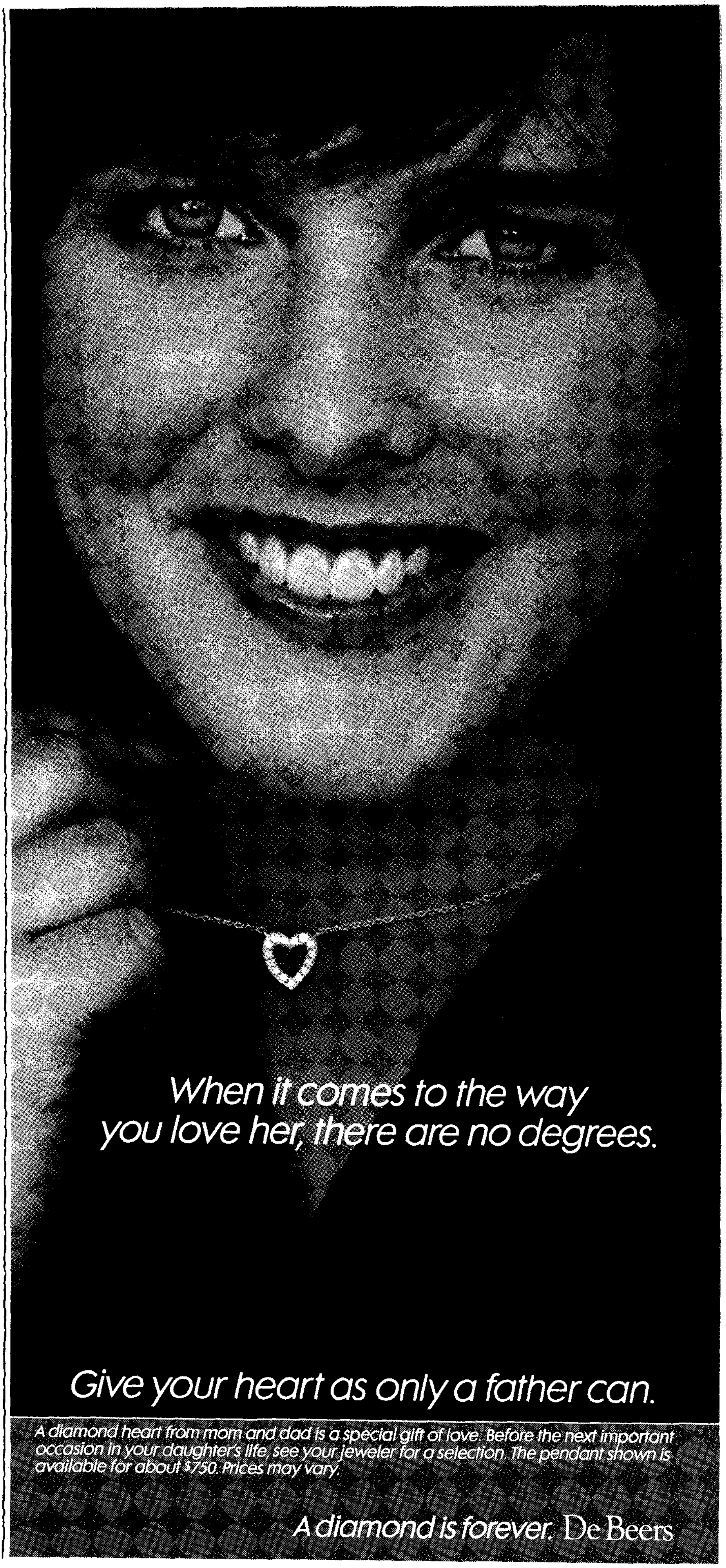
As Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan pointed out in February of 1978, the notion that the Russians "intend to surpass the United States in strategic arms and are in the process of doing so" had "gone from heresy to respectability, if not orthodoxy."

While the incoming Carter Administration was, of course, free to write its own intelligence estimates, the "more sombre views" of Team B had already come to dominate the foreign-policy debate. No new data had been discovered; there was no more than the usual disagreement within the intelligence community about numbers. The debate on national security had begun to be transformed, however, because the outsiders had established new ground rules for interpreting the data. The "new orthodoxy" rejected as a fundamental principle the proposition that Soviet leaders felt threatened by American weapons development. Such "mirror-imaging," as Nitze called it, was ruled out from the start. The basic premise was that the Soviets were and would remain different. The idea that the Soviet nuclear buildup could be explained, even in part, "on the ground that the Russians had a lot of catching up to do" or that "they had to consider the Chinese threat" was dismissed by Professor Pipes as appeasement. When a specialist, such as Marshall Shulman, the Secretary of State's senior adviser on the Soviet Union, tried to offer a contextual analysis of Soviet behavior, he was written off as an apologist. There was an insidious "culture of appeasement," Podhoretz warned, which had infected the élite, creating a mood much like that in Neville Chamberlain's Britain, when timid intellectuals made excuses for Hitler's rearmament.

The second battle in the war against détente was a personal attack on Paul Warnke, whom President Carter, in February of 1977, had nominated as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and as chief SALT negotiator. A widely circulated anonymous memorandum prepared by two staff members of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority charged Warnke with advocating "unilateral abandonment by the U.S. of every weapons system which is subject to negotiation at SALT." Warnke's suggestion that in its arms procurement the United States "try a policy of restraint while calling for matching restraint from the Soviet Union" was equated with unilateral disarmament. "The imbalance between his vehement criticism of U.S. policy and relative silence about Soviet activities"—a charge reminiscent of the attacks levelled at anti-war critics in the Vietnam era—was "remarkable," the anonymous memorandum said. While this challenged Warnke's patriotism, Nitze, appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, attacked his judgment. Warnke's views were "absolutely asinine," Nitze said; indeed, in his opinion they verged on the "screwball, arbitrary, and fictitious." Several days before, while conceding that Warnke had "certain abilities as an advocate," Nitze had written the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee that "at least with respect to defense matters these do not include clarity or consistency of logic."

To campaign against Warnke's appointment, a number of groups helped to organize the Emergency Coalition Against Unilateral Disarmament, under the chairmanship of General Graham. The coalition included key representatives of ultra-right organizations, among them James C. Roberts, the executive director of the American Conservative Union; Howard Phillips, the national director of the Conservative Caucus; and Paul Weyrich, the director of the Committee for Survival of a Free Congress, who, according to Professor Sanders' study "Peddlers of Crisis," sent out "600,000 letters urging voters to lobby their senators against Warnke." The objective of the campaign, as Senator Henry Jackson explained it, was to "weaken Warnke as an international negotiator to the point of uselessness by holding the vote in his favor to sixty or less." (Ratification of the SALT II treaty by the Senate would take two-thirds of the number of senators present and voting.) The coalition succeeded. Warnke was confirmed as SALT negotiator by a vote of fifty-eight to forty.

The third battle that the committee waged to restore Cold War strategy and attitudes was the fight over the SALT II treaty itself. Even before the treaty was signed, in June of 1979, the anti-SALT campaign led by the Committee on the Present Danger, in alliance with the American Security Council, had gathered enough momentum to force the Administration onto the defensive. The opponents of the treaty hammered away at their basic themes: the United States was already second to Russia; SALT would tie our hands; the treaty expressed the failure of nerve of an élite unprepared to strive for the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The American Security Council and its offshoot the Coalition for Peace Through Strength carried out the lobbying activities, using analyses prepared by, among other groups, the Committee on the Present Danger. In September of 1978, this coalition launched a two-million-dollar drive to defeat the treaty. The campaign successfully focussed attention on the critics' definition of the issues rather than the Administration's. Carter had come into office stressing the point that national security involved much more than the arms race with the Russians—a race that, in any event, no one could win. Speaking at Notre Dame University in May of 1977, he had proclaimed an end to the "inordinate fear of Communism" that "led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear." But thereafter, step by step, the President gave ground to his attackers. Following his Inauguration speech, the goal of eliminating nuclear weapons was never mentioned. There was not even an echo of Kissinger's rhetoric about a "generation of peace." By the end of 1977, Defense Secretary Brown was assuring the National Security Industrial Association, "We will not be outgunned. We will not be bullied. We will not be coerced." The development of the MX, the largest and most costly missile program in history, was ordered. Presidential Directive 18 called for an expanded conventional-arms program, including a rapid-deployment force designed for quick military operations in the Middle East. The President continued to defend SALT, but his emphasis was now on the restrictions it provided on further Soviet buildup and the opportunities it offered to add to the American strike force.

The attack on the Administration for neglecting the nation's defenses continued. In March of 1978, President Carter, speaking at Wake Forest University, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, promised to match the Russians in military spending. In his first budget, he proposed—instead of the cut of five to seven billion dollars promised in the campaign—an increase of three per cent a year. Still, the Committee on the Present Danger stepped up its campaign. During the SALT hearings, according to "Peddlers of Crisis," its members testified on seventeen different occasions before the Armed Services Committees and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, participated in four hundred and sev-

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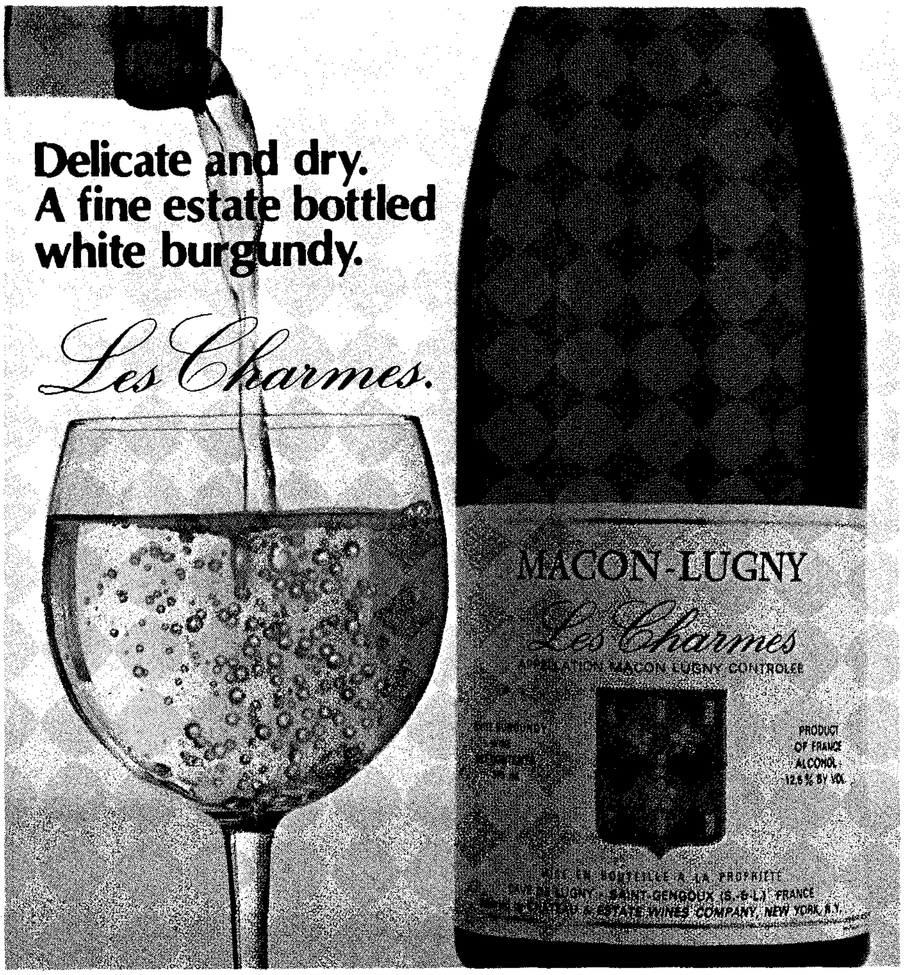

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enty-nine TV and radio programs, and distributed over two hundred thousand pamphlets, most of them based on an analysis of SALT written by Paul Nitze. In 1979, the combined budgets of the American Security Council and the American Security Council Foundation—both working to defeat SALT II—came to three million dollars, and the American Conservative Union spent about a million three hundred thousand to oppose the treaty.

The White House kept retreating before the barrage. By December 12, 1979, two weeks before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter had ordered for Western Europe a land-based missile capable of reaching the Soviet Union. He had promised, in a speech before the Business Council, to increase defense spending at least five per cent a year, and he had sent Harold Brown to China to discuss "coöperation." Then, on January 23, 1980, stating that the Afghanistan invasion "could pose the most serious threat to the peace since the Second World War," President Carter enunciated a "doctrine" that promised the use of force to protect American interests in the Persian Gulf. Having vetoed one bill because it authorized the construction of a nuclear aircraft carrier, he signed another that did so, and he also reversed himself, under pressure, on the question of military pay and benefits. Shortly after the close of the 1980 Republican Convention, Brown, who in February of 1977 had announced that the new Administration would start to redeem its promise to cut the budget, charged, "When this Administration took office, we inherited a military posture and a defense budget that simply had not kept pace." So far had the debate on national security shifted in four years that, despite Carter's huge budget increases and his belligerent rhetoric, Ronald Reagan accused him of making a "shambles" of the nation's defenses and of being "totally oblivious" to the Soviet drive for world domination. On November 4, 1980, Ronald Reagan was elected by a wide margin. The world view of the Committee on the Present Danger (a number of whose members now occupy high posts in the Reagan Administration) now appears to be national policy.

IN late December of 1979, President Carter said he had learned more about the Russians in the week they

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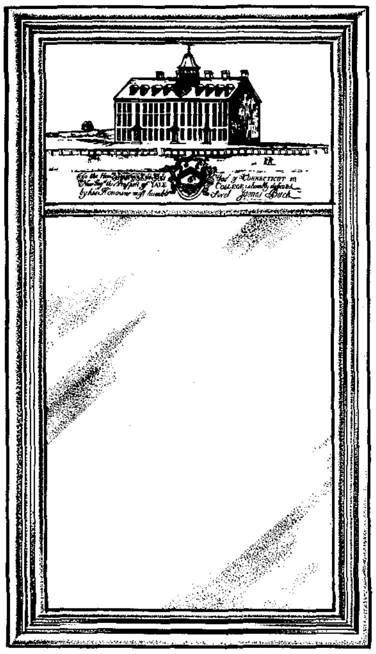

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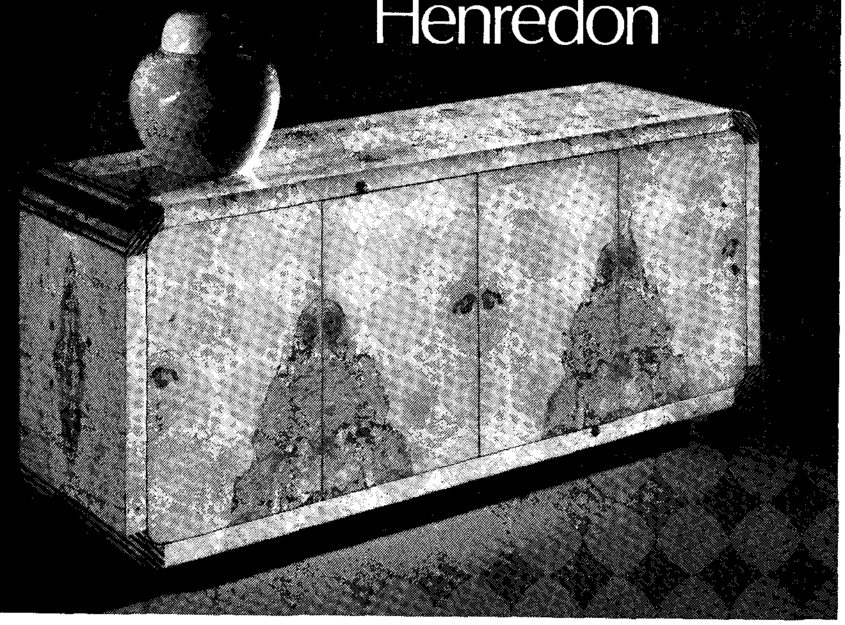

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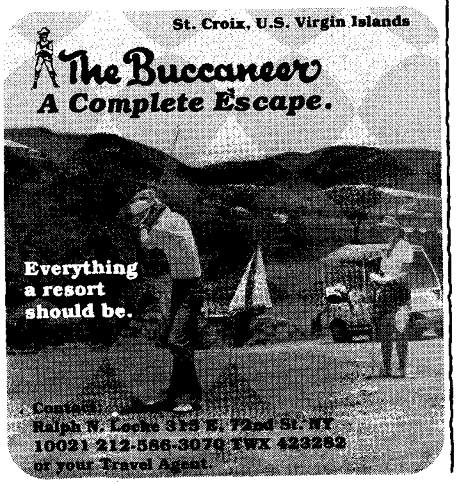
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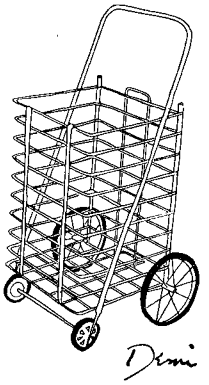
invaded Afghanistan than in the rest of his entire career, and he left the impression that his dramatic shift of oratory and policy with respect to national security was somehow attributable to that particular aggressive act. However, except for the grain embargo, the Olympic boycott, and an explicit threat of nuclear war if the Russians moved into the Persian Gulf, the Administration's tougher policy was being put into effect well before the Russians used tanks to install Babrak Karmal as their man in Kabul. The campaign to dramatize the Russian threat had already succeeded. In the wake of the hostage crisis, unprecedented domestic inflation, the decline of the dollar, and growing tension with European allies and Japan, many Americans felt that the foundations of security were collapsing. The anodyne for the growing sense of powerlessness was muscle flexing. In the view of the members of the Committee on the Present Danger, America's troubles were directly attributable to years of neglect of military power. Now, at last, the "Vietnam syndrome"—a deliberately disquieting term for a condition that supposedly inhibited the United States from making effective use of force—had been overcome, they felt: there was a new consensus that America was declining in power. Obviously, the remedy was to restore American confidence by restoring military might; then others would stop pushing us around. All this expressed what Cyrus Vance, in a speech at Harvard in June of 1980, six weeks after his resignation as Secretary of State, called "nostalgia" for the days when the United States seemed to have had far greater influence in the world.

But the connection between military weakness and America's "retreat," as Richard Nixon called it in his 1980 book "The Real War," was not examined. The unstated assumption of the campaigners for rearmament and confrontation was that a tougher American posture in the post-Vietnam years would have preserved American power. The question that Norman Angell had raised seventy years before about the relations between threatening war and exerting power were ignored in the political debate. As the new hawkish consensus took shape, the fundamental idea that military force could in one way or another be translated into political power stood unchallenged. It was now fashionable to say that only the United States was limited in the use of military power, and that it was limited only because of squeamishness, overdeveloped moral sensibilities, or cowardice. Neither the Russians nor the Cubans nor anyone else practiced unilateral "moral disarmament," it was asserted, and therefore they could make effective use of homicidal technology to advance their national interest.



The events of the last five years are difficult to squeeze into such a mold. The definition of an effective foreign policy, Henry Kissinger argued in his speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in April of 1980, is that "somewhere, somehow, the United States must show that it is capable of rewarding a friend or penalizing an opponent." By that definition, the nation must be able to use its military power to damage an adversary without inflicting great wounds on itself. The misuse of force—either by bluffing and having the bluff called or by undertaking a specific mission and failing—does not stem the decline of power but, rather, accelerates it.

THE American war in Indo-China, like the French war before it and the seventeen-day Chinese war after it, failed to achieve its stated objective. But what is more serious is that the effort to stabilize South Vietnam by military means exacted political, economic, and social costs that the nation is still paying. Lyndon Johnson's insistence that the nation simultaneously fight a hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar war and build a Great Society, and do so without raising taxes, introduced an inflationary virus into what had been a remarkably inflation-free economy. Financing the war upset the balance of payments and led to the weakening of the dollar; the nations of Europe—by rejecting payment in dollars, which they neither needed nor wanted—refused to subsidize the war. All this portended a new and more modest economic status for the United States—the clearest evidence of a real decline in power. The social consequences within the United States—the diminishing support for the political parties, the decline of confidence in government and other institutions, the shakiness of the consensus needed to govern—are more difficult to measure. But the Johnson-Nixon years were utterly dominated by the Vietnam War, and the trauma remains. After American leaders had repeated for a dozen years the notion that the United States could not accept failure because its prestige would suffer, the nation did lose some of its aura of invincibility.

Today, there is general agreement about the costs of the failure. Disagreement remains over whether the Vietnam effort was "a noble cause," as Ronald Reagan has put it, and whether the war could have been won by the employment of more extreme military measures. Walt Rostow, Lyndon Johnson's national-security adviser from 1966 to 1969, believes that an invasion of North Vietnam could have turned defeat into victory. The subsequent Chinese invasion does not lend much support to that proposition. What has happened in Afghanistan since the Soviet invasion is one more piece of evidence that suppressing guerrilla movements with large, modern armies is easier to suggest than to accomplish. The main reason the United States was unable to apply enough military force in Vietnam was that the American people did not believe that their stake in the outcome warranted the sacrifices that were demanded. There was indeed a failure of will. A crucial issue that was raised by the Vietnam War—but not settled by it—is whether the United States could fight a war someplace else, where the stakes were obviously higher (the Middle East, say), and elicit enough popular support to remain a democracy.

When is force useful and when isn't it? How much is enough to do that which holds reasonable promise of being effective? The major instances in which force has been used since Vietnam are worth examining with these questions in mind. America's first experience with the political uses of military power in the post-Vietnam world occurred exactly twelve days after the fall of Saigon. The American merchant ship Mayaguez was seized by Cambodian forces in the early afternoon on May 12, 1975, in an area that the Cambodians claimed as their territorial waters. During the previous ten days, the Cambodians had stopped or fired upon about twenty-five ships in the area. Now they issued a communiqué that disclaimed any intention of detaining the ship permanently; it said, in part, "We only wanted to know the

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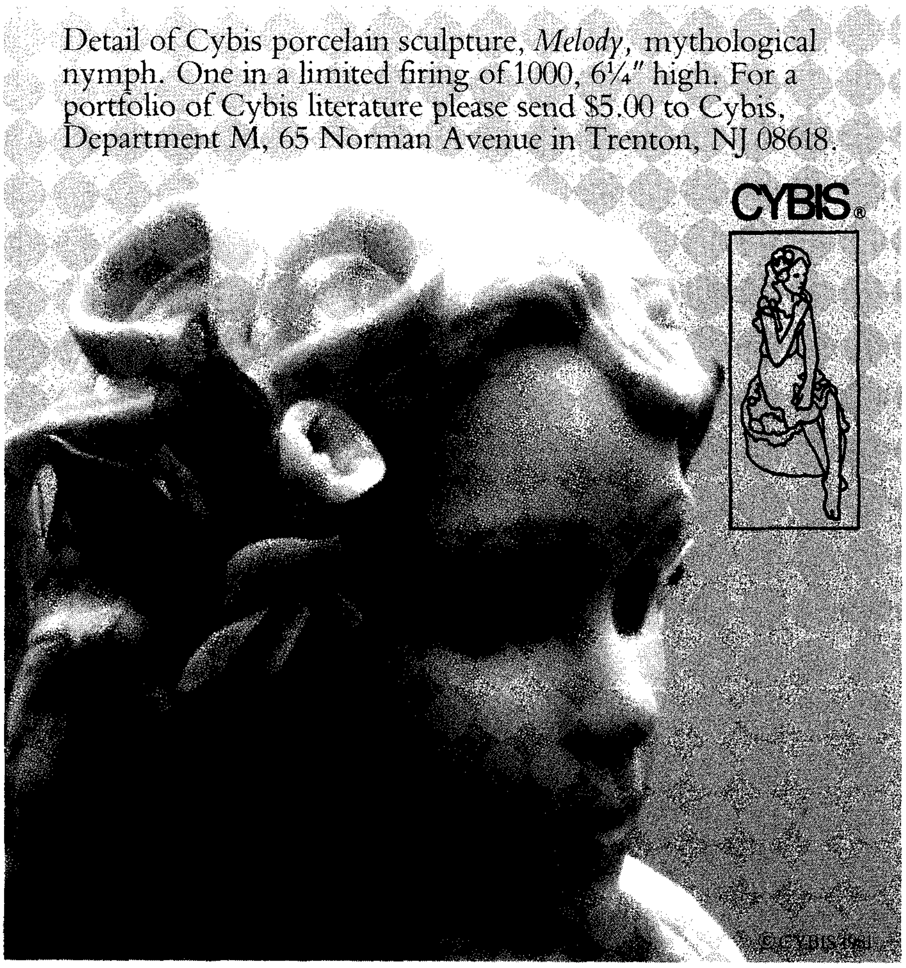

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reason for its coming and to warn it against violating our waters again."

Calling the seizure "an act of piracy," President Ford issued a twenty-four-hour ultimatum. At dawn the next day, while the crew was being transferred to the Cambodian mainland on a fishing vessel escorted by Cambodian patrol craft, American aircraft began an air strike against the convoy. Charles Miller, the captain of the Mayaguez, described what happened in an interview:

> They did everything that was possible without blowing us out of the water to try to get this boat to turn around and take us back to the ship.
>
> If we were strafed or bombed once, we were bombed a hundred times by our jets. Ten foot forward of our bow light. Rockets and machine-gun fire. When they saw that was not going to work, two jets overflew the boat from bow to stern approximately 70 feet above us and they tear-gassed us. . . .
>
> After a half hour passed and we were still going, we were gassed a second time. I don't know whether it was tear gas or nausea gas, but everybody on the ship vomited, skin was burning, a couple of men were struck by shrapnel.

In the early evening on May 14th, the Cambodians told Captain Miller that he and the crew were free, and they gave the Americans a small boat with which to return to the Mayaguez. Fearing another attack, the captain waited ten and a half hours, until daylight the next morning. When Miller and his crew were twenty minutes under way and the Cambodian radio had already broadcast the news of their release, an American naval force consisting of two destroyers, an aircraft carrier, and a supply ship began an assault on Cambodia. A fifteen-thousand-pound bomb—the largest conventional explosive bomb in the American arsenal at the time—was dropped on the tiny island of Kaôh Tang, where American officials suspected that the crew was being held. This curious rescue tactic was preceded by an assault landing of a hundred and sixty Marines on Kaôh Tang and the bombing of an airport and an oil refinery on the Cambodian mainland. In the mission to rescue thirty-nine crewmen who had already been released, forty-one Marines died, many of them when five of the expedition's assault helicopters were downed.

This unnecessary human sacrifice produced a short-term political success for the Ford Administration. The President's popularity index jumped eleven points; fifty-one per cent of the American people, according to a Gal-

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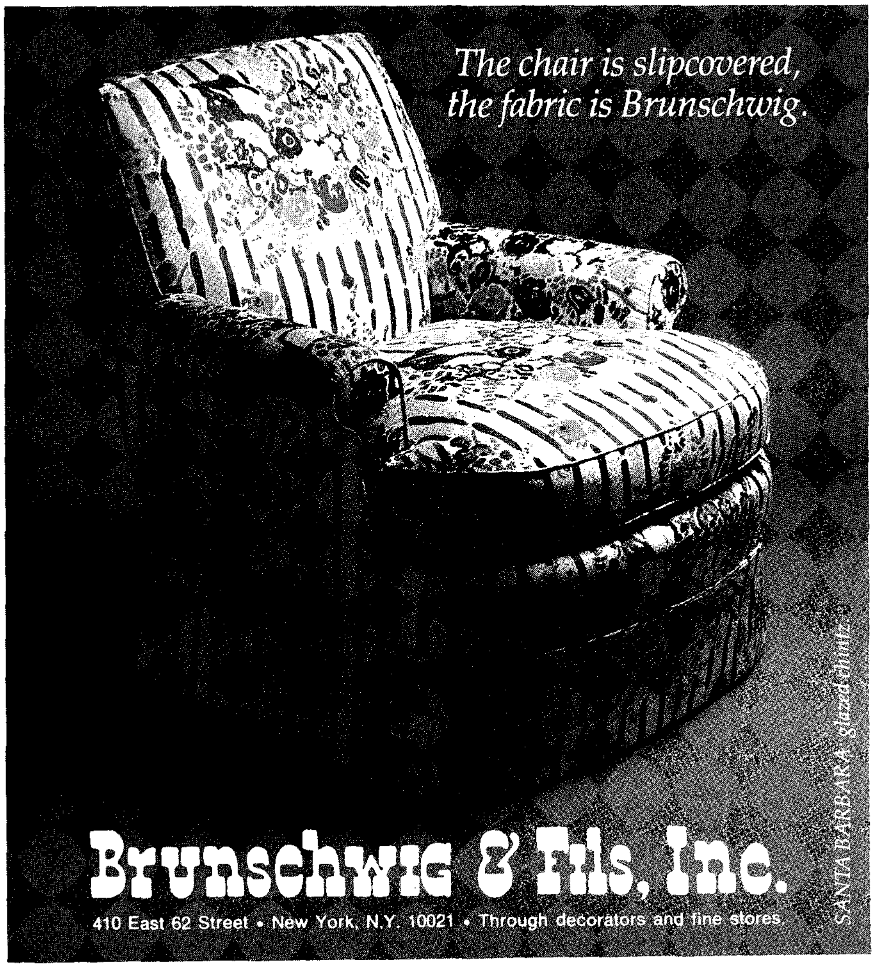

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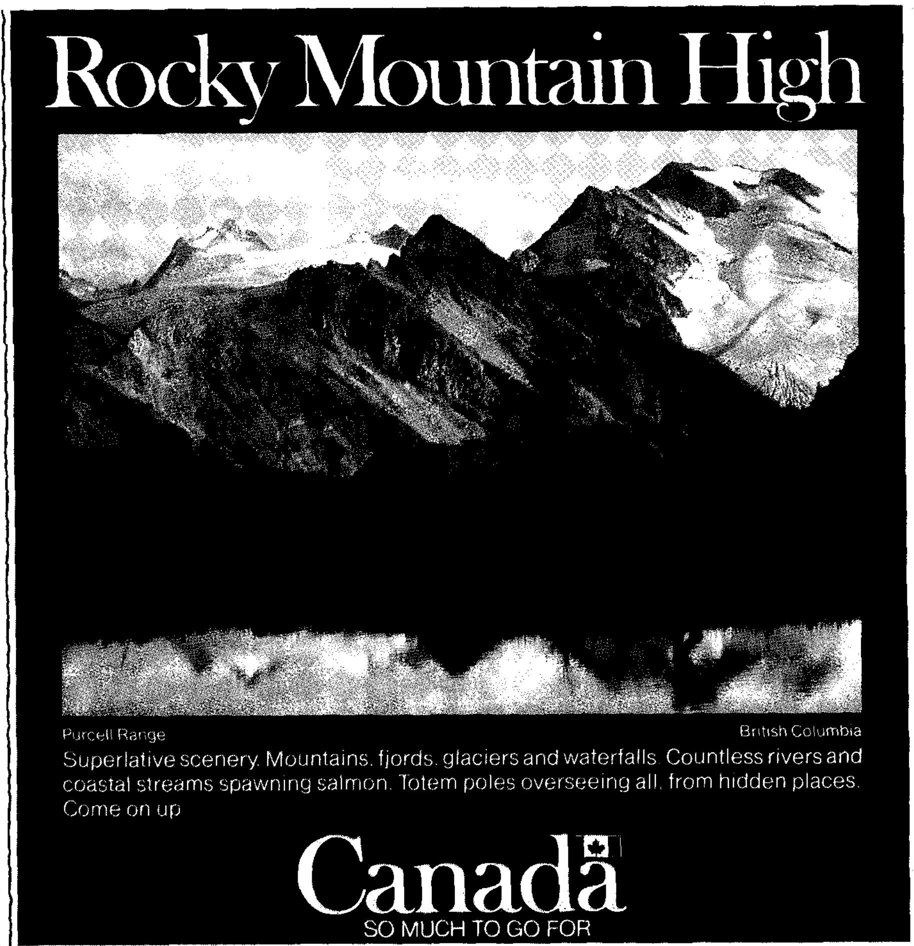
lup poll, approved of the military action. "Domestically, the use of force was popular," a 1976 Brookings Institution report to the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency concluded. "It was viewed as a partial vindication for the earlier losses in Indo-China." President Ford interpreted the brief episode of overkill as "a clear, clear indication that we are not only strong but we have the will and the capability of moving." Secretary Kissinger said that the impact ought to make it clear that there are "limits beyond which the U.S. cannot be pushed." Neither European nor Japanese leaders nor newspapers anywhere outside the United States were much impressed by the show of resolve, and the matter was quickly forgotten. Five years later, the United States voted to support the continued seating of that regime at the United Nations.

Within a few months of the Mayaguez incident, the United States was presented with what Kissinger believed was another opportunity to "show that it is capable of rewarding a friend or penalizing an opponent." Between November of 1975 and March of 1976, eighteen thousand Cuban troops arrived in Angola to support the Soviet-aided M.P.L.A.—Movimiento Popular de Libertação de Angola—in its struggle against two other guerrilla groups for control of the recently liberated Portuguese colony. (According to Cuban estimates, Cuba at one time had thirty-six thousand troops in Angola.) By all accounts, Cuba's military intervention was decisive to the outcome. At a critical moment, Congress refused to authorize covert assistance for the F.N.L.A. and UNITA, the two anti-Soviet groups, which the United States and China together had been secretly aiding for a number of years. This failure of nerve—according to now familiar criticism, it was a product of the Vietnam syndrome—handed an important Cold War victory to the Russians.

Cuba had sent troops abroad before—six or seven hundred men to Yemen in 1974 and 1975, and five hundred to seven hundred and fifty armored troops to Syria in 1973—but although it had been providing arms and training for the M.P.L.A. since 1965, it had never before sent such a large expeditionary force. The United States began shipping arms to the F.N.L.A. in July of 1974, and the following year the 40 Committee, made up of senior American officials



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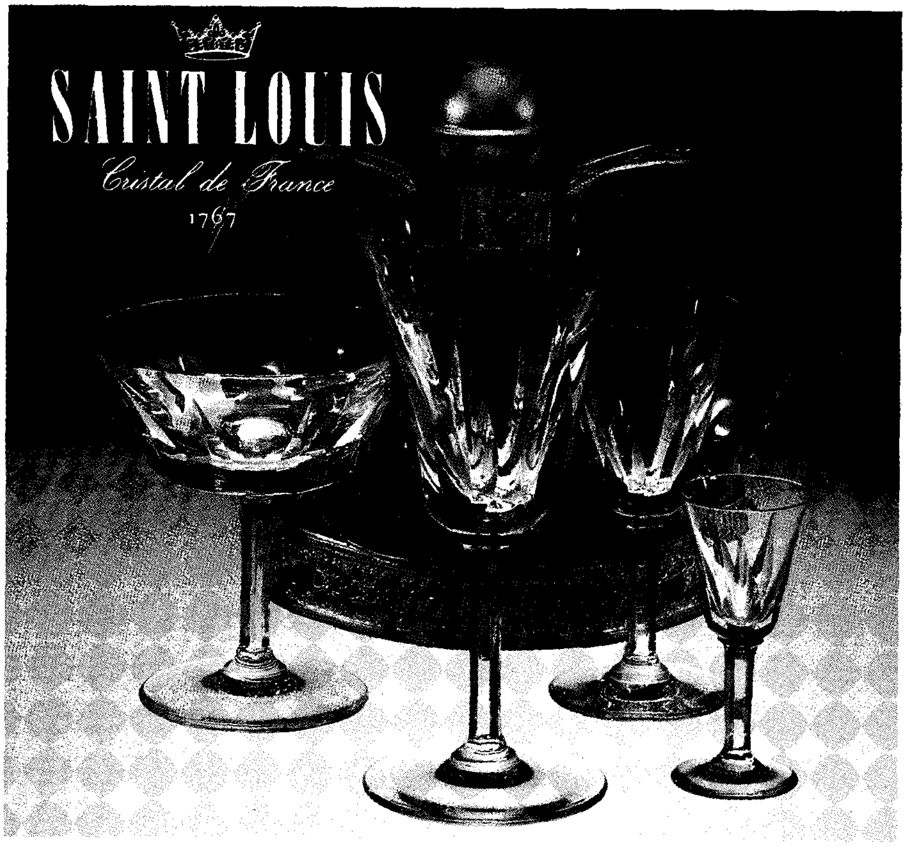

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charged with overseeing covert operations, increased its secret aid substantially. The struggle of the various Angolan factions to control their country had become an international war. Zaire sent twelve hundred men, and the F.N.L.A. and UNITA turned to South Africa for aid. Two hundred and thirty Cuban advisers arrived in Angola in June of 1975, when substantial foreign intervention was already under way.

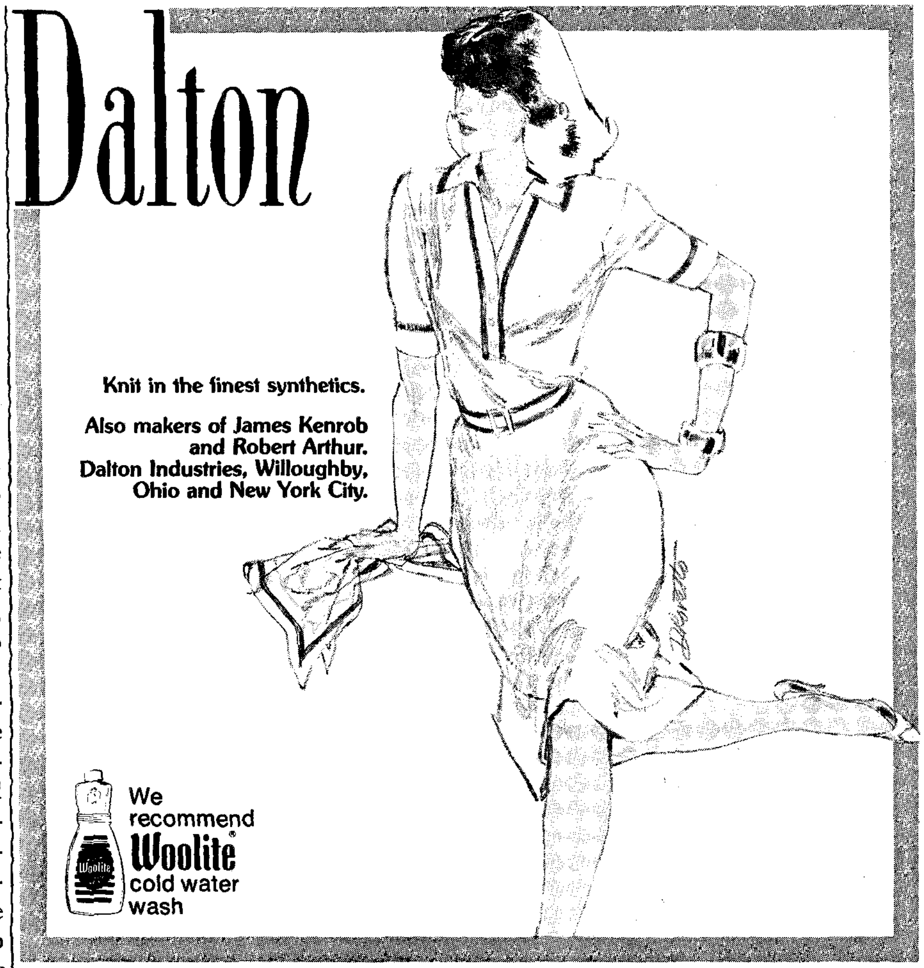
On July 17, 1975, the 40 Committee authorized Operation Feature, a program to recruit mercenaries for the fighting in Angola and to send thirty-two million dollars' worth of armaments to be used against the M.P.L.A. (At about the same time, the Gulf Oil Company was making quarterly payments to the M.P.L.A. on Angolan oil leases, and these amounted to about twice the budget of the C.I.A. operation. Cuban troops moved in to guard the Gulf refinery at Cabinda, and there are Cuban forces in the area to this day.) In August, South African troops crossed the frontier in support of an F.N.L.A. offensive and opened training bases for the F.N.L.A. and UNITA in Namibia and Southern Angola. By late October, South Africa had launched Operation Zulu, an assault employing five thousand men, which advanced five hundred kilometres up the coast in a little over a week. At this point, the M.P.L.A. asked for Cuban combat troops, and the first battalion was airlifted to Luanda, the capital, on November 8th. In "Cuba's Policy in Africa, 1959-1980," a University of California monograph, William M. LeoGrande, a professor of political science, describes what happened:

> By mid-December the South African advance in the south had been halted, and the MPLA-Cuban forces had gone over to the offensive against the FNLA-Zairean forces on the northern front. When the U.S. Congress prohibited further U.S. aid to the FNLA or UNITA, South Africa withdrew its troops to the border, charging that the United States had defaulted on its pledge to provide whatever military assistance was required to defeat the MPLA. Without the South Africans, UNITA quickly disintegrated as a fighting force. By early February, Cuba and the MPLA were able to concentrate their forces in the north, and within a few weeks the FNLA was in full retreat across the border, seeking refuge in Zaire. The collapse of UNITA and the FNLA was so rapid that by mid-March Castro and [Agostinho] Neto [the M.P.L.A. leader] were able to agree to a schedule for Cuban troop withdrawals.

The intervention in Angola was a crucial symbolic moment in the postwar period. But what did it symbolize? It was not, as is commonly claimed, a proxy war fought by the Soviet Union with Cuban troops. Secretary Kissinger told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in January of 1976 that he believed the Cubans had made their own decision to intervene. In a semi-authorized account written from the Cuban perspective, the novelist Gabriel García Márquez says that the Soviet Union was not even consulted in advance about the decision. Although that is hard to believe, given Cuba's dependence on the Soviet Union, the record does suggest that throughout the summer of 1975, as Professor LeoGrande's study puts it, "Cuba and the U.S.S.R. appeared to be making independent decisions about their aid to the M.P.L.A." In August, the Russians turned down a request to send advisers.

The Russians and the Cubans operated independently in Angola because they had different interests. The Russians, eager to preserve détente and more concerned than the comparatively ideological Cubans with economic and strategic objectives, exhibited more caution. Indeed, in the late nineteen-sixties the Cubans stepped up their commitment to "revolutionary internationalism" precisely because the Russians appeared to be weakening in theirs. Chinese arms and instructors for the F.N.L.A., along with the South African intervention, brought the Cubans and the Russians together. After the victory, Cuban and Soviet interests again diverged. In 1977, the Soviet Union had advance knowledge of a coup against Agostinho Neto by a political opponent who favored closer alignment with the Soviet Union. The Russians did not warn Neto. Cuban forces, however, directly helped to suppress the coup. Understandably, Soviet-Angolan relations cooled.

The Vietnam syndrome did indeed operate in the case of Angola. Influential members of Congress blocked the proposed covert intervention because they believed that it could not succeed. The local forces on which the United States was relying were weak, just as they had been in South Vietnam; they would need repeated and increasing infusions of military aid. Once the prestige of the United States was sufficiently engaged, there would be considerable political pressure to send in American troops to stave off defeat. With the fall of Saigon still a fresh memory, Congress felt



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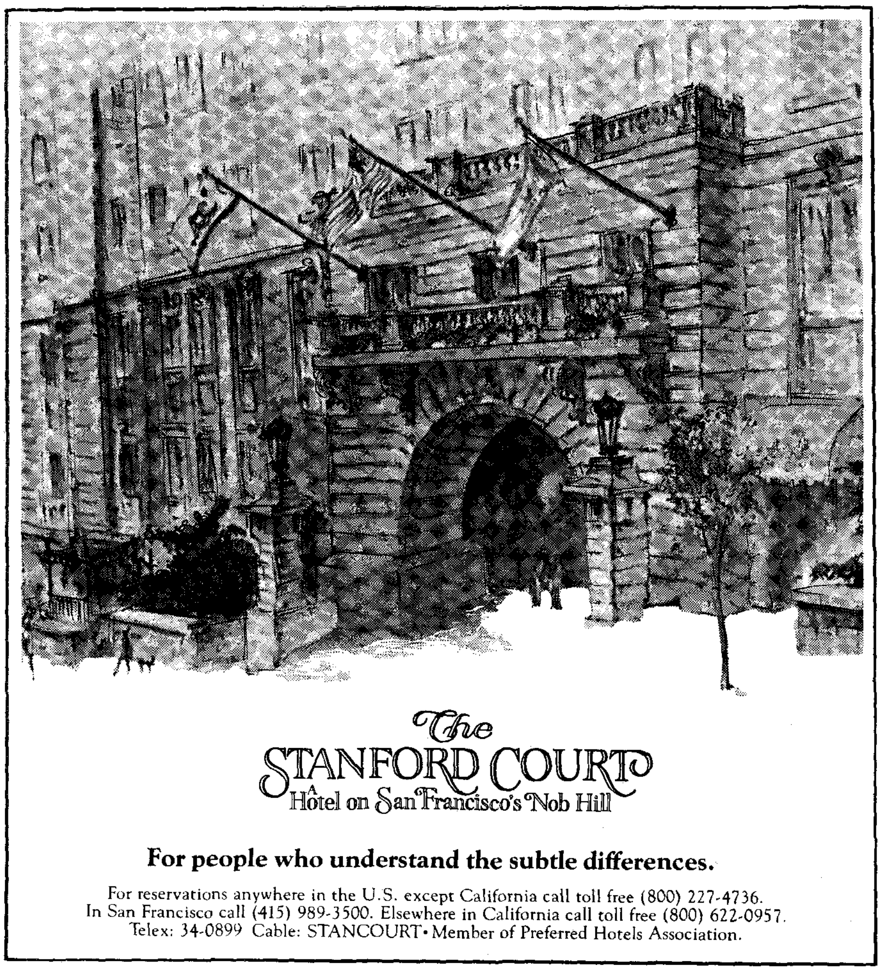

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little inclination to take such a risk.

For military power to work, it must be sufficient to compel an opponent either to do something or to desist from doing something—or, at least, to make the user seem properly intimidating. If any such success is to be achieved, the military measures taken must fit the political situation to which they are directed. Military power is by no means useless, but its usefulness is limited by the context in which it is employed; it is a key that fits only certain locks. In the case of Angola, the Cubans had the right key and the United States did not. Of course, the United States was in a position to airlift a much bigger force to Angola than any Cuban force, and the South Africans, who would have joined the operation, had the only first-class army on the continent. It was South Africa's participation on the other side, however, that lent legitimacy to the Cuban effort. Exactly because Cuba's motives were ideological, not geopolitical; because Cuba had built up a long record of sending teachers, technicians, and doctors as well as soldiers to Africa; and because of a common racial heritage (Cuba has a large black population), the Cuban expeditionary force was accepted even by anti-Communist, pro-Western African states. In May of 1978, President Kenneth D. Kaunda of Zambia declared, "I am not sure there is a single Cuban on the African continent who has not been invited by some member of the continent. So long as this is the case, it is not easy to condemn their presence." And in 1978 Leslie Harriman, the Ambassador to the United Nations from Nigeria, which is perhaps the most pro-Western black African nation, also defended the Cubans:

> Cubans have never attacked any sovereign state or crossed an internationally recognized boundary. What they have done is to assist oppressed people gain their self-determination from colonial masters.

The United States had little chance to make effective use of its military power in the struggle for Angola, not only because of the American political climate but also because of African sentiment. The Reagan Administration, however, seems unimpressed by these political limitations and is seeking to repeal the congressional ban on assistance to the anti-government forces in Angola.

In 1977, the Cubans tried their key in Ethiopia, but this time with mixed success. Before the Ethiopian revolution that deposed Emperor Haile Selassie, in February of 1974, the Cubans had had little contact with the Horn of Africa. During the first two years after the coup, which was led by Ethiopian officers, Cuba sent several hundred military technicians to Somalia, a country that they would soon fight on behalf of the Ethiopians. At that time, Somalia was a self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist state and a Soviet client. Meanwhile, however, the Ethiopian revolution was lurching to the left. In November of 1974, the chairman of its Provisional Military Administrative Council and fifty-nine other officers were executed on charges of plotting with the United States to unseat the revolution. A meeting of the council on February 3, 1977, degenerated into a shoot-out, and a radical faction headed by Mengistu Haile-Mariam was the winner in the bloodbath. Ethiopia was proclaimed a Marxist-Leninist country. The Dergue, as the government is called, now faced an ultra-left student group bent on assassinating its officials; a secessionist war in the Ogaden region, aided by Somalia; and an Eritrean rebellion aided by Sudan, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia. To complicate matters further, one of the three Eritrean secessionist groups was also Marxist.

The Soviet Union tried unsuccessfully to mediate the dispute over Ogaden between two of its clients. Ethiopia, which only a short time before had been the most pro-American country in the region and the site of an important American intelligence-gathering base (at Kagnew), was the greater prize. Once the Dergue had ousted the American military mission, in February of 1977, the Russians began to supply the Ethiopians with arms, and in May of 1977 the Cubans sent military advisers. At this point, the Somalis, fearing the Ethiopian arms buildup, attacked in Ogaden. Saudi Arabia offered to expand its aid to the Somalis to three hundred and fifty million dollars if they would break with the Russians, and Secretary of State Vance hinted that the United States would provide arms. The Somalis, having achieved considerable military success—forty thousand of their troops were now engaged—broke relations with Cuba and expelled the Soviet military mission. On the strength of American and British offers of "defensive" arms, they expected tacit support for their invasion. But this was a miscalculation. No Western arms arrived. The Cubans sent seventeen thousand regulars against them.

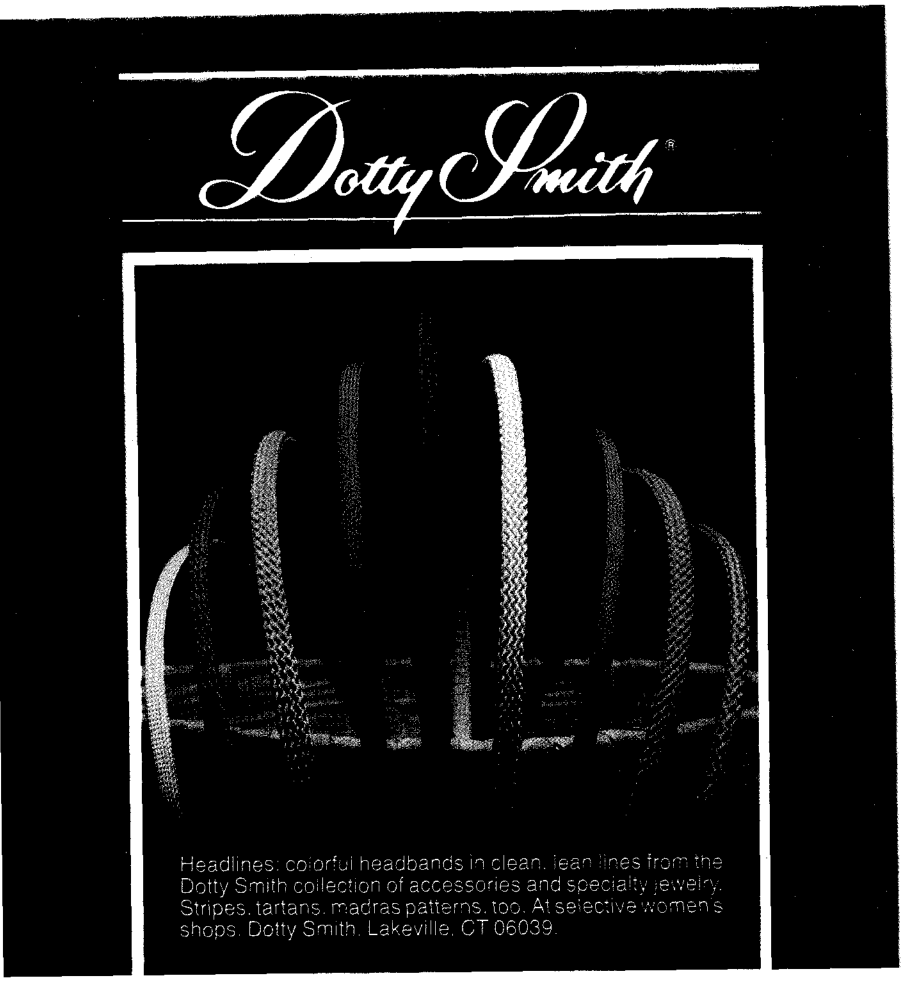
Professor LeoGrande concludes that there was considerably more coöperation between the Russians and the Cubans in Ethiopia than there had been in Angola:

> In Ethiopia, Cuban troops arrived not in converted freighters but in Soviet troop transports. Soviet military advisors numbered over a thousand, and they played a central role in planning and commanding the Ogaden campaign. In Angola, the role of Soviet personnel had been only marginal. Soviet-Cuban cooperation in Ethiopia was so close, in fact, that Soviet pilots were apparently assigned air defense duty in Cuba to ease the shortage of Cuban pilots, many of whom were flying combat missions in the Ogaden. The Somalis, short on supplies, proved to be no match for the Cubans. Using standard Soviet assault tactics, a Cuban-Ethiopian force captured the key city of Jijiga in early March, and the Somalis fell back across the border.

The United States never aided Somalia, because Somalia was the aggressor—a fact accepted by such pro-Western African states as Nigeria and Kenya, which supported Ethiopia despite their ideological antipathy to the Dergue. The American hints about military aid may have confused the Somalis, but the opportunity for successful American military intervention in the Horn of Africa was limited. Once again, it was not that the United States lacked a rapid-deployment force capable of matching seventeen thousand Cubans—Marine divisions and the 82nd Airborne Division were available—but that the political context in which force could be successfully used was lacking.

The Cubans succeeded in beating back the Somalis, but now their military operations encountered some serious political problems. The Cubans had become much closer collaborators of the Russians. The Russians, however, had decided to support Mengistu in his effort to crush the Eritrean insurgency, while Castro had called it an "internal problem" and promised not to intervene militarily. Yet although Castro continued to urge a political solution, his troops in the Ogaden made it possible for the Ethiopians to continue a war Castro opposed. This reality was not lost on other African countries, who saw Soviet support of the bloody Dergue as less a commitment to liberation than a geopolitical power grab.

Accordingly, Ethiopia has become a quagmire for Cuba. Relations with the Dergue have been anything but smooth. In 1978, the Cubans arranged for the return to Ethiopia of Negedu Gobezi, a potential rival of Mengistu,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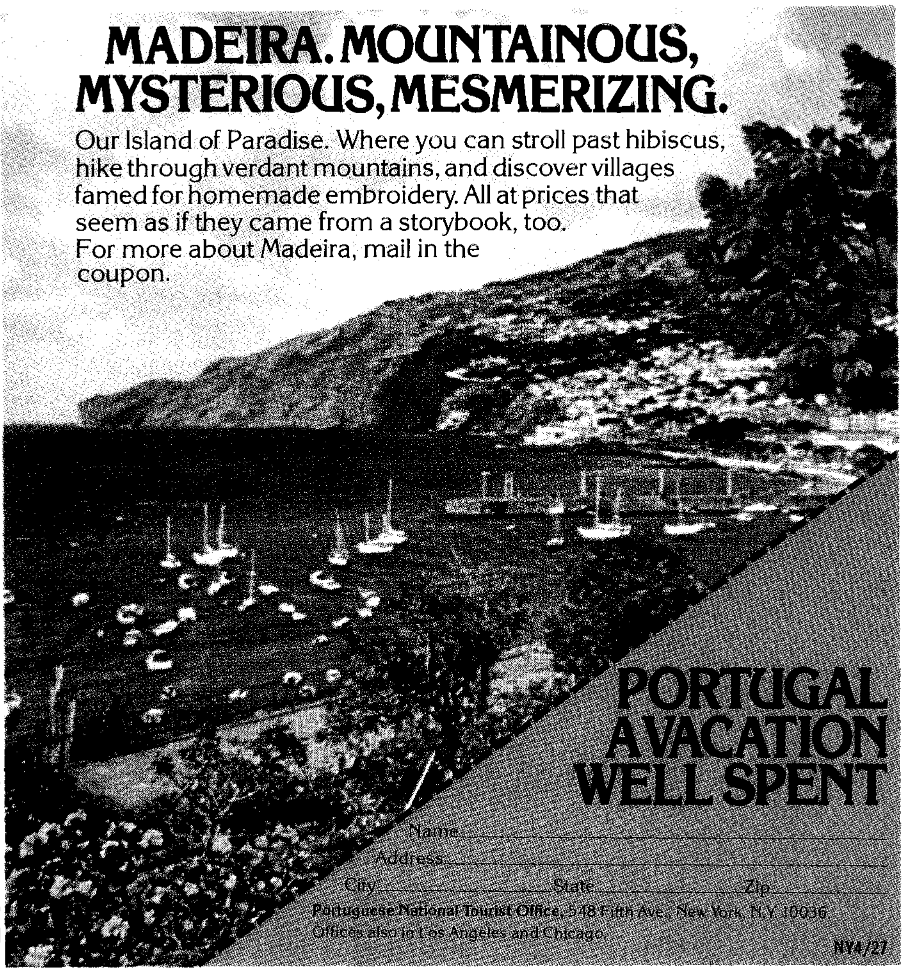
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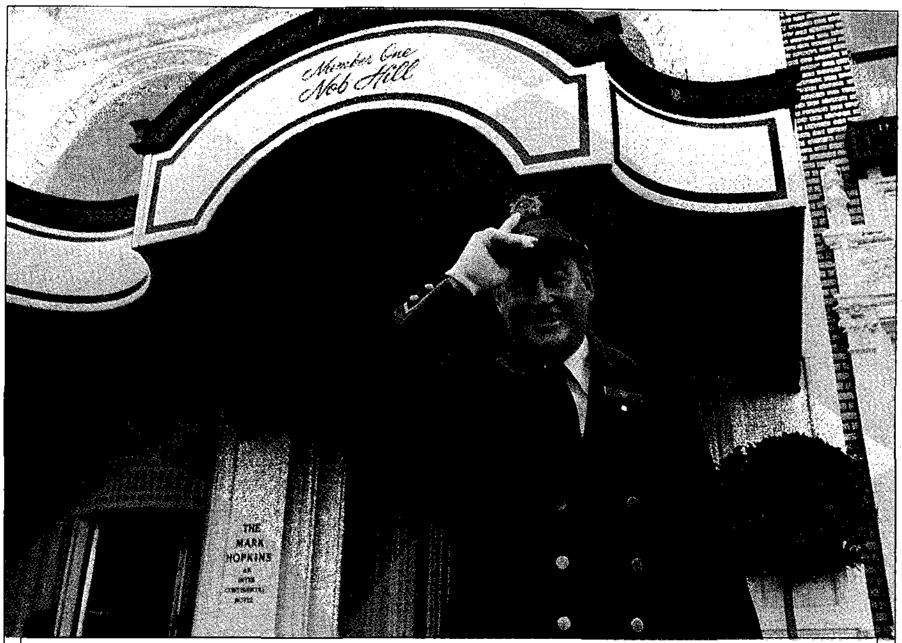

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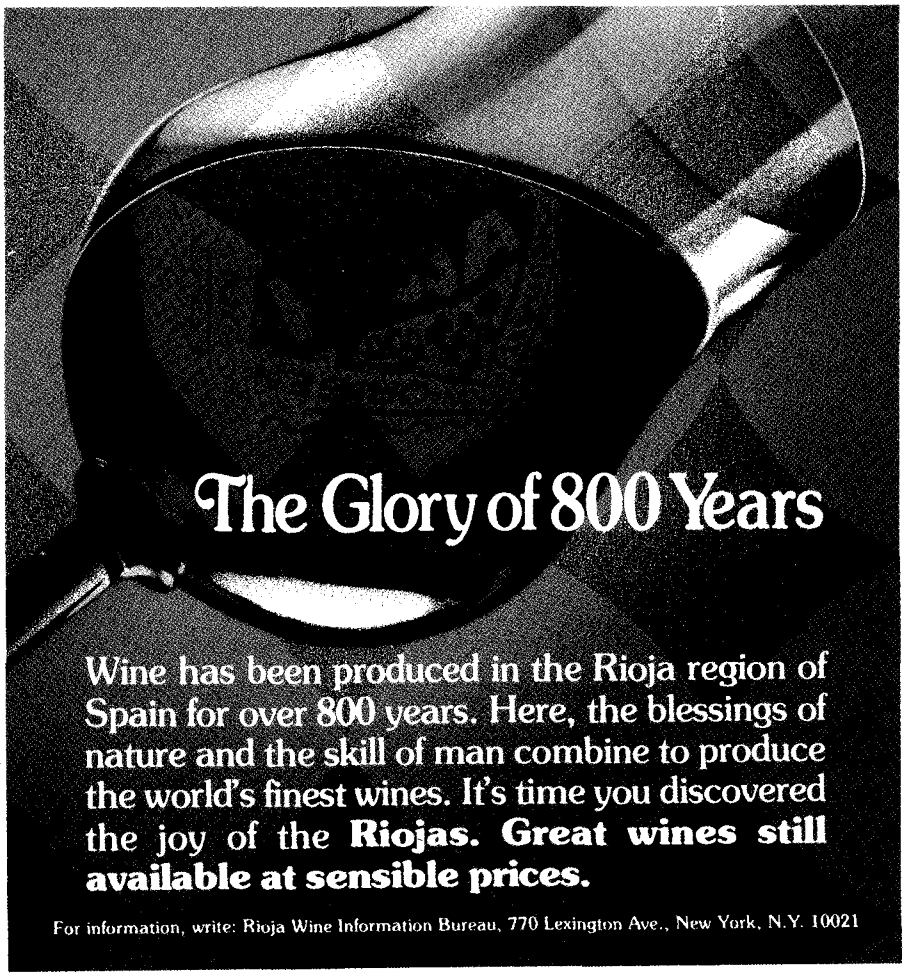
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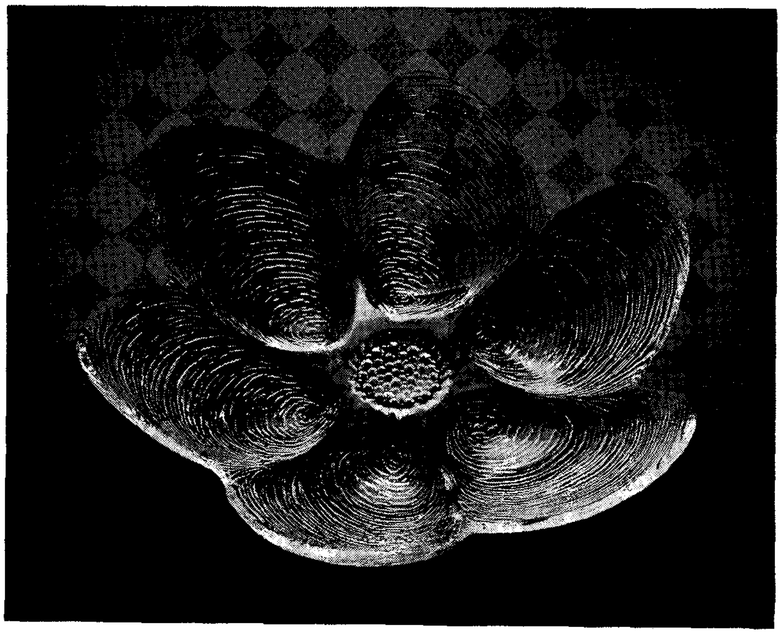
and Mengistu expelled the Cuban Ambassador. The protracted war and internal violence in Ethiopia have robbed Cuba of some of the African prestige it earned in Angola. It is now regarded as more of a Soviet agent, despite its continued differences with the Russians over Eritrea. As LeoGrande puts it, "while Angola increased respect for both Cuba's power and its motives, Ethiopia added little to the former while detracting considerably from the latter." Progress toward normal relations with the United States was stopped dead. Canada cancelled its aid to Cuba. The Ethiopian intervention reinforced the growing feeling among American national-security officials that there existed a Soviet-Cuban challenge in an "arc of crisis" extending from Africa to the Middle East. These feelings contributed, in turn, to the overreaction of American politicians in September of 1979 to the Soviet "combat brigade"—two to three thousand Soviet troops that had been in Cuba since 1962, and whose presence President Carter declared, in a spectacular show of impotence, to be "unacceptable." They are still there, of course. Cuba's intervention in Ethiopia increased its dependence on the Soviet Union—a condition that Castro had been seeking to modify. The economic burden of the expeditionary force in Africa has been heavy, and in the opinion of American intelligence analysts it has aggravated the economic problems that have brought more than a hundred thousand refugees to Florida.

IN the early years following the withdrawal from Indo-China, the United States considered, but decided against, the commitment of substantially increased military forces in Africa. In 1978, the Carter Administration did supply the transport planes that enabled Belgian and French paratroopers to recapture the copper mines of Kolwezi, in Zaire's Shaba Province, from an invading force launched from Angola. The invaders were members of a Shaba independence movement—a group that the United States had supported in the early nineteen-sixties. The White House accused Cuba of being behind the invasion, and when the State Department, the C.I.A., and the foreign-affairs committees of Congress all concluded that the evidence of Cuban involvement was scanty the White House retorted that, even if Cuba did not plot the invasion, it could have done more to prevent it. At about the same time, the C.I.A. proposed a new covert-assistance plan to aid UNITA in Angola, but Senator Dick Clark, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on African Affairs, made the plan public, and it was dropped.

In the Middle East, efforts to shore up American interests with military power were much greater, but the results were equally inconclusive. Ever since the Arab boycott of 1973, and the gasoline lines, inflation, unemployment, and panic that accompanied the petroleum cutoff, the fact that the United States had "vital interests" in the Persian Gulf had been self-evident. Every Secretary of Defense since the Nixon Administration has said that we would go to war to protect our access to oil. In 1979, moreover, Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, was summoned to the State Department to be informed that this country considered the Persian Gulf an area of "vital U.S. interest," and in January of 1980 President Carter proclaimed the Carter Doctrine, which made the same point in a more public way.

No one doubts that vital interests of the United States are at stake in the Middle East. The question is whether and how these can be protected by military power. American strategy has had two aspects. The first has been to make clear to the Soviet Union that a major attack on the oil lifeline would pose the risk of a nuclear war. Pentagon plans to enforce the Carter Doctrine with a nuclear "trip wire" were intentionally leaked to the *Times:* The United States intended to send into the region small forces that were not expected to defend against Russian hordes but, rather, would symbolize the Administration's determination to use nuclear weapons if that proved "necessary." The limited use of nuclear weapons, Secretary Brown had said, risked an escalation to "a full-scale thermonuclear exchange," which would, of course, vaporize the oil and, along with it, the civilization that depended on it. This "credibility problem" could be lessened, Pentagon officials argued, by a second strategic move—introducing into the region increased naval forces and "prepositioned" military supplies for use by a rapid-deployment force that would be flown there in an emergency, and establishing new bases in the area.

But this second line of defense had inherent difficulties, too. Under the Nixon Doctrine, the United States had



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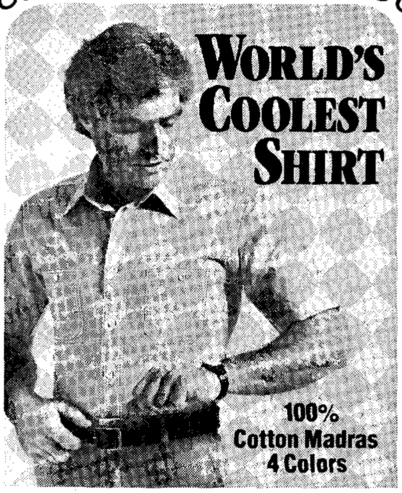

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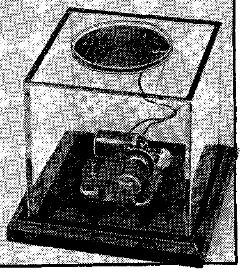

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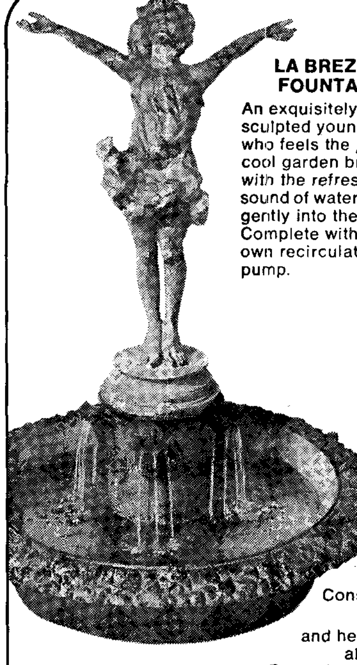
sold the Shah of Iran some twenty billion dollars' worth of sophisticated weaponry: he was to be the regional peacekeeper and the conservator of American interests. Endowing the Shah was in fact an abdication of American power, for Mohammed Reza Pahlavi had his own pretensions and his own plans, some of which were at odds with American strategy. He was, for example, the most aggressive supporter among the oil producers of a major price increase in 1973. Moreover, his own imperial plans kept much of the region stirred up; his anti-Soviet pressures in Afghanistan beginning in 1973, according to Selig Harrison, a Carnegie Endowment South Asia scholar who has studied the events there closely, helped to set off the chain of events that led to the Soviet invasion. He did, however, successfully crush a guerrilla war in Oman in 1975, and all the oil-consuming nations considered this a service.

The huge shipment of arms to the Shah did not save him; indeed, the conspicuous American military presence in Iran—at one point, forty thousand technicians were there—catalyzed the rebellion and, by highlighting the Shah's dependence on the United States, gave the Islamic Revolution an anti-American cast that it would not otherwise have had. The dramatic appearance of millions of Ayatollah Khomeini's followers in the streets and the collapse of the Iranian military in the face of this phenomenon made an American military intervention to save the Shah impractical.

With the collapse of America's strategy for the Persian Gulf, the Carter Administration sought an opportunity to make a show of strength. It was urged to do so by Saudi Arabia, which relied on the United States for its internal security. The Saudi royal family had been another huge recipient of American arms, and the sheikhs were feeling vulnerable in the wake of the Shah's humiliating departure. A war in Yemen within weeks of the Shah's overthrow provided the occasion for a highly publicized American military-assistance effort. On February 23, 1979, forces of North Yemen and South Yemen—another self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist regime, which has had Cuban advisers since 1973—clashed at the frontier. Military efforts of one sort or another to unify what both sides consider a single country have been going on since the British handed over control of the



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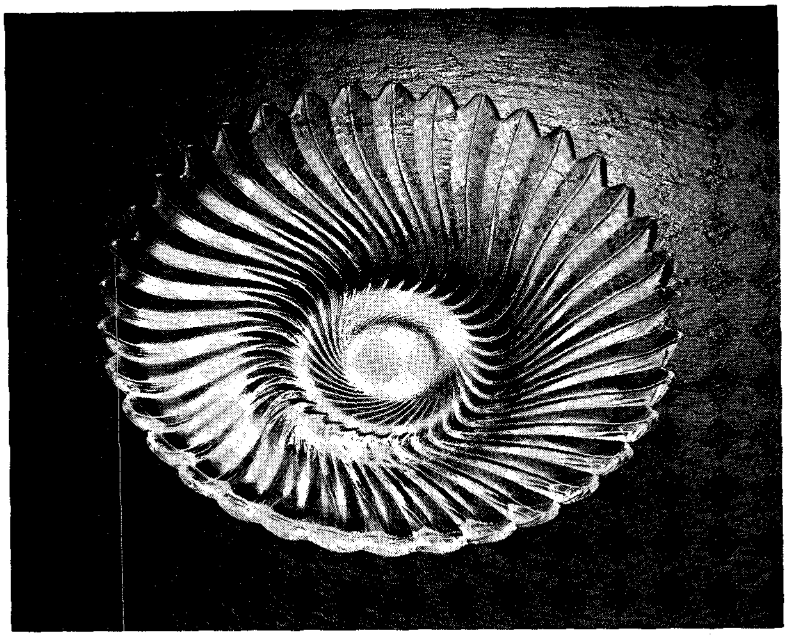
area, in 1967. An uneasy truce imposed by the Arab League had been in force since 1972, but in mid-1978 the situation deteriorated. An emissary from South Yemen to the President of North Yemen left a briefcase containing a bomb with the President, which exploded and killed him. The assassination merely created a power vacuum in North Yemen, but in South Yemen it set off a struggle that brought a faction considered still more pro-Soviet to power. The Saudis provided North Yemen with several hundred million dollars' worth of arms they had bought from the United States, and the Carter Administration agreed to replace the Saudi stockpile. In South Yemen, the strength of the Cuban advisory mission was doubled, to seven hundred. For the Carter Administration, the Cuban advisers and the pro-Russian sympathies of the South Yemenis made the remote internal battle over the political direction of Yemen somehow part of the same regional war that had spread across Angola and Ethiopia.

Within two weeks of the border clashes, the Carter Administration began to ship to North Yemen hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of military equipment. Further shipments sent to Saudi Arabia were intended for North Yemen and included F-5E aircraft, for which, Administration officials admitted, the North Yemenis had no pilots. Dozens of American training personnel and advisers and shipments of spare parts were promised over the next two years. The White House made much of its decision to dispatch this equipment on an emergency basis. It was to be the proving ground for a new tough policy in the "arc of crisis." Richard Burt reported in the *Times* that "Mr. Carter's decision is a departure in his Administration's use of military force. It is said to reflect his interest in showing American concern for the security of the Persian Gulf and the Middle East." A White House official declared, "We've got a brushfire war going on at a time and in a place where a great deal is at stake." As a show of resolve, the Yemeni military-aid program backfired. The regime in North Yemen, which American intelligence estimates had predicted would not last six months, because of domestic opposition, did survive, but by late 1979 it had turned to the Soviet Union for military aid.

A few weeks after the American arms were shipped to the Saudis for transshipment to North Yemen, the



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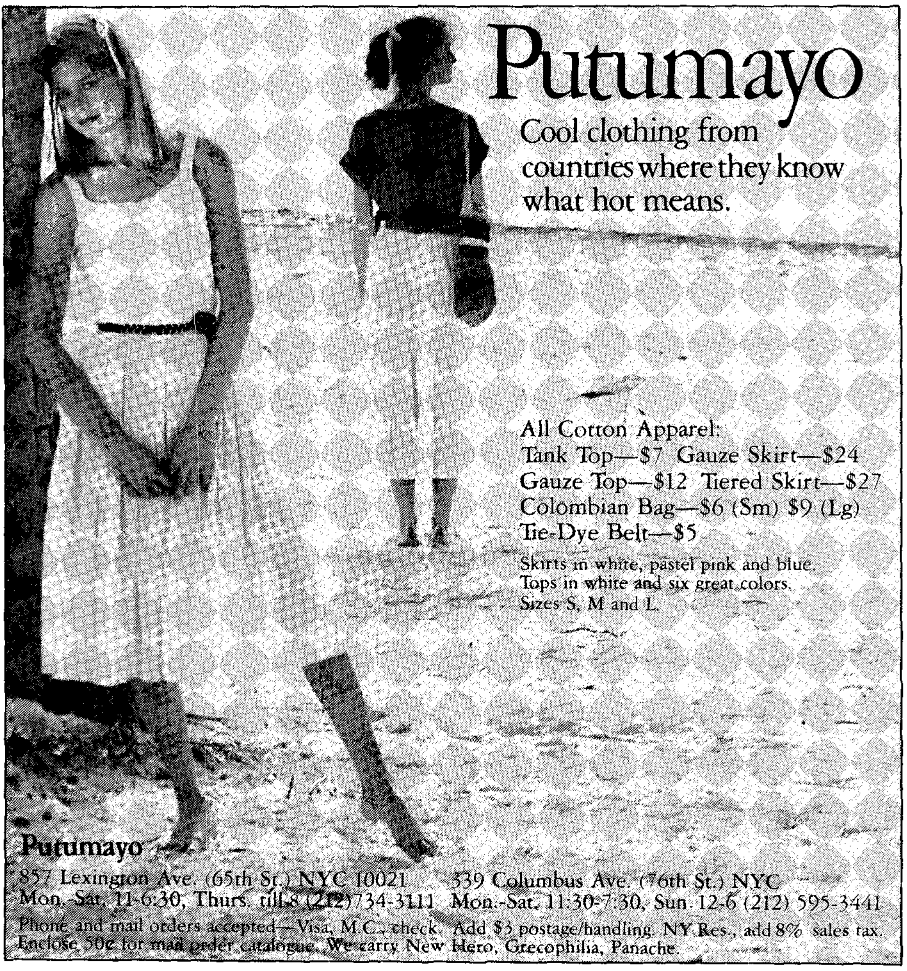

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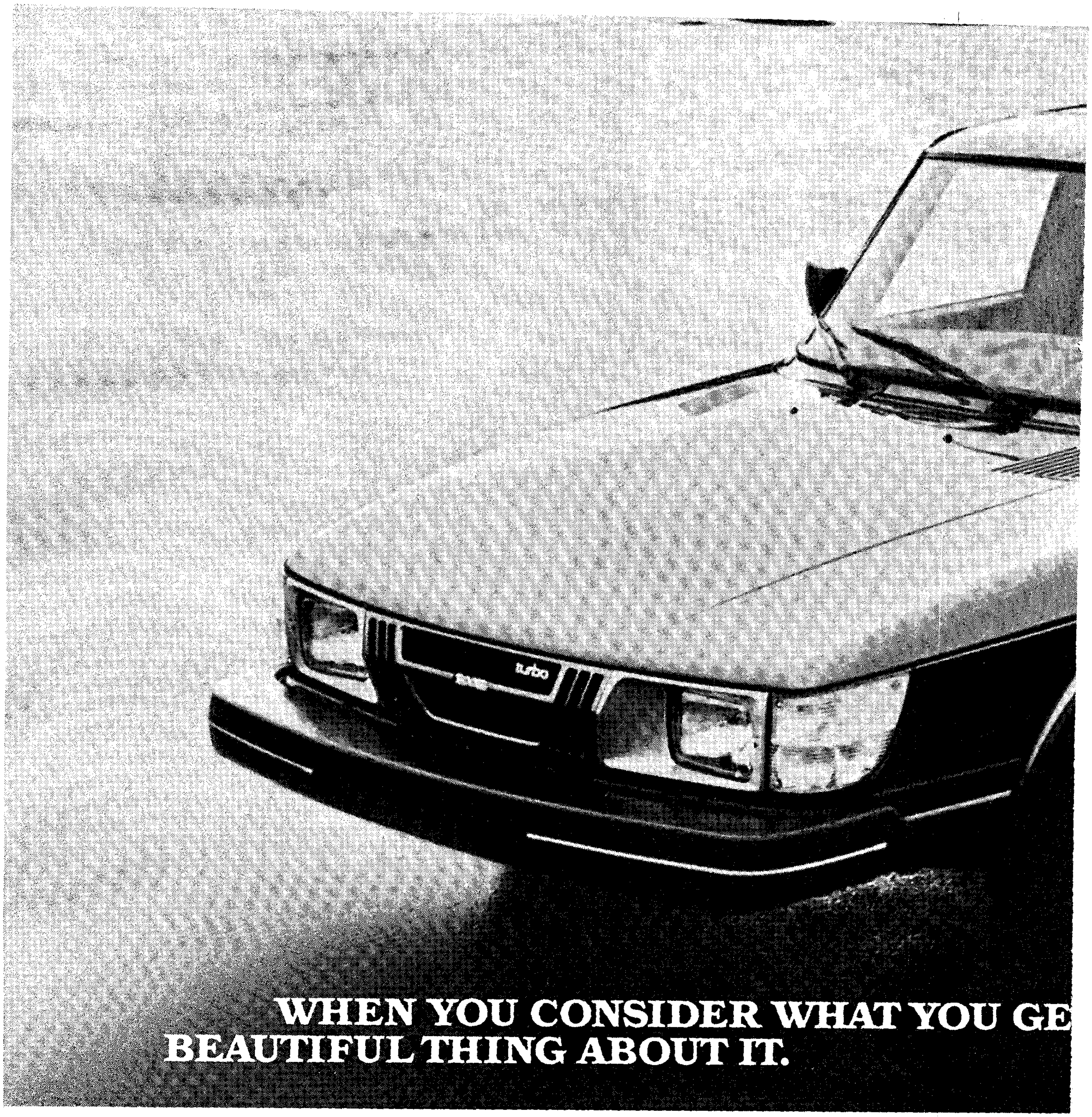

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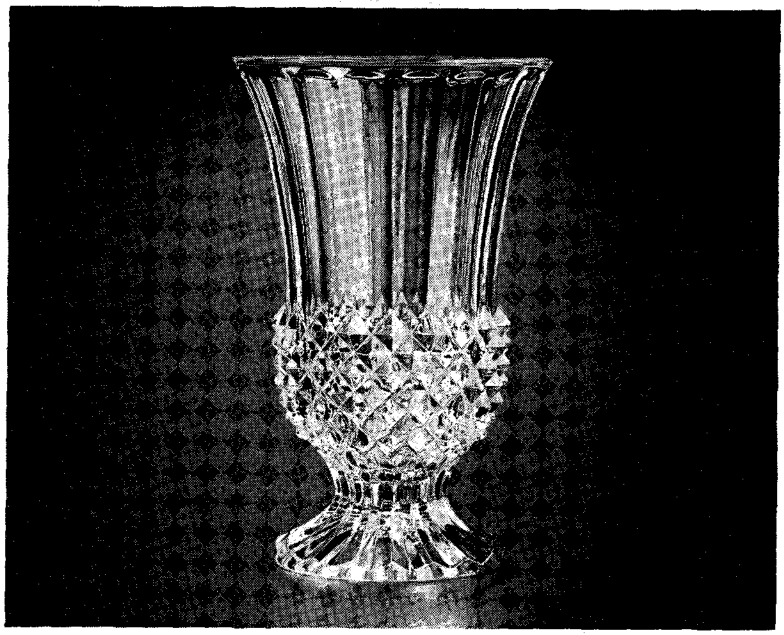

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two Yemeni states suddenly stopped fighting and signed another agreement to proceed toward eventual unification. The Saudis, who feared the prospect of a united Yemen seven and a half million strong (their own population is about five-and-a-half million), then slowed deliveries of the American equipment. It turned out that the North Yemeni Army, which had been accustomed to Russian equipment since the nineteen-sixties, was finding its new American weaponry difficult to use anyway. The traditional Yemeni hostility toward Saudi Arabia—the Saudis annexed three Yemeni provinces in 1934, and are blamed for the assassination of North Yemen's popular President Ibrahim al-Hamidi in 1977—caused North Yemen to look once again to the Russians. And, according to the North Yemeni Prime Minister, the Russians, contrary to their usual practice, proposed military aid with few conditions. By the end of the year, ten MiG-21s, a hundred T-55 tanks, and more than a hundred advisers had arrived in North Yemen.

The Carter Administration took credit for the truce in the war of the Yemens, but the American aid program clearly had a quite different effect from the one intended. President Ali Abdullah Saleh of North Yemen accused both the United States and the Soviet Union of playing a "superpower game" in the region. He was determined—and apparently still is—to balance Saudi-American influence with Soviet aid. (In March of 1980, the Saudis agreed to train the North Yemenis in the use of Soviet weapons if the Russian advisers were phased out.) The American involvement may well have encouraged a settlement as an alternative to an East-West confrontation over Yemen, but the prestige of the United States was hardly advanced by having the new client turn to the Russians for arms within a year of its having been designated a strategic country in dire need of protection from the Soviet threat. By talking about an "arc of crisis" that embraced quite separate national and tribal struggles, each with its own long history, the Administration deceived itself. Neither Africa nor the Middle East is easily fitted into a Cold War mold, and certainly the two cannot be fitted into the same mold. Each region contains some states as radical and some as fiercely anti-Communist as any in the world but, over all, the ideological considerations vie with historic antipathies and geopolitical ri-

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valries that stir ancient passions at a deeper level.

After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the Carter Administration advertised its plans for an increased military presence in the Persian Gulf. It accelerated preparations for a rapid-deployment force—specially trained units for a quick strike into the Persian Gulf or other strategic Third World regions. The Marine Corps, which now has more than a hundred and eighty thousand men, already has such a mission, as does the 82nd Airborne Division—a part of which is on continuous alert and can be flown anywhere in the world within twenty-four hours. Three weeks before the Afghanistan invasion, the Defense Department announced a five-year, nine-billion-dollar program to increase the quick-reaction capabilities of American military forces.

Rapid deployment was not an appealing idea in the Vietnam era; in March of 1967, Senator Richard Russell, then the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said that his committee was "concerned about the psychological effect, both at home and abroad, of being committed to deployment of these huge floating arsenals all over the world." And that "if it is easy for us to go anywhere and do anything, we will always be going somewhere and doing something." The "half war" in Vietnam, as it was designated by Pentagon planners whose aim has traditionally been to keep the United States prepared at all times to fight at least a "war and a half," seemed to be enough. Now the political mood is different. The idea of a rapid-deployment force scarcely arouses controversy, and the Army is making major preparations for desert warfare. Lieutenant General Paul X. Kelley, of the Marine Corps, told the *Wall Street Journal*, late in 1979, that the United States was entering the nineteen-eighties "with a sharper focus on the Third World," and that "we would do well to sharpen that focus before we let the thing slip through our fingers." Another Pentagon official has said, "When you begin looking at the mid-eighties, we aren't talking about barbarians with knives. We're talking about pretty well-armed countries. . . . The problem is that a lot of the crisis regions are right at the Soviet Union's back door, so who moves first is very important."

A few days before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the national-security adviser, was telling visitors, according to the *Times*, that "the nation has finally thrown off aversion to military spending and possible intervention abroad that was the legacy of Vietnam." The article went on, "He attributes the change partly to time and partly to a new perception of Soviet and Cuban 'adventurism' in the Third World. He also feels that this has been reinforced by the situation in Iran, where Americans see their vital interests involved." Senator Gary Hart, agreeing that the public mood had changed, attributed the new willingness to support interventionary forces to the train of events "beginning with the fall of Saigon five years ago [and] leading to the seizure of the hostages in Teheran."

Public frustration about that train of events was understandable. In 1941, Henry Luce had talked confidently of an "American Century," but it had lasted less than forty years. The world was becoming more and more an unmanageable place. The impulse to put one's foot down was powerful, but where to put it without stumbling was by no means clear. None of the crises that had arisen since the fall of Saigon could be attributed to a lack of American military personnel or equipment—and certainly not to a lack of nuclear missiles. Something was happening in the late twentieth century to change the traditional relationship between the capacity to make war and the ability to exercise political power. Even before the advent of nuclear weapons, big wars were theoretically obsolete, as Norman Angell noted, because technology and economics had substantially eradicated the difference between victory and defeat. And now even "brushfire wars," military-aid programs, rescue missions, and other uses of force were becoming more and more counterproductive; that is, it was becoming harder to translate battlefield success into increased stability, increased security, or any other value that the sacrifice of blood and treasure was supposed to achieve. How and where to apply military force without doing excessive damage or taking excessive risks was more and more of a problem. And even when a military or paramilitary intervention did accomplish some short-term objective, it did not produce long-term stability. Gua-

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temala, the scene of an efficient C.I.A.-organized coup against the Arbenz government in 1954, is now on the brink of civil war, and the Reagan Administration is likely to resume military assistance to the generals who seek to maintain control of that country by encouraging and, according to Amnesty International, directing death squads, kidnappings, and torture. Indeed, the political polarization of Central America and the Caribbean is dangerously advanced, and America's options for influencing the outcome, by either political or military means, are considerably reduced.

The prognosis for the rapid-deployment force—with respect to assuring the continued flow of oil, at least—was not encouraging. In a 1978 study entitled "Foreign Energy Sources and Military Power," Major Daniel W. Christman and Major Wesley K. Clark—Army officers who had worked on the staff of the National Security Council and in the office of Management and Budget, respectively—concluded that "the use of force was not a feasible alternative to diplomacy" in the 1973 embargo "and will not be directly useful in similar confrontations in the future." Since twenty-six thousand of the forty-seven thousand Aramco workers in Saudi Arabia are Arabs, the "threat of sabotage would require a continued presence by sizable American forces." Christman and Clark correctly observed that "even the support of the U.S. oil companies affected was highly problematical," and said, "U.S. intervention in one area would have left company assets in another area as hostage." Company interests are in long-term profitability, and since those interests are better served when the company sides with the local regimes than when a temporary force of occupying Marines is sent in, the political foundations for successful gunboat diplomacy are missing. "U.S. military force will be ineffective in coercing petroleum-producing states to respond to America's wishes," they concluded. A 1979 Congressional Research Service study by John M. Collins, a senior specialist on national defense, and Clyde R. Mark, an analyst in Middle Eastern affairs, came to the same general conclusions.

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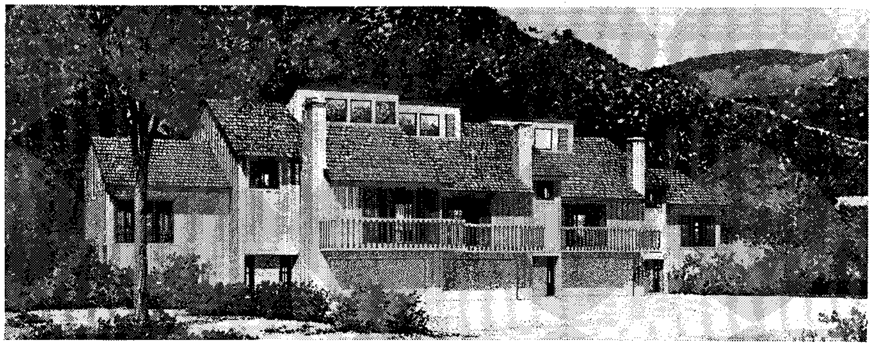

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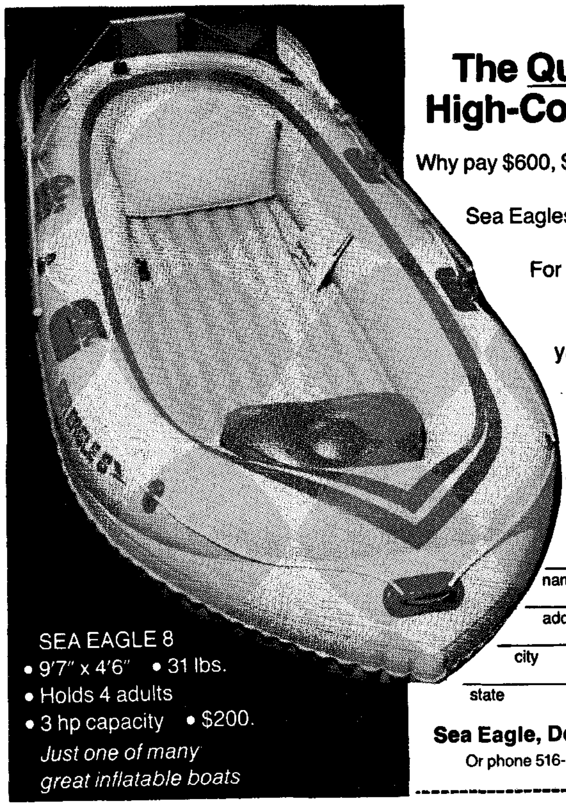

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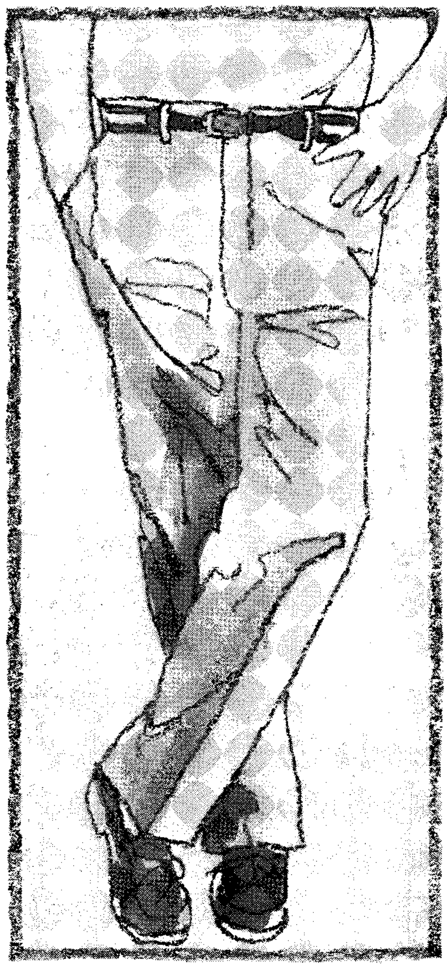

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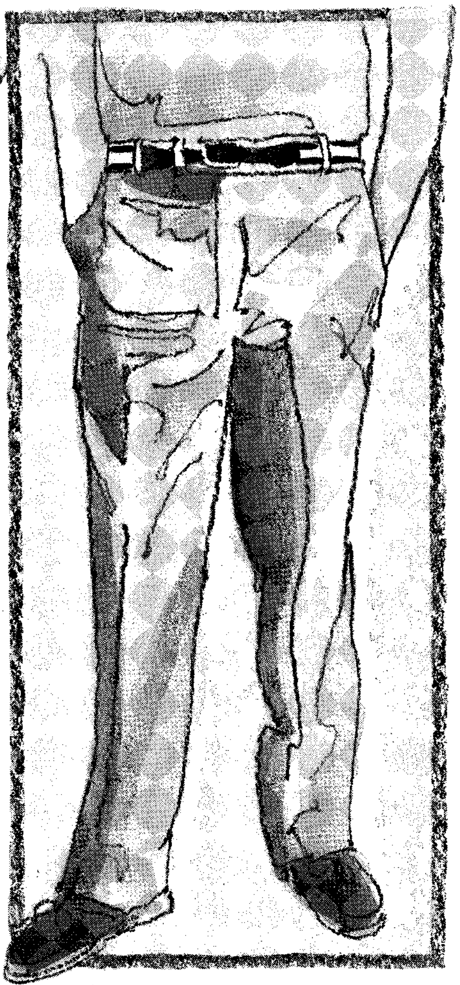

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accomplish less with military might than it could in the past. The failure of the Iranian rescue mission dramatized the misfit between the structure of American military forces and the political and economic forces that they are supposed to tame. (The mission was a success only in relieving the Carter Administration of domestic political pressure for a time.) According to the official Pentagon investigation of the mission, the extraordinary secrecy that was required interfered with coördinated planning. If so, that was a problem inherent in the operation, and thus one not likely to be overcome. Even if the rescue mission had succeeded, more American lives would have been imperilled than could have been saved. The Iranians could have made hostages of or summarily executed the more than two hundred Americans then living in Teheran. This was one of the key points—and the necessity of misleading allies to preserve secrecy was another—that convinced Cyrus Vance that the mission was so ill-conceived he could not remain as Secretary of State.

The Reagan Administration, eager to prove that military force is indeed useful, has made El Salvador the test case of its new policy. Branding a domestic insurgency as "international terrorism," because of the intermittent flow of arms to the guerrillas from Nicaragua and Cuba, the Administration seeks to present the political and economic crisis in that wretched country as a military problem susceptible of a military solution. The efforts to build public support for the dispatch of Green Berets, military advisers, technicians, and substantial military equipment to El Salvador, both within the United States and among the principal American allies, are designed to show that political constraints on the use of interventionary forces—the Vietnam syndrome—no longer apply.

After the Afghanistan invasion, Secretary of Defense Brown declared that the Soviets were "an aging revolutionary movement" tempted to use force to offset a declining economy, a waning ideological appeal, internal stresses, and a growing appetite for imported oil. There is evidence, he said, that the Russians "intend to use their seven airborne divisions . . . as a major instrument for possible military operations beyond their borders."

Perhaps so. One persistent form of "mirror-imaging" goes on in both Washington and Moscow, and that is a common view of the adversary. Each

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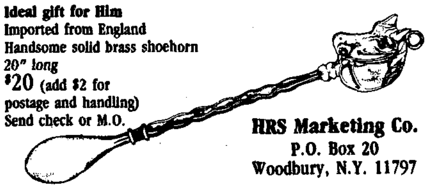

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FOR STYLE FOLDER, WRITE BALLY INC., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022 sees the other as a failed system whose world power must be kept alive by its military might. Despite all the social and economic problems besetting both capitalist and Communist nations, this ideological view is probably exaggerated, since it encourages each to underestimate the strength and stability of the other and to overemphasize the importance of the military competition in their relationship. It is true, however, that in recent years the Soviet Union has acquired military forces for countering American interventions and for conducting interventions of their own. They are, as a recent review of the Soviet use of force by Stephen Kaplan, a former research associate at the Brookings Institution, puts it, still cautious about resorting to military action, but less so than in the past. Senator Richard Russell's logic applies also to the Russians: if the Soviets invest heavily in military forces that can go places and do things, this is exactly what they are likely to do.

But, clearly, the Russians also face constraints on the use of military power. If they should throw their traditional caution to the winds and step up the pace of military intervention abroad, it will not be because of the great political successes they have scored with military power in the postwar world. True, the extension of the traditional Russian empire into Eastern Europe in the final year of the Second World War was accomplished entirely with military power, but the efforts to keep it with an occupation force have involved enormous costs. Soviet leaders have made it clear—in East Germany in 1953, in Hungary in 1956, in Czechoslovakia in 1968—that they are prepared to pay those costs rather than lose the protective belt of "socialist" states in Eastern Europe. Still, all these interventions led directly to a loss of power and prestige. They split the world Communist movement, exacerbating Russia's "loss" of China, giving rise to mild criticism of the Soviet Union by Communist Parties in Western Europe, and irreparably damaging the appeal of Soviet ideology both inside the Soviet Union and in the Third World. The harsh acts of repression dramatized Soviet political and ideological weakness. As a consequence, the Soviet Union is today more politically isolated than at any time since the end of the Second World War.

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THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

(Some advice on dressing well gleaned largely from Strunk and White)

IT'S easy to say what style is not. It is not, for example, fashion. (See Rule 1, below.) But when a friend asked us, the other day, to say what it is, the only answer we felt sure of was: our bread and butter. Perhaps because that answer was true, our inability to define the word rankled. So at last, prompted by some half-remembered sentences, we reached for our copy of The Elements of Style.*

This useful little book, as anyone who took Freshman English within the last twenty years probably knows, was written by William Strunk, Jr., and revised by E.B. White. Mr. White also added the final chapter, and it was there we found him describing style as "what is distinguished and distinguishing." That seemed a dandy definition to us. It certainly described what we look for in clothes. It also sent us hunting through the pages for other remarks which, perhaps with the change of a word or two, might shed as much light upon style in dress as they did upon style in writing. We found them. And you can find them below, together with some remarks of our own. Most of them are merely observations or reminders, but we phrased them as rules to preserve the book's flavor. Should the reader wish to know which rules are whose, we suggest he reach for his own copy of the little book.

RULE 1. Don't confuse style with fashion.

To recognize the difference, consider the Nehru jacket. When it came into fashion here, the men who wore it were all, presumably, fashionable. But it rarely conferred much style.

RULE 2. Don't confuse style with substance.

A coat that is cashmere on the hanger continues to be cashmere when it's worn. But style may appear or disappear with the wearer: when Nehru wore it, the Nehru jacket had style.

RULE 3. Don't imagine that time governs style.

Time only governs fashion. If you doubt this, look at some old portraits. Unless you are familiar with the period, you won't know if the subject's clothes are in fashion. But you will know at once if they had style.

RULE 4. Choose some clothes that are not in fashion.

Clothes that are in fashion one year are often out the next. But clothes that are too distinctive merely to echo current dictates, provided they are not so different as to be eccentric, often anticipate fashion or remain independent of it. And, if well suited to the wearer, they will go on being distinguished and distinguishing year after year.

RULE 5. Avoid tame, colorless, hesitating, noncommittal clothes.

They may seem to offer safety by promising to say nothing about the wearer. But, by being anonymous, they say that he is timid, indecisive, and without a sense of style.

RULE 6. Avoid the pretentious, the exaggerated, the coy, and the cute.

Those first two words are tricky. Kings may wear ermine without offense. And there are men who can carry off a scarlet-lined opera cape or a ten-gallon hat. But if wearing such things makes you feel as though you are showing off or masquerading, don't. As to the coy and cute, we feel queasy when we see an adult male in love beads.

RULE 7. Be sparing of the tried and true.

Good serviceable clothes, like good serviceable words and phrases, become dull and ineffectual when used too often in the same way. A few familiar classics may give a friendly ease to your wardrobe. But a wardrobe built entirely of classics is as tiresome as a vocabulary of clichés.

RULE 8. Remember that style is an increment in dress.

When we speak of a writer's style, we don't just mean his command of the relative pronoun. When we say a man dresses with style, we don't just mean we like the cut of his shirts.

RULE 9. Never sacrifice comfort to style.

The result is always self-defeating. Clothes that make you fidget can not be worn with style. If the coat pinches at the waist or the armhole, or rides up at the back of the neck, don't buy it. Or have it remedied. (We have a large staff of fitters to make sure the clothes we sell fit as they should.)

RULE 10. Dress in a way that comes naturally.

But don't be afraid to experiment: even Fred Astaire probably felt uneasy the first time he put on tails. Every well-dressed man, by the way he dresses, reveals something of his spirit, his habits, his capacities, his bias. So choose the clothes you are drawn to naturally. You will wear them better, and more often, than those you talk yourself into because they seem practical or look well on somebody else. But you may not find them in our store.

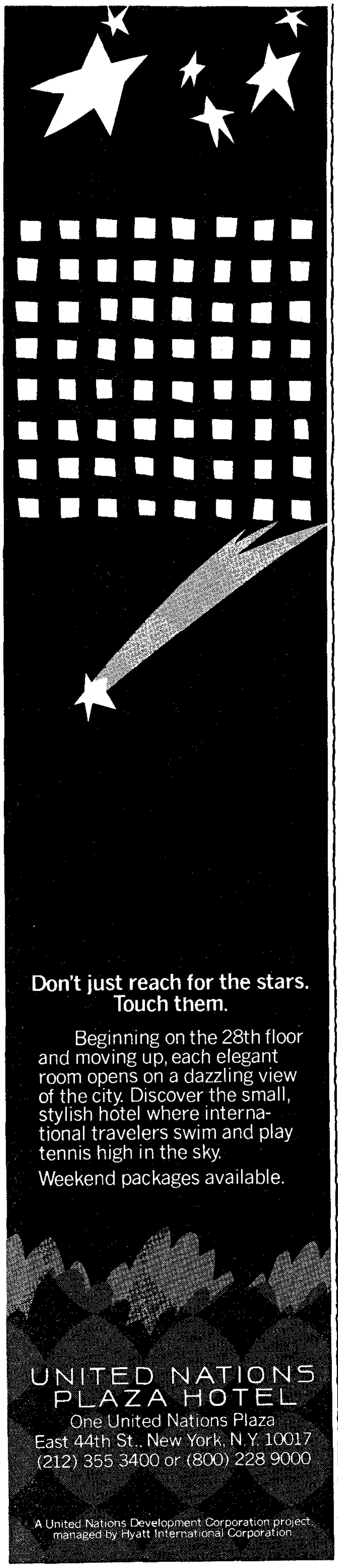
The clothes we carry reflect our spirit, our bias, our temperament. We collect them, just as we collect clothes for ourselves. If we find six sweaters of some wonderful kind, we'll buy them, even though six are all there are.

That sort of thing can make shopping in our store something of a treasure hunt. But it also means we can make no pretense of being able to dress every stylish man. To wear our clothes, Anthony Eden would have had to unbend a bit, Charles de Gaulle to lose some of his starch, and we doubt that we could ever have outfitted Adolph Menjou at all.

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, 10017

**The Elements of Style,* Third Ed., by William Strunk, Jr. and E. B. White, Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc. 1979



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calculation. Afghanistan, the classic "Finlandized" country, had been a feudal monarchy that defined its foreign policy as not displeasing the Russians. From all indications, having a stable reactionary government on its borders suited the Soviet government. But a coup in 1978 carried out by a group of self-styled Marxist army and air force officers brought to power in Kabul a Marxist civilian government that looked to the Soviets for closer ties. The Kremlin invoked the Brezhnev Doctrine—a position originally taken at the time of Dubcek's reformist government in Czechoslovakia—that once a country was initiated into the socialist camp the Soviet Union would not permit it to leave. Afghanistan, one of the most traditional, Islamic, and anti-Communist countries in the world, fiercely resisted the "revolution." The clumsy, brutal tactics of the regime in the pursuit of such policies as land reform and increased freedom for women aroused the whole country to arms. The Soviets moved in to prevent the establishment of an anti-Soviet state on the borders of its own Islamic provinces. The consequences for United States-Soviet relations were no doubt underestimated.

In a limited sense, Afghanistan has already become "Russia's Vietnam." With a large military force and the employment of harsh tactics against villages, the Soviets manage to maintain shaky control of the capital and the principal highways—during the day. The resistance is waning, but it is by no means crushed. Even without substantial outside suppliers, fighting continues at a level sufficient to keep international attention periodically focussed on the struggle. Soviet casualties are mounting, and extrication is difficult. If the troops leave without a compromise political settlement, an anti-Soviet regime will take power. If they stay, a debilitating war goes on. The Soviets are playing a political role reminiscent of the United States role in Vietnam, where American advisers consistently pressured the Saigon regime to broaden its support by becoming more liberal. In Afghanistan, the Soviets are telling the government to become more conservative, to make peace with the trading class, and in general to be more gentle with the people.

Buying influence with arms has been at least as bad a bargain for the Russians as for the Americans. Indeed, major recipients of military aid have become major antagonists. China,

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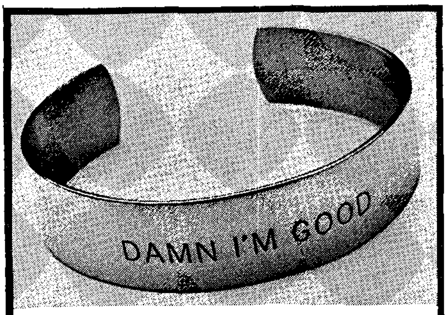

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The New York Times

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1980

Restaurants

Moira Hodgson

Elegant, high-quality new steak house.

The Post House

★★

28 East 63d Street between Madison and Park Avenue. 935-2888.
Atmosphere: Relaxing, attractive large and bright dining room, rust-colored tiles, wooden columns and tables set far apart. Friendly and professional service.
Recommended dishes: Crabmeat and lobster cocktails, asparagus, artichoke, prosciutto with melon, steaks, lamb chops, lobster, fried zucchini, cottage fries, pignoli cake, cheese cake.
Price Range: Appetizers $3.50 to $8.75, main courses $8.50 to $17.75, desserts $2.50 to $6.50
Credit Cards: All major cards
Hours: Monday to Friday noon to 11 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 5:30 P.M. to midnight.
Reservations: Recommended.
What the stars mean:

(None)	Poor to fair
★	Good
★★	Very good
★★★	Excellent
★★★★	Extraordinary

These ratings are based on the reviewer's reaction to food and price in relation to comparable establishments.

THE POST HOUSE, a new steak house on 63d and Madison Avenue, is more refined and less like a men's club than other restaurants of this type. This unpretentious yet elegant restaurant offers high quality, straightforward food in a thoroughly pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. Meat and seafood are skillfully prepared, vegetables fresh and properly cooked. Service is efficient, friendly and professional. Reservations are accepted so that there are no long waits at the bar.

The large, formal dining room is brightly lit and divided into alcoves by wooden pillars. It is spacious and attractive, with a rim of black, white and rust-colored diamond-patterned tiles around the walls, reddish-brown banquettes and white tablecloths. The tables are arranged so that there is no sense of being crowded. The main room is dominated by a splendid 1890's portrait of a half-draped nude with a bold French face — the sort of painting that would have caused a scandal in its day had it been hung in a restaurant. Seating arrangements in the back part of the inner-alcove are awkward, however. The banquettes are too high and people sitting on the outside chairs feel like lower orders dining with royalty.

This is not the fare of Puritan austerity. The proportions are enormous. Even the menu is large in size, with the names of the dishes swirled across it with a paint brush in bright oranges, blues, purples and greens. The choices are the same at lunch and dinner with prices identical, at expense-account level, although there are generally a couple of lower priced specials chalked on a small blackboard.

Napkin-covered baskets of fresh bread, raisin rolls, dark bread. French rolls and breadsticks are placed on the table, with small bowls of fresh, unsalted butter.

There is a choice of seven appetizers, including stone crabs in season. The only disappointment was that all too depressingly familiar shrimp cocktail — large, watery, tasteless, overcooked and overpriced shrimp. The delicious cold lobster and crabmeat cocktails were moist and snowy, served in copious portions and tasting as though they had been caught minutes before. Carrot soup was delicate, fragrant and smooth, laced with finely chopped pieces of carrot. Prosciutto was rosy and moist and served with pieces of ripe melon. The two vegetable appetizers were excellent, asparagus firm and bright green, and fleshy artichoke served with a well-seasoned vinaigrette dressing laced with mustard or a smooth lemony Hollandaise.

The kitchen is unstinting in the quality of its steaks, chops and hamburgers, which are served in gargantuan portions, and seared so that the flesh inside is tender, juicy and succulent. The most inexpensive main course on the menu is the chopped steak at $8.50, enough for two and made with the best ground beef. Steaks were well charred and moist, cooked as ordered. Particularly recommended is the thick filet mignon with a tart Béarnaise sauce and the lamb chops, three inches thick and pink inside. Liver was less successful, fresh and full of flavor, but negotiations had to be made around gristle. Also not up to the high standard set by the steaks and chops was the lemon pepper chicken, which was a little too dry.

Vegetables were praiseworthy: broccoli came sparkling green and crunchy, zucchini was cut into strips and fried and was one of the best we have ever tasted. The onion rings were also memorable, freshly made and sizzling. The de Gaulle-sized French fries, cut in huge long hunks with skins on, were the only letdown, stale on one tasting, undercooked on another, but the cottage fries were crisp and thin as potato chips.

During dinner a 10-pound live lobster that looked like a monster out of a horror film was carted over by several waiters for approval from diners at the adjacent table. Even the murderous steak knives provided by the Post House would have been futile had it chosen to attack. Moments later it reappeared, red, and split, its flesh pure white with two thick streaks of coral and green up the side of the carapace. Price: $100. A modest 4-pounder at $40 was ordered and arrived sweet and tender, served with a bowl of melted butter. Other seafood dishes were mixed in quality. Tiny bay scallops, broiled and crunchy, came with a sauce tartare that lacked bite. Broiled red snapper was fresh but a trifle overdone.

Desserts were agreeable on the whole. Two in particular, the pignoli cake coated with rum, filled with a rich custard and studded with pignoli nuts, and the melting, creamy cheesecake are among the best in New York. The chocolate cake was very light and filled with chocolate cream. Raspberry tart, enough for two, came in a circle of chewy puff pastry with fresh raspberries inside. The combination didn't work. It tasted as though the shell had been sitting in the refrigerator and the raspberries added just before the dish was brought to the table. An unexciting fruit salad was made up of two kinds of unripe melon, pineapple and slices of strawberries.

The wine list is short and focuses on fine 1970 Bordeaux at prices that are high but not excessively marked up. The other reds are Cabernet Sauvignons, of which Daniele Lake Country at $11 and Freemark Abbey at $26 are recommended. In white, Mondavi Fumé Blanc, $15, was smoky and buttery and much more interesting than Sterling Sauvignon Blanc at the same price.

The menu is á la carte. Appetizers run $3.50 to $8.75, main courses $8.50 to $17.75 and desserts $3 to $3.75.

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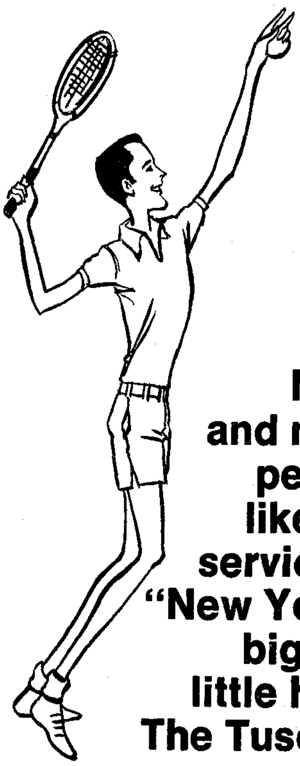

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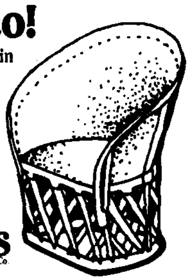

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whose revolution Stalin aided—though not enthusiastically enough to suit Mao—now has nuclear rockets aimed at Soviet cities. Over seven years, the Soviet Union delivered a billion three hundred and forty million dollars' worth of military aid to Indonesia, but in 1965 an anti-Communist military dictatorship massacred the cadres of the Indonesian Communist Party, along with hundreds of thousands of other people. Egypt received billions of dollars in Soviet aid, and at one time twenty thousand Russian military technicians were working in the country. They were expelled in 1972, the debt was repudiated, and President Anwar Sadat's policy became expressly anti-Soviet. Iraq, after years of dependence on the Russians for arms, has recently cooled toward the Soviet Union. A billion dollars in military aid and a thousand military advisers sent to Somalia counted for nothing once the Russians had decided to back Somalia's enemy, Ethiopia, by sending arms to be used against Somalian-backed forces in the Ogaden. The Somalis threw the Russians out and have since offered the Soviet-built base at Berbera to the Americans. Even countries such as Angola and Mozambique, which are self-described Marxist-Leninist nations and have received crucial Soviet aid in their liberation struggles, zealously guard their independence of the Soviet Union. In Angola, despite the continued UNITA effort to unseat the government—an effort supported by South Africa—and the continued dependence on Soviet military aid, the government rejected Soviet plans to establish deep-water naval facilities at Lobito and Luanda. Mozambique has also refused Soviet requests for bases.

In one African country after another—Guinea, Algeria, Mali, the Sudan—the Soviet Union sought and failed to buy reliable clients with military aid and advisers. In every one of those countries, Soviet influence has declined. In the war years from 1965 to 1975, the Soviet Union shipped North Vietnam aid worth about a billion dollars a year; today, almost three million dollars' worth of military and economic aid arrives every day. The Hanoi regime, which before 1965 was more closely aligned with China than with Russia, is now increasingly dependent on the Soviet Union. Pham Van Dong, the Vietnamese Premier, had wanted to pursue a "five-sided diplomacy" once the war came to an end—Vietnam interacting with

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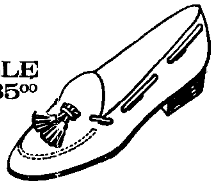

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China, the Soviet Union, the United States, and the Third World. He hoped that his country would derive half its aid from the West, and so reduce its dependence on the Russians. By the fall of 1976, Hanoi had assumed Vietnam's long-standing memberships in the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the Asian Development Bank—all Western capitalist institutions—and indicated an interest in improving relations with the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (which had been branded an "imperialist creation" by the Soviet Union). At about the same time, it declined an invitation to become a member of the Soviet-dominated Council of Mutual Economic Assistance, or COMECON. Because the United States refused to grant Vietnam reconstruction aid, however, talks aimed at the normalization of relations broke down. In this situation, Soviet leverage increased, and in June of 1978 Vietnam joined COMECON and a few months later signed a treaty of friendship and coöperation with the Soviet Union. The Russians are being given the use of the huge American-built base at Cam Ranh Bay, just as the United States is being given the use of the old Soviet base at Berbera. But if Vietnam's history is any indication the recently reunified nation is too nationalistic and jealous of its independence to be a pliable client. Meanwhile, like Cuba, it continues to drain the Soviet treasury.

China carried out a seventeen-day war against Vietnam, beginning on February 17, 1979, to "teach Vietnam a lesson." The Chinese forces successfully destroyed practically all economic, political, and military facilities within about twenty kilometres of the frontier before they withdrew. They thus damaged Vietnam's efforts to recover from the thirty-five years of war, but the economic cost to China was severe. Robert W. Barnett, a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs, estimates that the war cost several billion dollars and set China's military-modernization program back at least a year. Whether the purpose was to destroy the myth of Vietnamese invincibility, as Deputy Premier Deng Xiaoping said, or to discourage Hanoi's closer relations with Moscow it did not succeed. The Vietnamese have not reduced their efforts to control Cambodia. The principal lesson that the Chinese may have taught Vietnam, and the world, is that a huge Asian power can no more ef-

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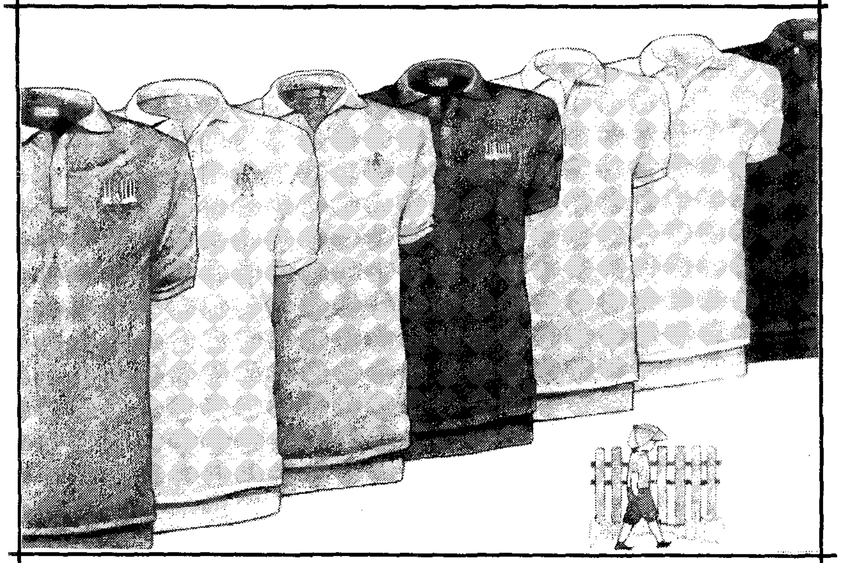

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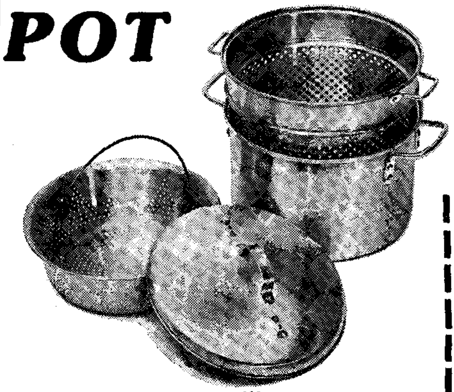

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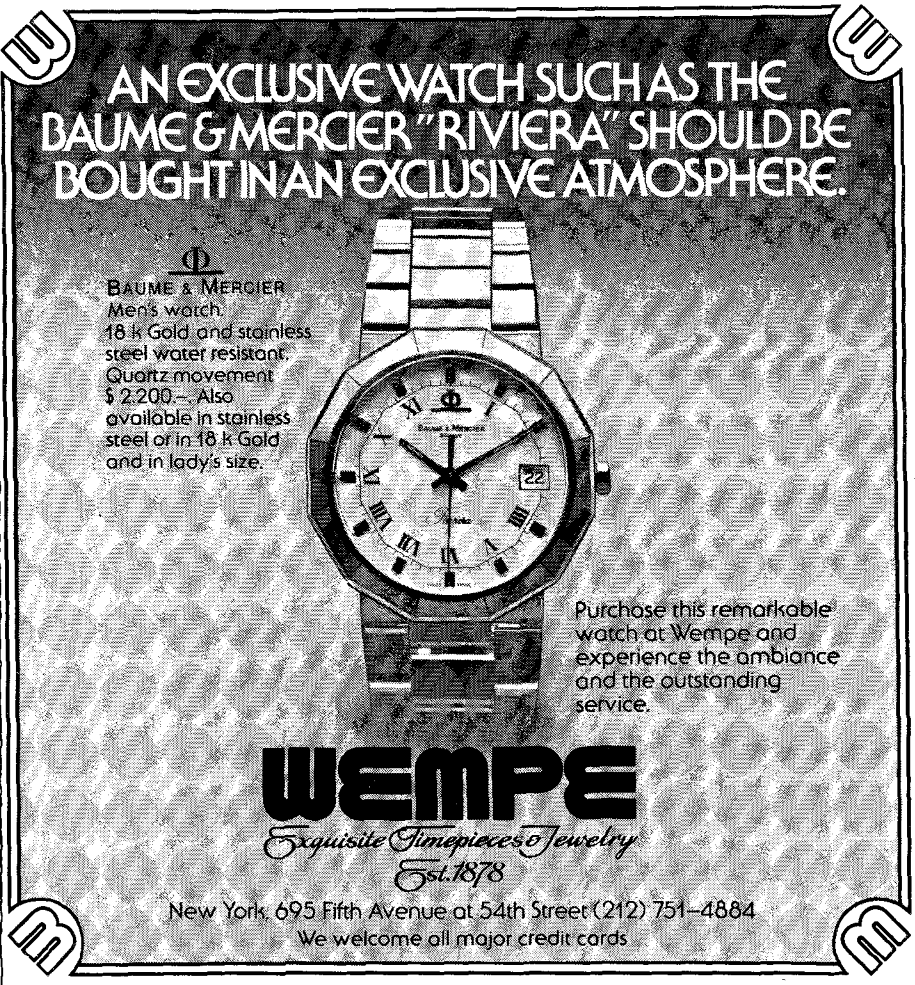
fectively control Vietnam with military might than the two Western powers that tried and failed over thirty-five years.

Perhaps the most successful use of military force by an industrial nation in the past five years has been France's African operation. The French successfully transported Moroccan troops to secure Shaba, in Zaire, in 1977; won a decisive battle against Muslim forces from the north in Chad the next year; saved the Mobutu regime with another intervention in Shaba; played a key role in the overthrow of the brutal regime in the Central African Empire; and were involved with some success in a war involving three of its allies in the western Sahara—Algeria, Morocco, and Mauritania. France has been seeking to use military aid to stabilize the region and to preserve access to vital resources. Because its operations, being on a smaller scale, have been less visible than those of the United States and the Soviet Union, and have been less costly, they appear to have been more effective. (Not one of the conflicts in which France has intervened in the last five years, however, is finally settled.) The biggest gainer of all from the use of violence in the last five years, it seems, has been the Palestine Liberation Organization, which has successfully employed terrorism to make the world take note of the Palestine problem. It may well be that in the contemporary world the smaller and less established a brandisher of bombs is, the more advantage it can derive from its use of force.

THE real debate over national security in the United States is between those who believe that the nation has insufficient military power to create a world hospitable to American goods, American values, and the servicing of American needs and those who believe that the objective cannot be achieved with any quantity of military power but, if it is to be achieved, must be achieved in other ways. It is obvious that the world is dangerous, unsettled, violent, and maddeningly unpredictable. The taking of our people as hostages, the gratuitous insults to us in the United Nations, the monumental ingratitude of some of our petty clients, and the heavy-handed, often puzzling behavior of the Soviet Union all foster an impulse to reach for the gun. Yet when we do reach for the gun the threat does not seem to work the way it used to. Is this because something has happened to the American spirit, as the advocates of "get tough" policies insist, or is it because the world has changed?

When Albert Einstein observed, at the dawn of the nuclear age, that "the unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking," he was identifying only one of the revolutionary factors of contemporary life which have transformed politics. At least three others have contributed to the change in the relationship between force and power. The first is the transformation over the last two generations of billions of people who were previously objects rather than subjects of international politics. With the collapse of the old colonial empires and the creation of scores of new nations, it is no longer possible for the fate of people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America to be settled in a few chancelleries of Europe. International politics, which was once a drawing-room drama, has become an extravaganza with a cast of thousands—not just the new nations but dissident groups and terrorist organizations that also have the power to make their presence felt. The rules for using violence have been changing—not the treaties regulating the use of force but the unspoken dictates that actually guide political leaders. On to center stage have come ancient religious and tribal rivalries that make it exceedingly difficult for the most powerful nations to organize global battle lines. Thus, arming Pakistan to fight the Russians in Afghanistan—a plausible, if dangerous, Cold War strategy—must be ruled out, because the Pakistanis and the Afghans cannot agree on their border in a region whose allegiance has long been a source of contention. In the Middle East, Saudi Arabia, like Iran, cannot be an effective surrogate wielder of military power, because of old scores in the region which have not yet been settled. When these ancient tensions and rivalries did not matter (because the people who cared passionately about them had no international visibility), it was fairly easy for the great powers, in their rivalries with one another, to ignore local conflicts—or, indeed, to exploit them.

In the early postwar years, when the decolonization process had just got under way, it was a relatively simple matter to organize the American security system on the principle of anti-Communism. Despite the precipitous decline in the appeal of Commu-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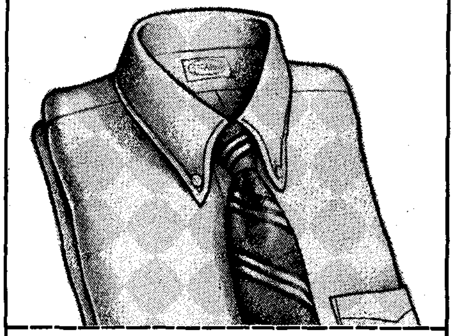

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nism over the last twenty years—or perhaps because of it—an international security system based on anti-Communism is unrealizable. For most people in the world, the writings of Marx and Lenin, the virtues and deficiencies of the Soviet central-planning system, and the betrayed dreams of a classless society are not the issues that define reality. Hitlerism was an easy target, because there was only one Hitler and he gave every evidence of being a mad conqueror who had to be stopped. But in the past five years some of the bloodiest wars have been *between nations calling themselves* Communist—between Cambodia and Vietnam, between Vietnam and China—and some observers believe that the most likely spark for a world war is renewed fighting between the Soviet Union and China.

The enormous complexity of the contemporary world makes a simple security strategy obsolete. Violence, as Hannah Arendt put it in her extraordinary study "On Revolution," is politically effective only to the extent that its use is thought of as legitimate. Indeed, when it is seen as legitimate it does not need to be used much. And, as Britain found in India, once opposition grows to the point at which a colonial power must fight a war instead of conducting a low-level police operation, the use of violence becomes illegitimate and ultimately ineffective. Modern war achieves its political purpose through its psychological impact. *Schrecklichkeit,* as the early German theorists of modern warfare called it, creates the power to regulate the political behavior of masses of people by intimidating their leaders. For the strategy to work, there must be effective command and control; that is, the leaders who are to be intimidated must have the ability to surrender docile populations to the conqueror. The present situation in Iran is but an extreme case of a more general condition—the inability of political leaders, even under severe threat, to control popular passions or to pacify their own territory. In such a situation, the use of force from outside is ineffective for achieving political purposes. In international relations, it may still be legitimate to "punish" an adversary but not to "punish" leaderless crowds.

A second revolution has occurred in military technology. The spread of nuclear weapons is an accomplished fact. As early as 1975, the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency estimated that there

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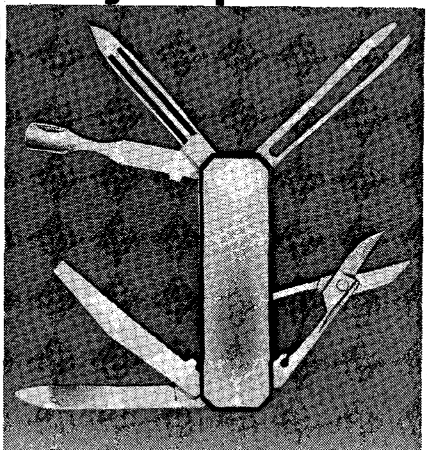

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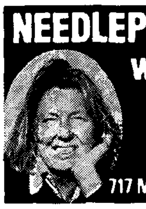

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would be enough weapons-grade nuclear material moving about the planet in 1985 to make twenty thousand nuclear weapons of the class that destroyed Hiroshima. South Africa and Israel—each a nation that will be involved in a potential life-and-death struggle over the next two decades—are presumed by many intelligence agencies to have nuclear weapons already. We now live in what the military historian Harvey A. DeWeerd calls a "Balkanized world"—a world of small, poor, but overmilitarized states struggling for power. It is, he says, an "unmanageable" world, and a dangerous one for the United States, because a local conventional war can suck in the great powers. Emphasizing the familiar point that the generals are always preparing for the last war that was fought, DeWeerd notes that future wars are not likely to be either replays of the Second World War in Europe, to which most of our conventional forces are now addressed, or military expeditions in the desert. They will be small wars, and the belligerents will be exceedingly hard for outside powers to control. Modern weapons of all sorts are now readily available on the international market. Since the Second World War, the United States itself has sold, lent, or given away more than a hundred billion dollars' worth of armaments. Of the fifty largest American industrial companies, thirty-two make or export arms.

The purpose of arms shipments has been, as former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger put it in 1975, "to maintain influence." In defending huge arms shipments to the Shah of Iran and other Persian Gulf leaders, he declared, "The degree of influence of the supplier is potentially substantial, and, typically, those relationships are enduring." But the spread of military technology has had exactly the opposite effect. Instead of making the recipients dependent, it has turned out to be something of an equalizer. Poor, weak countries, though they may be hopelessly in debt and have populations that are starving, can and do conduct formidable military operations against their neighbors, and even against their own people. There is little that the great powers can do about this. Recent advances in military technology mean that bigger is not necessarily safer. The cruiser and the aircraft carrier—the modern vehicles for international swaggering—are vulnerable to shore-launched missiles

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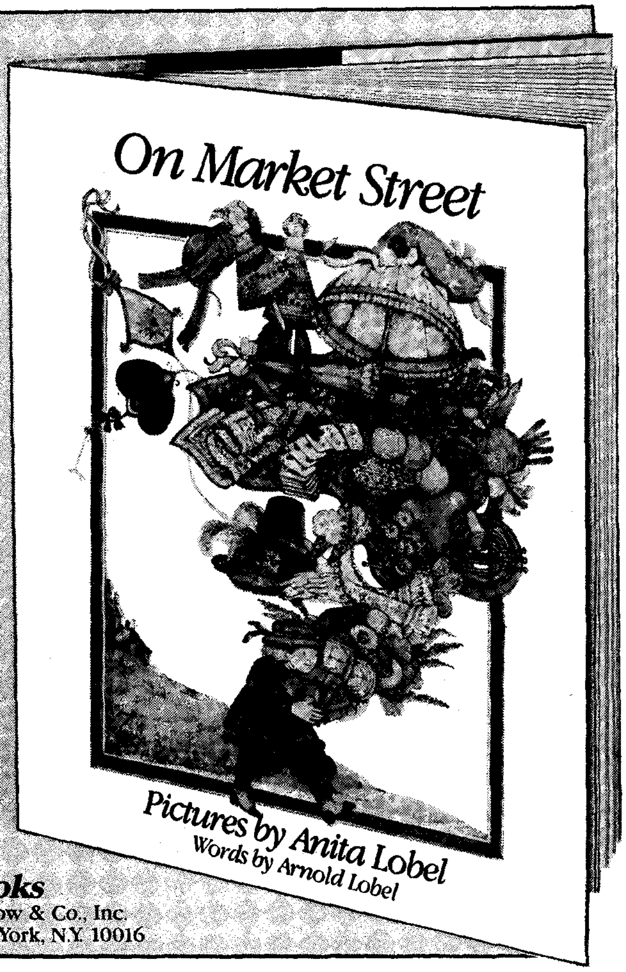

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of the sort that many Third World countries now have. The first thirty years of the postwar era were remarkably stable, largely because the United States had something approaching a monopoly of military power. It had most of the world's nuclear weapons, and it had the only fighting force that could be dispatched to distant corners of the globe. Today, in part because of the Soviet buildup, in part because of a worldwide arms buildup (to which the United States has been by far the largest contributor), the world is much less amenable to being managed by American military power. This reality is reflected in the schizophrenic reaction of certain Persian Gulf states, which privately urge the United States to take a tougher military role in their area but refuse to allow the United States to have a base on their territory. In Saudi Arabia, for example, the royal family knows that a base would arouse political opposition, domestic and foreign, and could not save their regime. The Reagan Administration, determined to have a presence in the Middle East, is proposing a string of military bases—in the Egyptian port of Ras Banas; on the island of Masirah, off Oman; at Mombasa, in Kenya; at Berbera, in Somalia; and on the island of Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean. How these bases would help stabilize this highly volatile area has not been explained.

The third transformation in the relationship between force and power has come about because of an upsurge in the cost of military might. As weapons have become more complex, they have become more expensive. They require esoteric metals and esoteric skills to produce. The nature of warfare itself and the development of democratic consciousness have combined to drive up manpower costs astronomically. In an all-out war to save their country from attack, men can be drafted and paid twenty-one dollars a month, as they were in 1940. In a war for more obscure goals, soldiers expect to be better paid—especially if the war appears to be a more or less permanent fixture. In a democratic society, the choice is either a draft that bows in the direction of universal service or a volunteer professional army. Since Vietnam, the United States has chosen the latter, and the taxpayer has been paying heavily for it, even though, with inflation, the pay is often inadequate. Ironically, the cost of maintaining politically effective military forces has gone up, even as the cost of mass

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destruction has gone down. In terms of cost effectiveness, atomic bombs are a bargain.

In the early nineteen-fifties, the United States tripled its military budget in about eighteen months to make the point urged so passionately in N.S.C. 68. The Korean War was the political occasion, but most of the buildup occurred in Europe, as a symbol of American global commitment. (No military leader at the time actually expected a Soviet attack.) As the French strategist Raymond Aron has pointed out, in the nineteen-eighties it would be impossible to repeat this feat. The Reagan budget calls for the United States to spend about a trillion and a half dollars in five years. The impact of military spending on the American economy has, oddly, never been subjected to a full-scale examination by the National Security Council or the Council of Economic Advisers. But there are increasing indications that the economic costs of military power weaken the economy in specific ways and, to that extent, damage national security.

In the nineteen-fifties, conservative Republicans, like Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, believed that excessive military spending would sap America's economic power, and in 1940 leading American industrialists had opposed Roosevelt's rearmament plans, because they were convinced that a big military sector would distort production. It was the New Dealers who believed that military spending, far from being harmful, would actually stimulate the economy. After the war, Leon Keyserling, the chairman of Harry Truman's Council of Economic Advisers, thought that as much as twenty per cent of the gross national product could go for defense with no ill effects. Pump-priming through military contracts became the economic underpinning of Cold War strategy. Curiously, fiscal conservatives who today favor radical cuts in government spending in every other area to combat inflation call for sharp increases in military spending.

"The Johnson Administration was justly criticized for increasing defense spending without raising taxes," the economist Otto Eckstein notes. The Reagan Administration is raising military expenditures at rates approaching those of the Vietnam buildup, but it is also proposing a large tax cut. As Seymour Melman, a professor of industrial engineering at Columbia, has pointed out, there are compelling rea-

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sons that military spending is particularly inflationary. Cost-plus contracts drive prices up well beyond what they would be in a competitive market. The beneficiaries of military contracts are, for the most part, highly skilled engineers, scientists, technicians, and managers, whose services are removed from the civilian economy. (As much as half the nation's scientists and engineers work directly or indirectly for the Pentagon.) Personnel costs are bid up. And, what is more serious, the civilian economy is starved of innovative technical and managerial talent. The United States now lags behind every other industrial nation in the percentage of its gross national product which is devoted to research and development for the civilian economy. A consequence of this neglect is the competitive advantage now enjoyed by West Germany, Japan, and other smaller nations that can produce important classes of sophisticated goods for export more cheaply and more efficiently than the United States can.

The uncoupling of economic power and military power is a phenomenon of the past fifteen years. It used to be that the nations that could afford the largest armies and navies—Britain under Queen Victoria, Germany under the Kaiser—were also the most dynamic industrial countries. (Czarist Russia, with an enormous military machine and a relatively primitive industrial economy, was always an anomaly.) In fact, a spectacular army and navy were intended to symbolize great economic power. Only the richest could afford them. But in our time a nation with a modest military force, at least compared with that of either superpower, and a nation with hardly any military force are ascendant economic powers. West Germany and Japan are creating serious economic problems for the United States by virtue of their competition in the export war to which all the industrial nations of the West are committed. Exactly because they have a modest defense burden, they are able to invest heavily in their civilian production. The Soviet Union, conversely, is becoming a more formidable military power, but at an increasing economic sacrifice. As Myron Rush, a professor of government at Cornell, has noted, the heavy military expenditures are at the expense of future growth. Like the United States, the Soviet Union has been shortchanging its civilian production machine. For the United States, the consequence has been a slow-growth economy. For a smaller and weaker economy, the consequence is stagnation.

The traditional debate over guns and butter somehow misses the point. The wish to spend scarce resources on schools, health care, the restoration of decayed cities, and clean air rather than on bombs and tanks is understandable—President Eisenhower once said that to spend resources on guns and warships when people were going hungry was "theft"—but those who advocate a shift of investment from military spending to spending for social services have been silenced by the notion that protection from enslavement is the most important social service a government can provide. Yet excessive military spending now produces some of the same consequences as military defeat; that is, it gives foreign governments greater control over the life of the country. Take the energy crisis. The decision to invest a trillion and a half dollars in the military rather than in a crash energy-development program to reduce America's dependence on foreign oil is a prime example of the way the nation's vulnerability is increased by the act of piling up hardware. The hardware cannot produce energy; it consumes energy. Nor can it assure access to energy; there is no military strategy that can effectively assure the flow of oil through a system vulnerable to sabotage. Useless military forces preëmpt investment funds, public and private, that could be spent on developing alternative national-security strategies appropriate to the new century that we are soon to enter.

National security cannot be achieved by a nation unwilling to invest in its own future. By abandoning our schools, our cities in the Northeast and the Middle West, our small farmers, even our police and firemen, by failing to find an appropriate industrial base, and by refusing to deal adequately with the overwhelming security threats—inflation and resource mismanagement—we are cutting deeply into the sources of national strength. Increasingly, national power comes out of innovative minds rather than out of the barrels of guns. The nation best able to confront the unprecedented problems of advanced industrial civilization, to recognize the limits of national power in an interdependent world, and to create a legitimate social order within the confines of a slow-growth economy is the one that is likely to emerge as No. 1.

—Richard J. Barnet

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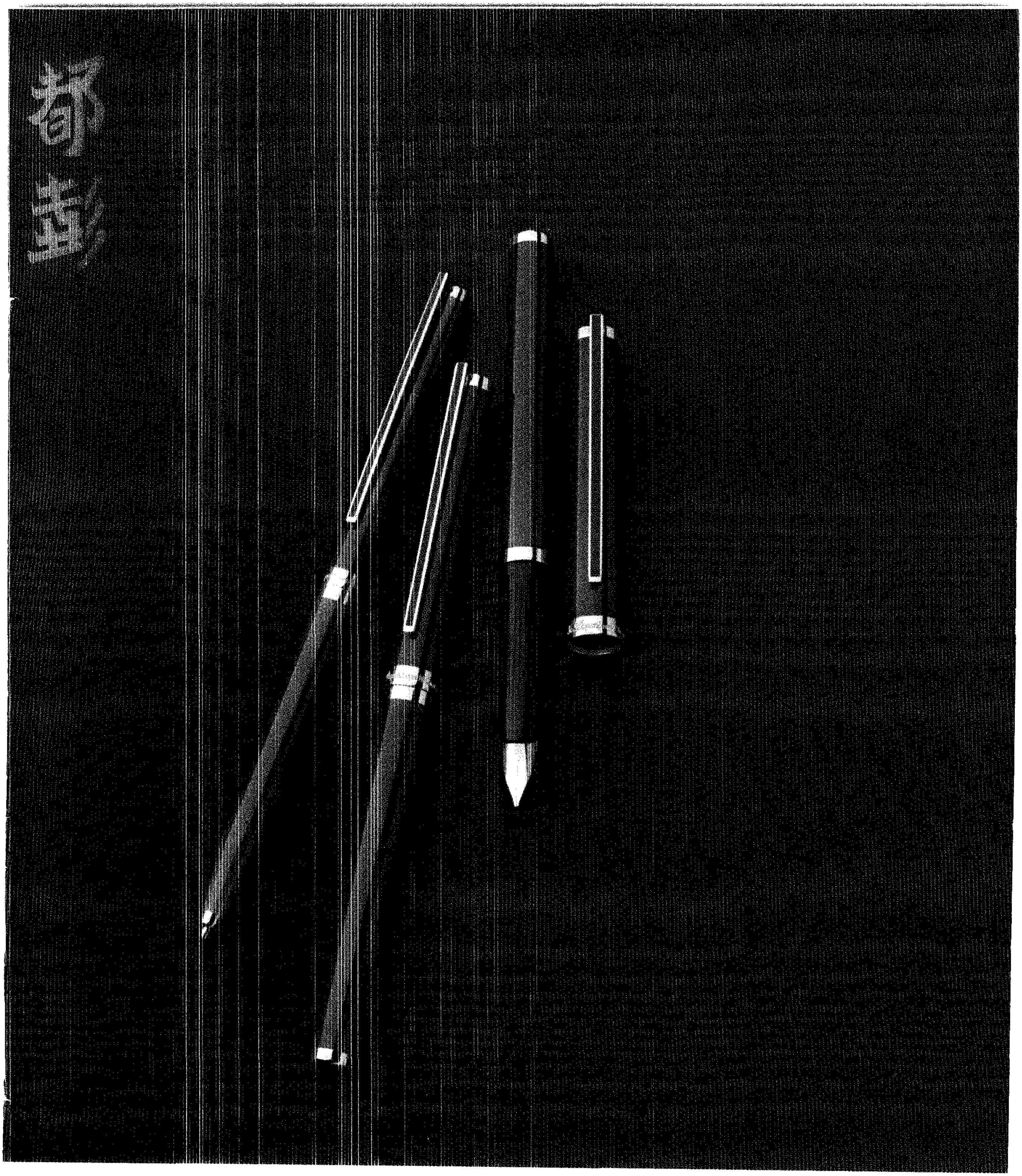

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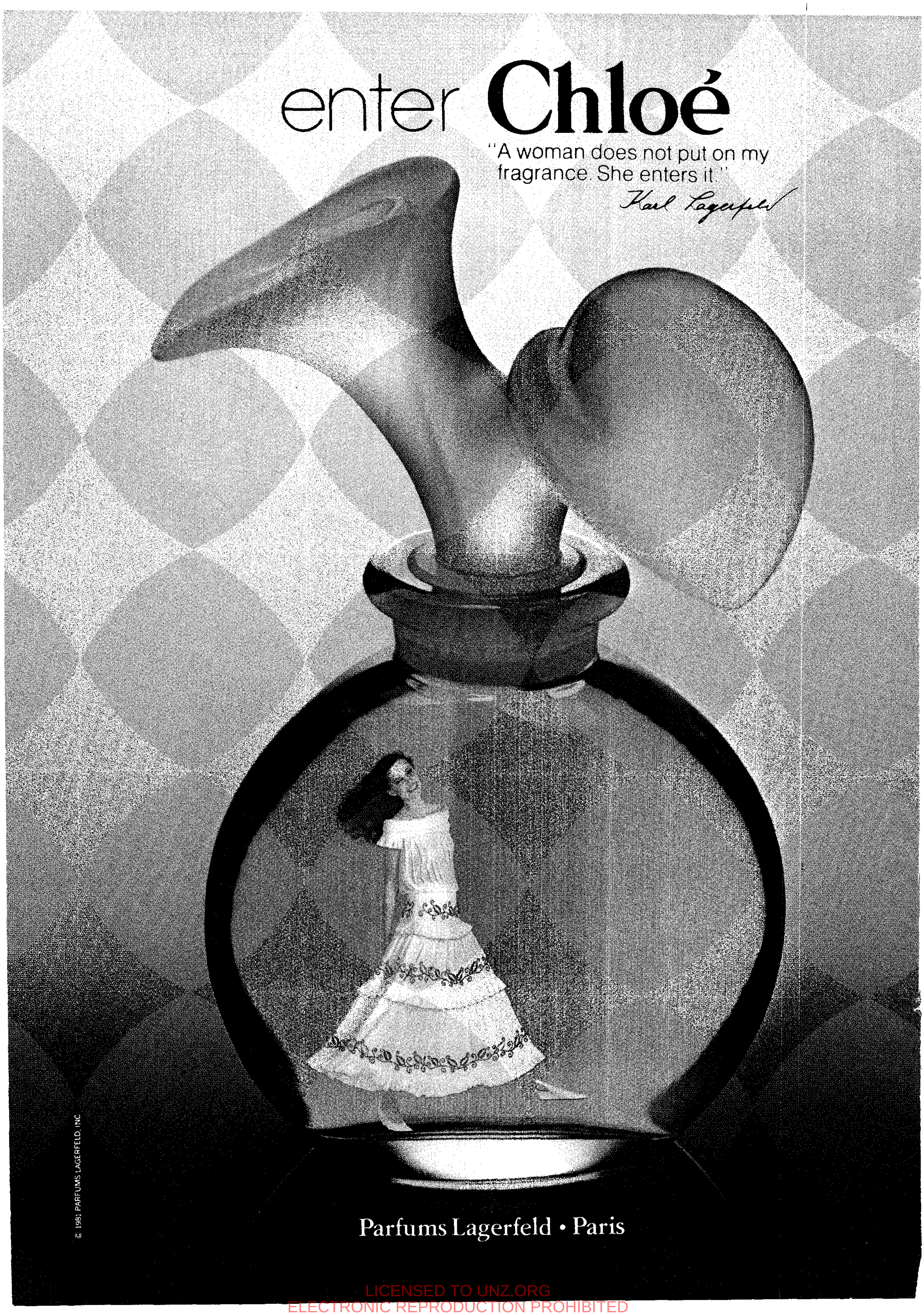

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THE THEATRE

Live Dolls

THE traditional greeting to the bereaved at an Irish wake is simply "I'm sorry for your trouble," and those words come at once to mind when I consider the task of saying something merciful and yet not inaccurate about "Copperfield," a musical that opened at the ANTA Theatre last week. It is an enterprise that fails by a sustained mediocrity of intention and execution, and its failure is all the more painful because one perceives that there can never have been a moment from the very first run-throughs when any possibility of success lay within grasp. Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, have had the audacity to suppose that Dickens' great speckled plum pudding of a novel could be reduced to an occasion for the singing of ten or twelve tinkly songs, whose titles tell us everything we need to know about them: "I Don't Want a Boy," sung by Aunt Betsey Trotwood just as the infant David is being delivered; "Mama, Don't Get Married," sung by young David as his widowed mother is about to marry Mr. Murdstone; "Something Will Turn Up," sung by Mr. Micawber at the height of his financial difficulties; and " 'Umble," sung by Uriah Heep in a moment of Iago-like arrogance. Nearly everybody gets a song of his own, and nearly every song is a sort of identification tag that, far from forwarding the action of the plot, fatally slows it down. Though we race through many years and many melodramatic episodes in the course of the evening, we reach the final curtain with a sense of having survived a series of redundancies embodied by live dolls.

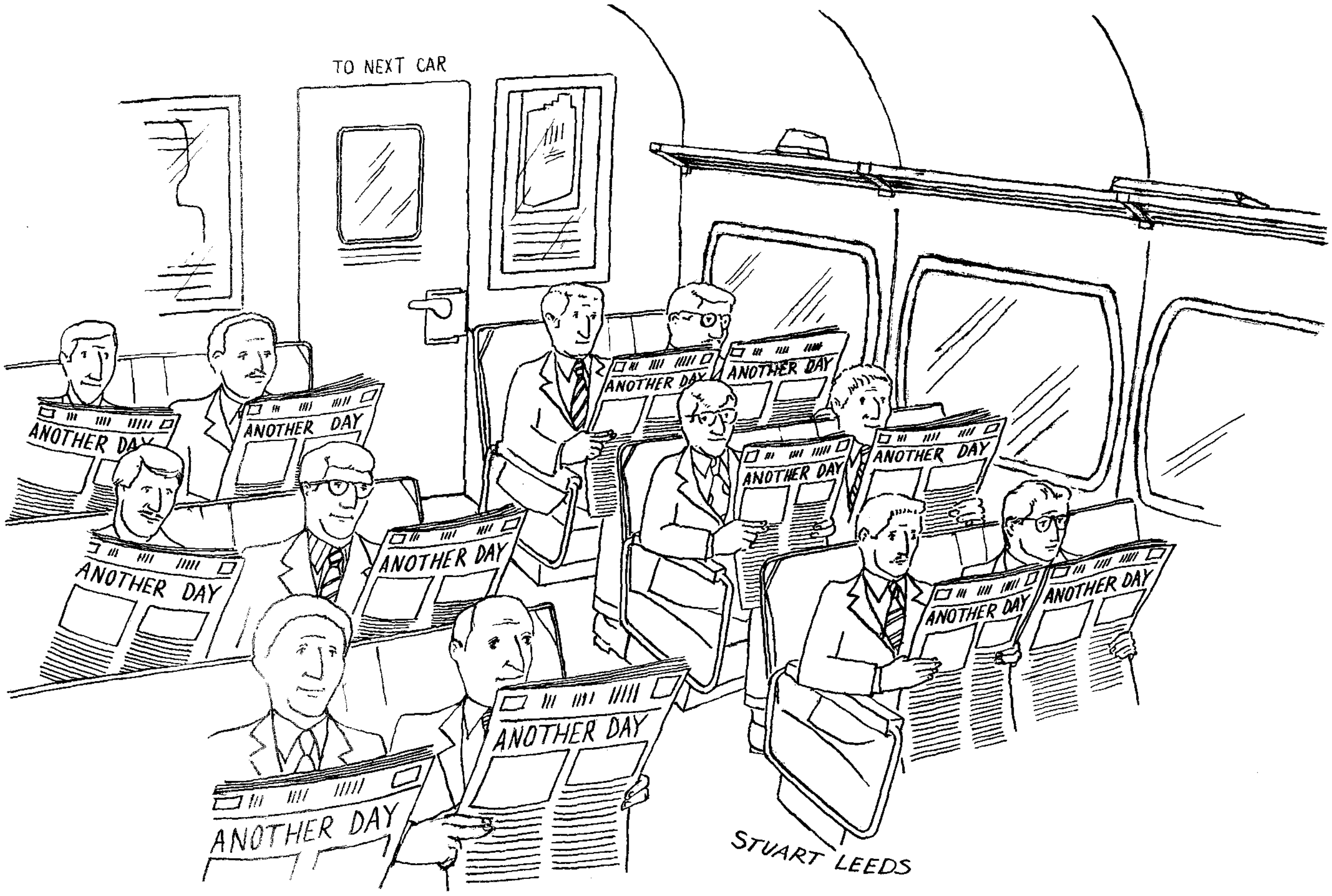
The cast of "Copperfield" includes some thirty actors and actresses—a welcome high number in these days of two- and three-character plays. Copperfield is played by Brian Matthews, Peggotty by Mary Stout, Aunt Betsey Trotwood by Carmen Mathews, David as a child by Evan Richards, Mr. Murdstone by Michael Connolly, Mr. Micawber by George S. Irving, Uriah Heep by Barrie Ingham, Agnes Wickfield by Leslie Denniston, and Dora Spenlow (David's child-wife, and surely one of the stupidest women in all fiction) by Mary Mastrantonio. The settings, which are too numerous for their own good, being often in motion when they are intended to convey an impression of stability, are by Tony Straiges; the pretty costumes are by John David Ridge; the lighting is by Ken Billington; and the overly broad direction and uninventive choreography are by Rob Iscove.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Words, Words, Words

BRIAN FRIEL's new play, "Translations," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is set in Donegal in 1833, in what was called a "hedge school," and its action is shaped by historical events. It is about a company of English engineers—redcoats, friendly at first but ominous forerunners of tragic times ahead—who come to the town of Ballybeg in order to map the countryside and Anglicize its Gaelic names; and its theme is the Anglicizing of Northern Ireland by what a sympathetic English lieutenant calls "erosion"—meaning the destruction of a people by the destruction of their language. Hedge schools (I'm using a leaf from the program) came into being as secret schools in the hedges and ditches of the farms in the early days of the



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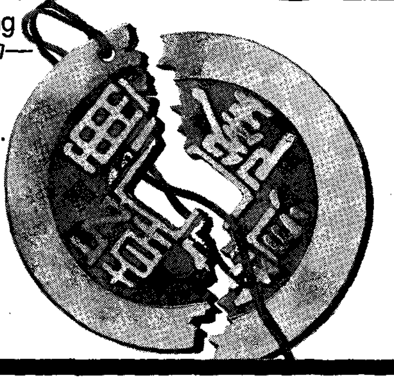

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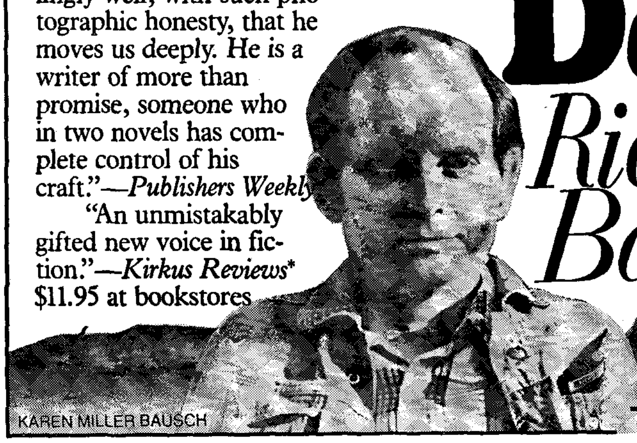

KAREN MILLER BAUSCH

nineteenth century, when the British forbade Catholic schools and Catholic education. This law became obsolete in 1831, after a couple of Acts of Parliament, but some of the schools remained. The hedge school of "Translations" is presided over by a learned old schoolmaster who is fluent in Latin and Greek and, of course, Gaelic, but not quite so in English; his students, young countryfolk, speak no English at all, though they can stammer through Latin if necessary. When the old man is absent or too drunk to take his classes, they are presided over by his lame son, Manus. His other son, Owen, has gone off to Dublin and become rich, and it is he who brings an English captain and lieutenant to the school, acting as interpreter to these cartographers, who speak no Gaelic. The young lieutenant is so beguiled by Donegal and its people that he never wants to leave, and he falls in love with one of the local girls, named Maire, who also happens to be the girl of the schoolmaster's crippled son. There is an eloquent, affecting love scene between Maire and the lieutenant, in which each of them uses words the other does not know, the lieutenant repeating the Irish place names he has learned—the only Gaelic he can manage—yet somehow they get through to each other, and "always" becomes the code word, the English word that she comes to understand. They are overheard by a local girl, who runs off to spread the news, and by the next morning the lieutenant has disappeared and the captain is threatening to lay waste the territory if he is not found.

There is, as you can see, a plot of sorts, and there are rumors of much clandestine activity, but the strength of the play is in its characters and scenes, many of them humorous and full of feeling. In this play about language, Mr. Friel's own language, line by line, is of a quality we rarely hear in the theatre, and the acting, under the direction of Joe Dowling, who is the artistic director of the Abbey, in Dublin, is an all but perfect match; even the Irish accents of the American actors sound, for the most part, firmly in place. Barnard Hughes, late of "Da," is very good as the tipsy, noble, erudite schoolmaster. Jake Dengel is a scruffy, overage student lost in the classics—a sort of Joxer to the schoolmaster's Paycock; Jarlath Conroy is the lame son and Stephen Burleigh the sound one; and Daniel Gerroll and Ellen Parker are the lieutenant and Maire.

All of them do well, and so do Valerie Mahaffey, Sam McMurray, Lauren Thompson, and George Taylor, in other roles. The hedge school, in Kate Edmunds' fine setting, appears to be a dilapidated barn. Costumes by David Murin, lighting by David F. Segal.

"IN AN UPSTATE MOTEL," presented by the Negro Ensemble Company at Theatre Four, is depressing indeed, partly because of what it is and partly because it isn't good enough; the dramatist, Larry Neal, having died last January at the age of forty-two, was unable to rewrite and edit a script that surely needed more work. The play is a hellish nightmare about a professional hit man and his equally lethal girlfriend, who, having bungled a contract killing, flee to a hideous motel room in the mountains to hide. Outside, there is a howling snowstorm, and inside they have nothing but cocaine and cold-blooded sex and their filthy, murderous reminiscences. Their names are Duke and Queenie. There are two other characters aboard, billed simply as Male Shadow and Female Shadow, who occasionally take over downstage or at the sides, mocking the other two, speaking in an odd, literary kind of way, and dancing and talking to a jazz accompaniment; they seem at times to be Duke's and Queenie's ghostly counterparts and at other times to be various auxiliary people in their lives. Near the beginning, Duke tells an anecdote about a slave couple who simply lifted their arms and flew back to Africa; later, through a window, we see D. and Q., on skis, lifting their arms to no avail. What is actually going on dawns on the audience (or this member of it) much sooner than it should. The actors are Charles Henry Patterson (formerly Charles Patterson, and very good here) and Donna Bailey, as Duke and Queenie, and Phylicia Ayers-Allen and Carl Gordon, as the Shadows. Paul Carter Harrison directed. Scenery, lighting, and costumes, all of them admirable, by Edward Burbridge, Shirley Prendergast, and Judy Dearing, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

CYCLONE OFF THE COAST

It's not so much the heat from the sun
and colors flooding the weird, rickety horizon,
or the heat-warped air over limp flags and bright brick,
where an ordinary sigh breeds what's right,
while the hard-core are properly disposed of
on the far-reaching hills. Cut and dry. Summer
sunbelt. No, nothing moves, and when Mrs. Flannigan
sees her son splash into the back-yard fountain
she hears nothing. And the gardener,
Fletcher, palpates a burned forehead before clipping
the hedge his partner just finished.
And the clouds high, so high in the sky—
who can account for the day
they arrived here, and why they won't go away?

Nighttime comes, and for what? The wee hours?
Bits of steam oozing up from the ruined streets,
street-cleaners and thumping wharf rats,
the well-lit places, the false drug
that can't help the night, though it repaints
the angular expressions of a dead decade;
and for the losers not even passing out assures sleep
when the hushed chill changes the guards,
when their eyes loosen the burden of remembering;
and the memory, like the pain that is our distance,
shrugs the dawn with excessive heat, latent
and inclined to be its own source—ready when you are—
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—RALPH ANGEL

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REFLECTIONS

WARSAW SPRING

THE English historian A. J. P. Taylor has written that August 20, 1939, was "a milestone in world history; it marked the moment when Soviet Russia returned to Europe as a Great Power." The occasion was the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact. The Soviet return was by way of the secret protocol to the agreement which divided Poland between Soviet and German spheres of domination. Modern Poland had then existed for just twenty-one years, having been brought into being late in the First World War after more than a century of partition between Russia and Prussia. The Nazi-Soviet pact reimposed partition, which took place after Poland's Army was crushed in a three-week German military campaign. Its eastern districts were at once occupied by the Red Army, which, in the common phrase, stabbed Poland in the back.

> Since my awakening I had felt something preventing me from bending back my head, and I now groped for it with my hand. My friends, who had grown somewhat calmer, had just shouted, "Be careful, don't hurt yourself!" when my hand closed behind my head on the hilt of a sword. My friends came closer, examined me, led me back to the mirror in my room, and stripped me to the waist. A large, ancient knight's sword with a cross-shaped handle was buried to the hilt in my back, but the blade had been driven with such incredible precision between my skin and flesh that it had caused no injury. Nor was there a wound at the spot on my neck where the sword had penetrated; my friends assured me that there was an opening large enough to admit the blade, but dry and showing no trace of blood. And when my friends now stood on chairs and slowly, inch by inch, drew out the sword, I did not bleed, and the opening on my neck closed until no mark was left save a scarcely discernible slit.

This dream of Franz Kafka's was described in his diary for January, 1915. It is the dream of a Czech, whose country's wounds, unlike Poland's, have hardly bled, although since its creation out of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918 Czechoslovakia has faced approximately the same events and choices that Poland has faced—the two merely choosing differently.

These choices by small countries are vital for them and may be more momentous than is commonly understood for others as well, including the major powers which presumptuously believe that they are in control of events. Czechoslovakia's choice in 1938 is an obvious case in point. The Czech government did not then have to submit passively to dismemberment by Nazi Germany, as they in fact did in the aftermath of the shabby Munich agreement signed by Germany, France, and Britain. It can be argued that if they had fought, the Second World War could have been prevented. The Czechs, betrayed by their Western allies, owed nothing except to themselves. They had not even been asked to take part in the Munich conference, where Britain and France agreed to the German occupation of a part of Czechoslovakia, the Sudetenland. They could have refused to accept the Munich settlement. The Sudetenland, containing the German ethnic minority in Czechoslovakia, included the system of Czech defensive fortifications, which were modelled upon the Maginot Line and were installed in difficult and mountainous terrain. There is reason to argue that the Czech Army might have stopped a German invasion, and that it could have made it very costly.

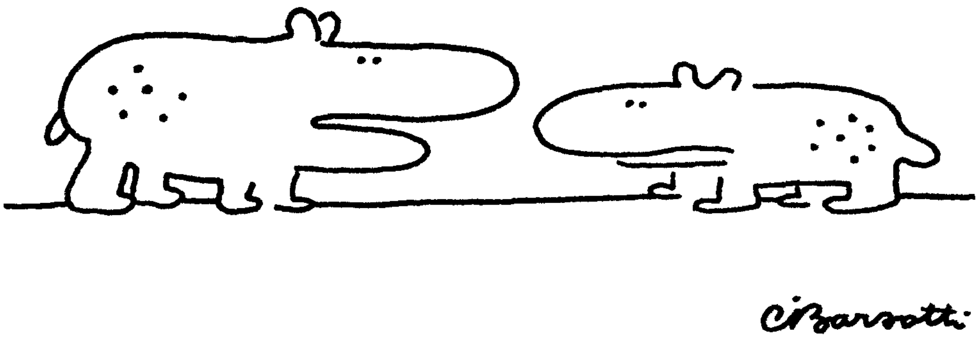
Czechoslovakia possessed a modern industrial plant, incorporating what was, at the time, the second-largest armaments industry in the world. Its Army was large and well equipped—in many respects better equipped than the German Army of that time. Germany was not yet prepared for a two-front war. When the German Army did enter Czechoslovakia, it could spare only five first-class and seven reserve divisions to cover the Western front, facing France. Evidence was adduced at Nuremberg that Czech resistance—certainly if it had been followed by an Allied move in the West—could have provoked a German generals' attempt to depose Hitler. One of those generals was the Chief of the General Staff, Ludwig Beck, who did in fact resign because of his opposition to the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Earlier, he had written, "History will burden these leaders with blood-guilt. . . . Their military obedience has a limit where their knowledge, their conscience, and their sense of responsibility forbid the execution of a command."

But the Czechs capitulated. They had been abandoned by France—which, like Russia, had been committed to Czechoslovakia's defense—and by Britain. The Czech Inspector General, Jan Sirovy, said at the time to some British colleagues, "In this affair, Messieurs, we have been willing to fight on the side of the angels, and now we shall hunt with the wolves." The Czech authorities forthwith collaborated, handing over anti-Nazis whom Germany had wanted arrested. Their decision even seemed an expedient one at first. The Czechs suffered lightly in the war that followed. They experienced nothing remotely comparable to the catastrophe that the Nazis inflicted upon Poland and upon those parts of Russia which they occupied, where the Germans attempted to reduce the population to the condition of helots, in service to a totalitarian Europe. Afterward, a free Czech republic was reëstablished and briefly survived—until it became an inconvenience to the Soviet Union.

THE Poles, on the other hand, did fight in 1939. Having refused help to the Czechs in their time of trial, and having even helped the Germans dismember Czechoslovakia, the Poles, in turn, were attacked by Germany. They fought ferociously but vainly. Yet by doing so they, too, made a difference.

France and Britain had given guarantees to Czechoslovakia which they would not honor. After that, they felt compelled to give new assurances to Warsaw—guarantees, this time, that they could not effectively honor but that they did honor, exactly because they had previously defaulted. These committed them to war. But Poland's frontiers were indefensible. Its small regular Army was unprepared for modern war. The Germans seized frontier railheads before the Polish reserve divisions could be mobilized and deployed. The Wehrmacht had had a year in which to continue its rearmament. By this time, Hitler, repeatedly successful, had intimidated the General Staff, and the officers opposed to him had been removed. Poland was doomed, but a general European war inevitably followed.

Nearly three decades later, when the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968, following the Prague Spring



"I know it sounds exciting, but you're not a wildebeest, and that's that."

of ideological ferment and political reforms, the Czechs once again did not put up an organized resistance. Again, they might have done so—no doubt hopelessly but perhaps, again, to historical effect. However, they submitted to the proposition, implicitly conceded by the United States government of the time, that the Soviet Union had the privilege of intervening in a neighboring country to enforce "Socialism."

NOW, in 1981, the Soviet Union threatens the Poles again. The Polish people have conducted themselves with exemplary courage and prudence since tragedy engulfed them in 1939. They created the most effective of all the European resistance movements, the "Home Army," which provided an entire national administration, with even its own courts of justice. Their troops in exile fought throughout the Italian and West European campaigns, took leading parts in the Battles of Cassino and Arnhem, and also campaigned alongside the Russians in the East. After 1945, under Soviet occupation and then under a Soviet-nominated government, they largely maintained their national unity and integrity, compelling their rulers to tolerate an autonomous church, to acknowledge a limited political opposition grouped around Catholic intellectual and parliamentary groups, and, later, to accept a "flying university," which maintained an independent intellectual and scholarly life, and to tolerate the labor-defense group that last year influenced the founding of the organization Solidarity. There has been little romanticism in this—no Chopinesque drama or exaltation. There has been prudence, restraint, an acute tactical sense, piety. Lech Walesa, the Solidarity leader, says, "Every morning, I go to Mass and Communion. Why? Because it's the source of my strength. If I didn't have a deep faith, my head would explode. I pray to the Virgin."

Prudence, piety, and the rest may now be not enough. Polish workers and farmers demand control of their professional lives, and they resent even Walesa's restraint. Their organization, Solidarity, has assumed a political role, albeit unacknowledged. For the Polish government to acknowledge this devolution of power and initiative would be for it to deny the principle that the Communist Party is the sole agent of the popular will in Poland, and thus deny the legitimacy of the government and also of the dominant Soviet position in Eastern Europe. The implications are plain to everyone. Solidarity wants the government to stop telling lies. Walesa has said, "Whatever the system, it can't work unless it rests on truth, on moral conscience, on honesty." The actual contest long ago moved from the terrain of power, economic and political interest, where compromise is available, to a moral terrain of splendor and risk.

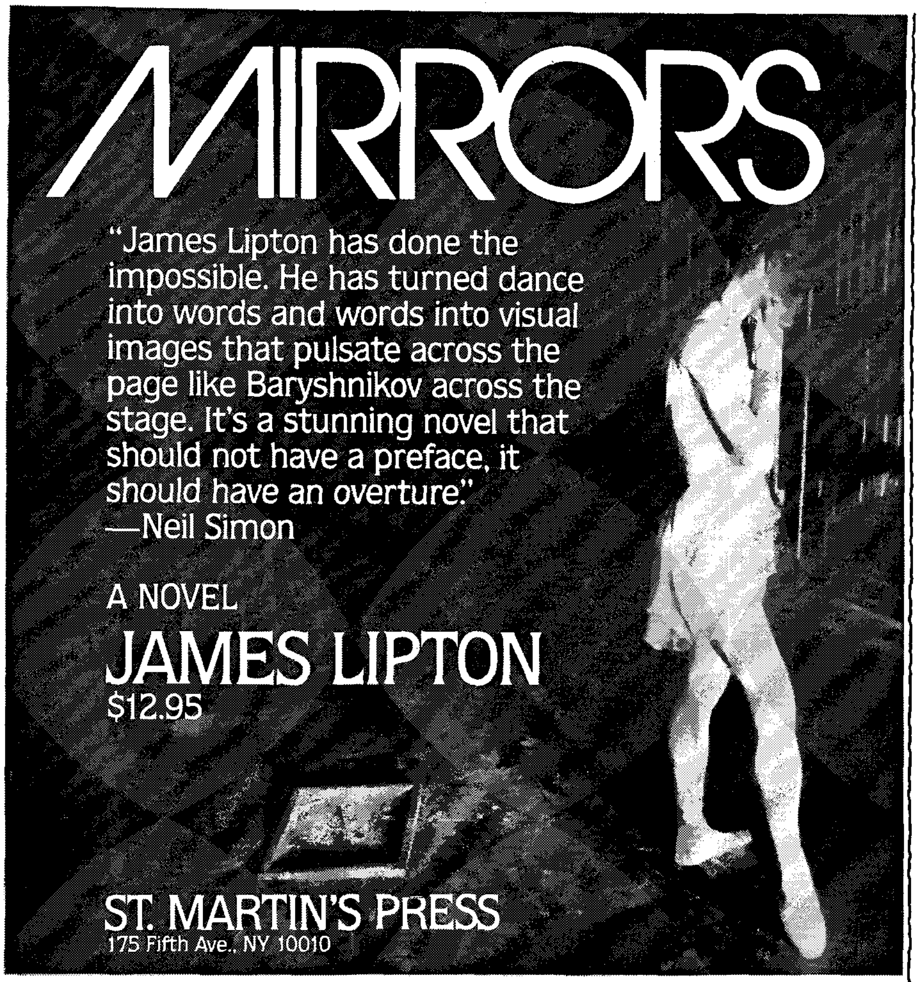
Is an accommodation possible? Something might have been done before now by the Western powers to extend large and generous security guarantees to the Soviet Union in Europe in exchange for Soviet concessions of autonomy to the East Europeans. Even the Soviet leadership must by now have grasped the magnitude of the insecurity institutionalized by their past policies in this region, which they have controlled for thirty-five years while never reconciling its people to their control. But nothing like this has been done by the West, and there is nothing now to make one think that it will be done.

So the Poles may now confront the choice that the Czechs faced just a few years ago and, before that, in 1938, which is whether to fight. If they fight, it will be a very bad affair for them, but it may be worse for others. A war in Poland would be difficult to isolate. If there should be general and organized resistance, including resistance by all or a part of the Army, the affair would be drawn out within Poland, and the consequences elsewhere could not responsibly be predicted. The Czechs and East Germans would presumably furnish forces for the invasion. The Lithuanians and Ukrainians, related to the Poles, now incorporated into the Soviet Union, would presumably look on. We Americans and the West Europeans would be expected to look on, and would no doubt want merely to look on. But these presumptions cannot be relied upon.

No one fully understood in 1939 that Germany's invasion of Poland would compel the British and the French, against their will, to go to war. Even Hitler was surprised that they really did it. At first, he ordered that there be no offensive action in the West and told his entourage that "the whole business" would "evaporate" once Poland was overrun. He did not take the prospect of general war seriously until Churchill was made First Lord of the Admiralty, on September 3, 1939. Then he said to Albert Speer, "Churchill in the Cabinet. That means that the war is really on. Now we shall have war with England." His attack on Poland, and his victory, although he could not know it, were the beginning of the end for Nazi Germany.

THERE are victories not worth having. A Soviet victory today over a Poland that resisted might mark the end of a Soviet security system that rests upon the complaisance of armies in Eastern Europe whose natural impulse is to combine with the enemies of the U.S.S.R. in order to recover the independence of their nations. It is a perverse system, which eventually will have to be rectified by diplomacy if events do not cause it to shatter. The Soviet Union itself can scarcely afford a war with the Poles. It already has a war with the Afghans. It has the Chinese on a hostile border, and within the Soviet Union there are serious strains—discord between the civil and the military sectors, industrial inadequacy, the failure even now of Soviet agriculture to feed the nation.

Western Europe possesses a very large unmobilized military capacity, of which there was an abundance of evi-



MIRRORS

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dence during the two World Wars. The Europeans wish anxiously for it to remain unmobilized, and this is certainly in the interest of the Soviet Union. But an East European war could compel change. The United States is governed today by a conservative and deeply anti-Soviet Administration, which includes men who are convinced that the existence of an unreformed Soviet Union is, in the long run, irreconcilable with the survival of Western liberal society.

There is, historically, a Russian disposition to dislike and distrust the Poles. There are undoubtedly plenty of Russians who think they would relish the chance to "settle the Polish problem." But how do they expect to "settle" such a thing? The Polish problem has never been permanently settled, whatever the crimes committed against, or even by, the Poles.

Small nations must struggle against the aggrandizement of the great. Their problem is cultural as well as political autonomy: survival. The Czechs—and, for that matter, in modern times, the Danes and the Dutch—have tried to play as small a role as possible on the world stage. Their disposition is toward passivity, neutralism, the evasion of commitment—toward wounds that will not bleed. They have been overrun by great powers without serious resistance, and have in compensation focussed their energies inward, parochially, to save their specificity. They have been imposed upon and have survived. Poland, on the other hand, has been the exception, the small nation that has repeatedly imposed itself upon history, almost without meaning to do so, making desperate choices in order to survive upon a featureless plain. It may do so, or have done so, again.

—William Pfaff

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COMMUNITY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Doylestown (Pa.) Daily Intelligencer*]

A beer can exchange for school children in first through 12th grades held from 4 to 5 p.m. at the Warminster Township Free Library, 1076 Emma Lane. Participants should bring empties only.

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Hollywood—During one of the cattier exchanges strewn through Edouard Molinaro's "La Cage aux Folles II," Renato turns on Albin, his transvestite liver, and says, "You can't go back to what you have been."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

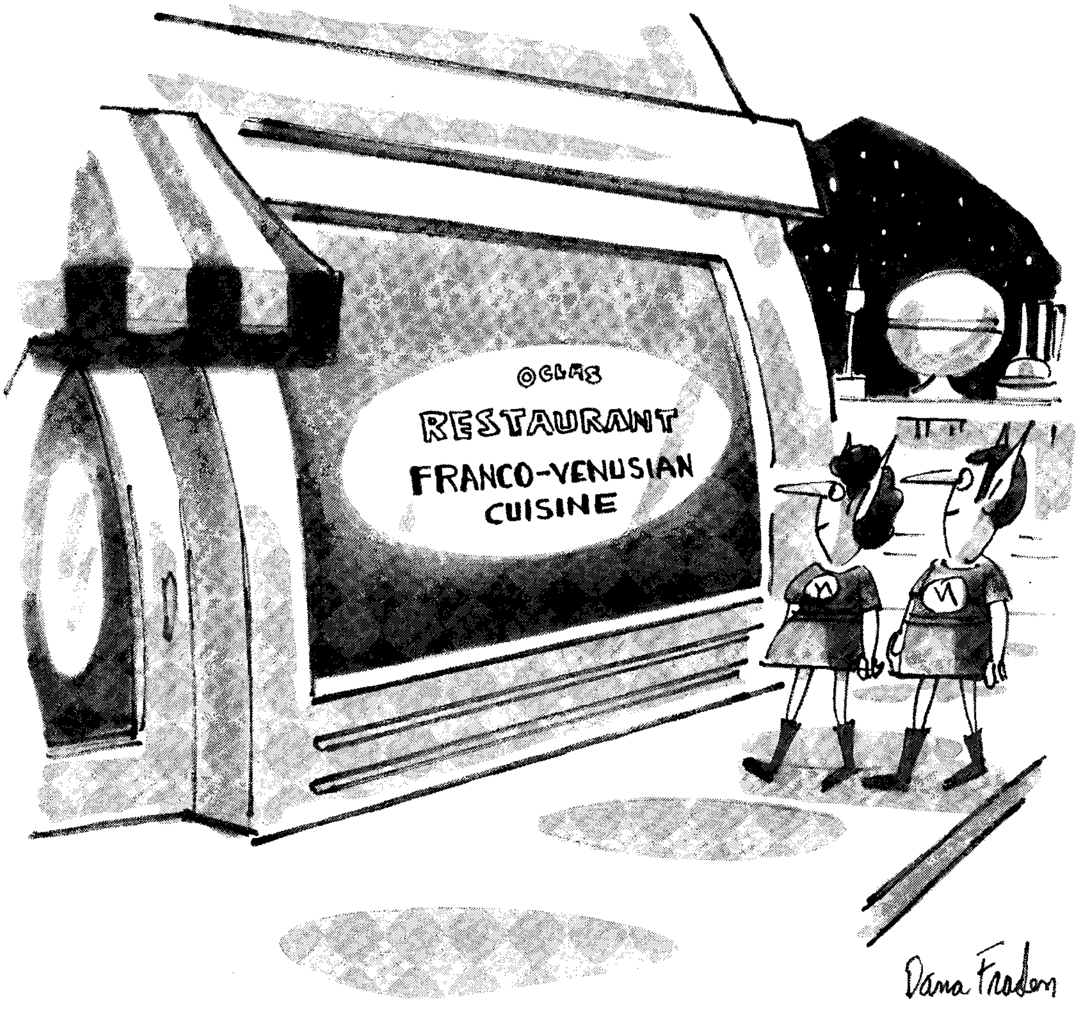
A straight pancreas?

MUSICAL EVENTS

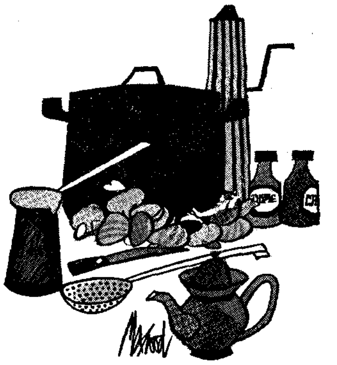
Display

FOR a week this month, my notion of "great performers" agreed with that of the series Great Performers at Lincoln Center. It is not always so. Great Performers is a miscellaneous collection of concerts—less a series than a number of isolated events that fill holes left in the season's schedules by the regular users of Avery Fisher and Alice Tully Halls. The concerts are gathered into subscription groups. There is occasionally a connecting thread to the programs—this season, the Bartók quartets and piano concertos were offered, and the series "Emanuel Ax Invites . . ." included music by Schoenberg, Schumann, and Chopin in each program—but they are often unified only by labels such as "Elegant Ensembles" and "Four by Three: A Quartet of Trios." There is no attempt to bind together the diverse offerings of the Lincoln Center auditoriums. It would have been appropriate this month to offer some Janáček chamber music to complement his works at the City Opera; some Kurt Weill alongside the Met's revival of "Mahagonny;" some Stockhausen to prepare us for the Philharmonic's "Kreuzspiel;" and perhaps some Indian music to provide a background to the Ravi Shankar première at the Philharmonic. But the names that are featured n bold type on the Great Performers advertisements are not, of course, those of composers or works; when Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, and Luciano Pavarotti appear together in the series, the program could as well be drawn from Nicola Vaccai's vocal exercises, with encores of scales and arpeggios in the key of C major.

The week that caught my attention presented recitals by Maurizio Pollini, Frederica von Stade, and Murray Perahia, and a concert by the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. Mr Pollini gave an exceptionally interesting program of Berg, Schoenberg, and Beethoven. He held a crowded Fisher Hall rapt with his playing of the Berg Sonata and pieces by Schoenberg; there is, alas, no other pianist of his rank in the world who has the repertoire to play even half a concert of music by the Second Viennese School, and few of any rank who would take the trouble to offer such a program. The importance of Mr. Pollini's advocacy of this music, in concert and on records, can scarcely be overstressed—specialists may dislike his way with some of it, but through him the music reaches a wider audience, I suspect, than ever before. Under his hands, it never sounds arid or cerebral. Berg's Sonata, with its long, straining, romantic lines and its sometimes convoluted harmonies, sang like a lament for a musical age that was dying. Mr. Pollini drew out all the strength of the counterpoint, all the restless movement between tonal centers; the playing was purposeful in its architectural plan but infinitely subtle in its attention to detail. In three groups of Schoenberg pieces, a new musical language could be heard evolving. Mr. Pollini concentrated on characterizing each short movement with a special color or texture. The trills of Opus 11, No. 2, stood out starkly, as in late Beethoven. The chords of Opus 11, No. 3, were rich and strange. The brevity of the Opus 19 pieces seemed to increase Mr. Pollini's search for an intensity of response: the very slow third and sixth pieces were stretched tautly; there was a brooding concentration on every change of note. After this, the more extended structures of the Opus 23 set sounded almost prolix; Mr. Pollini lit each of them sharply, like angular, contrasted blocks of material. The second and fourth pieces danced, jerkily; the final "waltz" was a surreal, irregular exercise that Mr. Pollini imbued with innocence and charm. I would have liked him to continue with the Webern Variations, Opus 27, or the Boulez Second Sonata. (He has coupled these works in a fine recording, by Deutsche Grammophon; it is available singly or, with music by Schoenberg, Nono, Bartók, and others, in a boxed set, "Piano Music of the Twentieth Century.") But that might

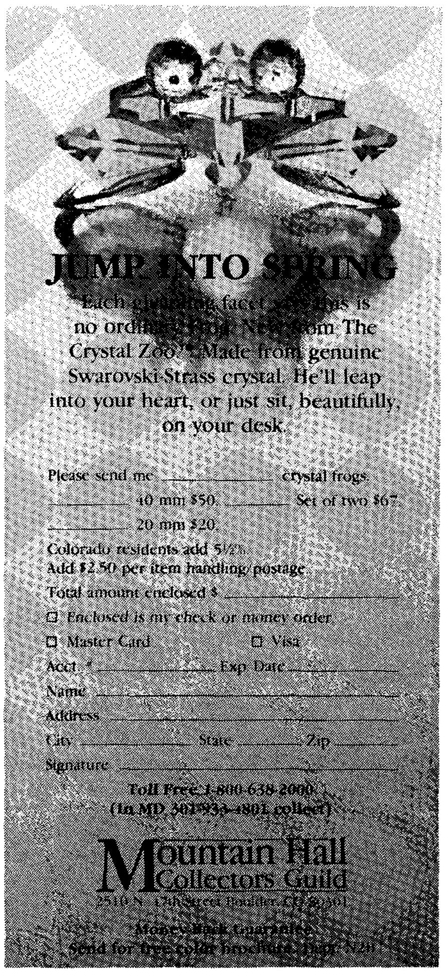


have demanded too much of him and his audience; he turned instead to Beethoven, and gave the Opus 31, No. 2, Sonata in D Minor and the "Waldstein." For all its titanic strength and impressive intellectual command, I found this playing less convincing. Mr. Pollini adopts a rounded, expressive approach to Beethoven; I wish he would play Beethoven a little more the way he plays Bartók. The opening of the "Waldstein," with its clipped bass chords and eerie high-treble commentaries, was heavily pedalled to produce a wash of sound, all in a single texture; the violent contrast of treble and bass was missing. The last movement of Opus 31, No. 2, with its rolling sixteenth notes, was played evenly and was beautifully shaped, yet it sounded too like a pianist's version of the C-Major Prelude that starts Bach's Well-Tempered Keyboard. Beethoven gives every note in the arpeggios a meaning; the phrasing is odd, the sustained notes are unexpected. When the music is pedalled into a lovely haze, these angularities disappear. In terms of sheer power and control, Mr. Pollini gave a remarkable display: the trills of the last movement of the "Waldstein" were kept firmly in check, and the final climax was a knockout. Essentially, though, Mr. Pollini's Beethoven was traditional in outline—a surprise from such an unconventional pianist.



FREDERICA VON STADE, who appeared later the same day in Tully Hall, is a singer I have admired deeply for some eight years—since a dress rehearsal for Peter Hall's production of "Le Nozze di Figaro" at the Glyndebourne Festival, when Miss von Stade, then unknown in England, sang Cherubino with an impassioned seriousness and a warm, voluptuous command of every musical inflection which made the part seem new. (Her Cherubino cannot be judged from Herbert von Karajan's recording, which smooths out all the vocal contributions to match his deadening, legato-dominated view of the opera.) Since then, she has been an entrancing Rosina in Rossini's "Barber," Charlotte in Massenet's "Werther," and an intense, moving Penelope in Raymond Leppard's version of Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse"—a great performer in that she put her skills at the service of the composer, without self-advertisement. I came to her recital with high hopes. Unfortunately, the program was designed as an entertainment that flitted from Baroque arias to Mahler and then to Rossini, and added to these a string of encore-type numbers—Ravel's Greek-folk-song arrangements, Canteloube's Auvergne-folk-song arrangements and some bits of Americana. The longest group of songs by a single composer was four Rückert settings by Mahler. Miss von Stade seemed to compound the misjudgment by presenting her undoubted gifts as self-indulgently and self-consciously as possible. The Baroque songs were made a vehicle for exaggerated expressiveness, both pert and languorous: Francesco Durante's "Danza, danza" finished on a flailing high note; Alessandro Scarlatti's "Se tu della mia morte" was deathly slow—all tone and no words. The Mahler songs were done in a detached, ghostly manner; the warm *mezzo-soprano* voice was beautifully supported, the import of the texts was absent. The Rossini—the aria "Tanti affetti"—was pure display. It conveyed none of the emotional meaning of the coloratura which is evident in Miss von Stade's stage performances. The second half of the recital was pretty, but the Ravel lost its freshness in Miss von Stade's attempt to be knowing and witty, and the American group revealed again how little she seemed to care about the words. I had to struggle to make out James Purdy's texts to two little fireside tunes by a composer whom the program identified only as Hundley; the final "Jimmy Je and His TV Set" seemed to have strayed from a late-night cabaret. I rarely feel so annoyed about a disappointing concert as I did about Miss von Stade's. It was a prodigious waste of talent from a serious, intelligent artist who should be giving us the Schumann song cycles, Fauré's "La Bonne Chanson," and Hugo Wolf.

MURRAY PERAHIA, who won the Leeds International Piano Competition in 1972, has repeatedly been hailed as a new poet of the piano yet I have always found that the ten-



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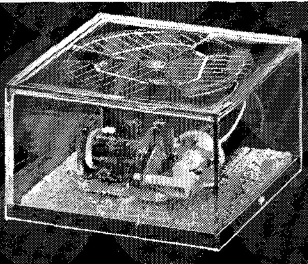

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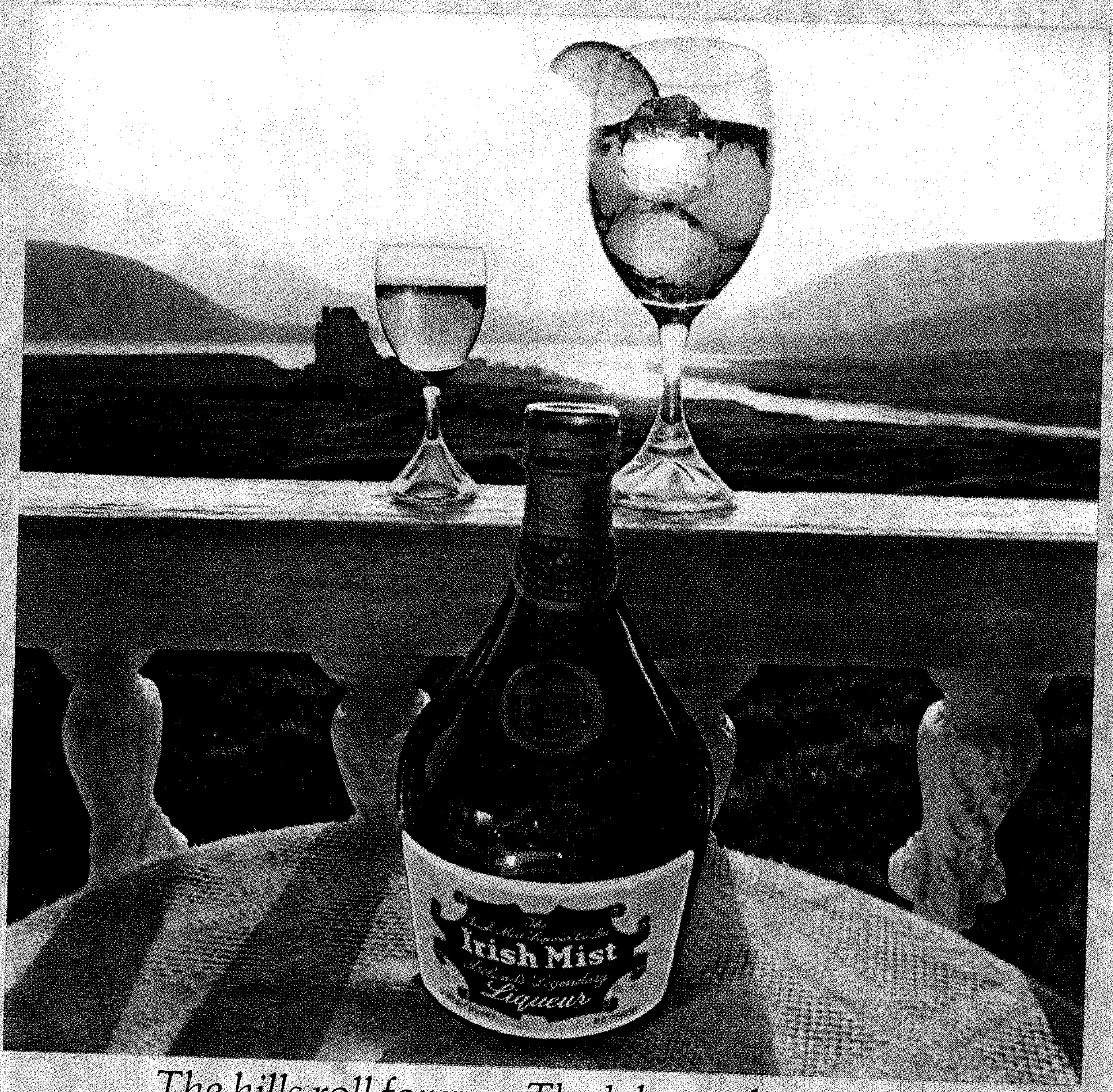

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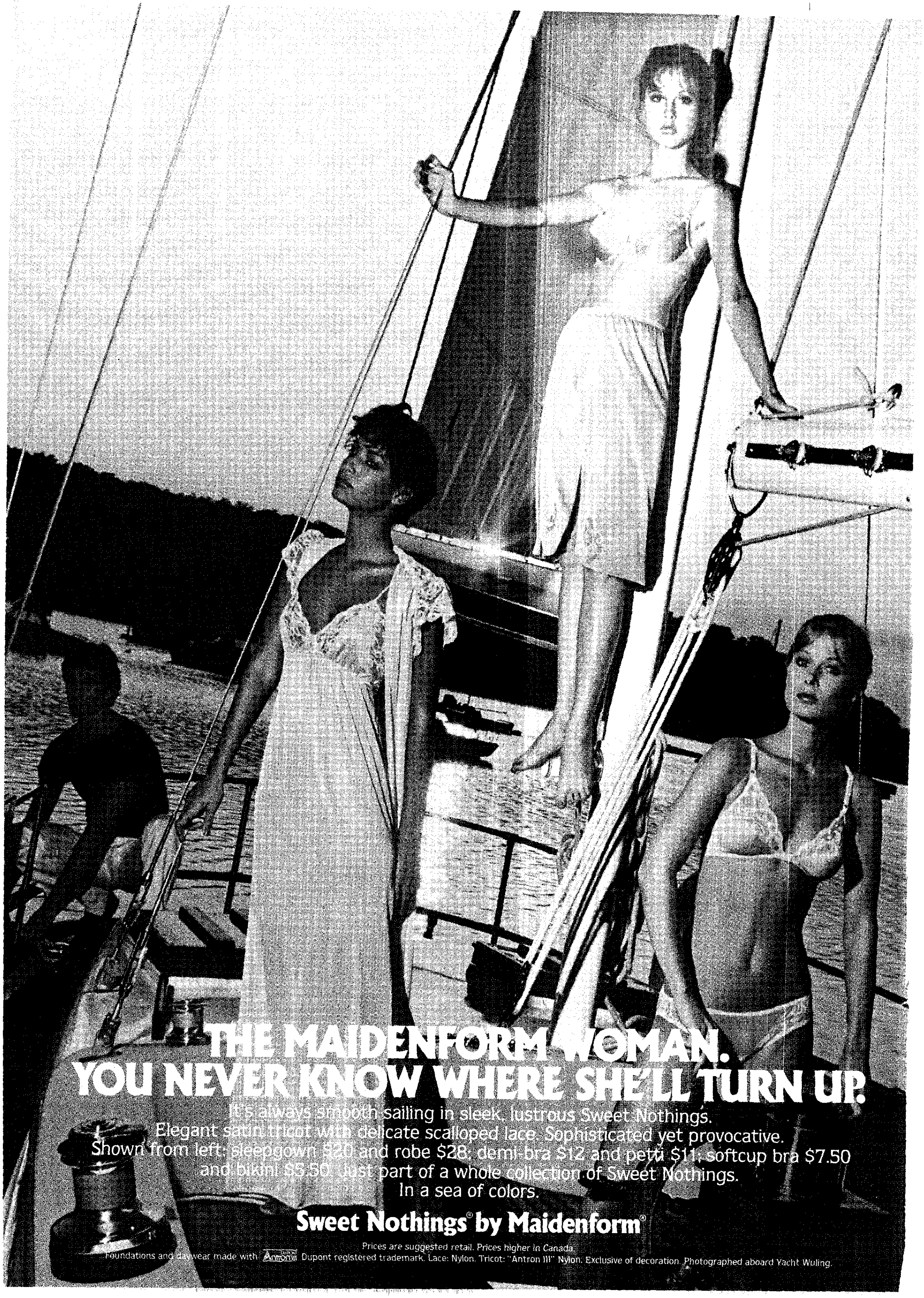

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sile control of his playing and its clear, well-defined phrasing leave an impression quite different from that of pianistic poets, with their looser, more instinctive use of touch and tone. Mr. Perahia has recorded some of Mozart's Piano Concertos with the English Chamber Orchestra; the same ensemble made a complete recording of those concertos several years ago with Daniel Barenboim. Mr. Barenboim's accounts are the more "poetic," to my mind: they are freer in their shaping of the solo part and in the flexibility of the orchestral contributions. Mr. Perahia's accounts sound rigorously planned: each articulation has a crisp character and is scrupulously matched with that of the orchestra. The results are exciting. Mr. Perahia's recording of the D-Minor Concerto, K. 466, though played with a light touch, has a clarity and a sureness of direction which make it superior to Mr. Barenboim's more splashily tempestuous version.

In Mr. Perahia's playing, careful preparation and perfect poise do not inhibit the expression of spontaneous, deeply felt emotion. At the end of his recital, in Fisher Hall, he played the four Impromptus that were published as Schubert's Opus 90. He gave every phrase its rise and fall, yet was not afraid to linger over a particular idea if it pleased him. The first of the set, in C minor—the most rarely heard—was beautifully done. Its ruminative sequence of melodies had unusual coherence. The central climax, with triplets pounding in the bass, was played with steely passion. Only in one repeated, imitative interlude did Mr. Perahia linger so long over the bar lines that the momentum suffered. The second Impromptu was light-footed and brilliant, and its central section was given a suitably hard touch in the accompaniment. But in the third Mr. Perahia's sense of beauty overcame him. The famous G-flat melody was pulled around, the regular flow of the accompaniment was distorted, and long intakes of breath at bar lines and climaxes detracted from the mood of serenity. Mr. Perahia's use of rubato (evident also in two Chopin encores) is not yet fully thought out. Instead of maintaining an underlying pulse, he pauses at expressive moments and lets the rhythm go. When the music forces him to continue, as in the central section of the A-Flat Impromptu from Schubert's Opus 142, which was the last encore, his phrasing is perfect; the

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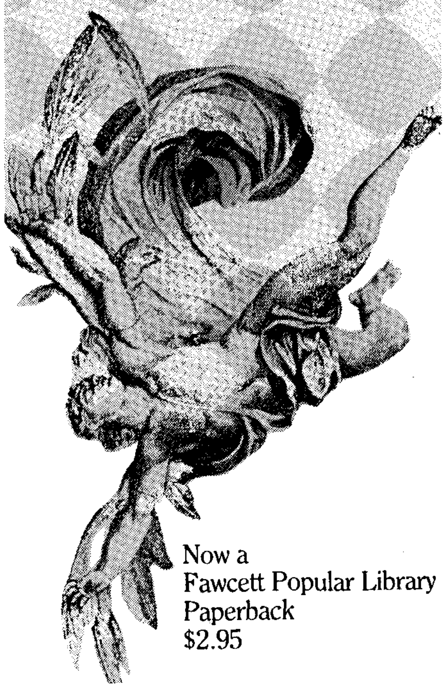

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yearning triplets were plain and affecting. He is at his best when he is playing simply: at the start of his recital, he gave an account of Bach's G-Major Partita that was a joy. There was no attempt to restrict the range of keyboard sound or to imitate other instruments: the piano was used as a piano, with a natural, supple sense of line which animated Bach's dance rhythms. The Prelude sparkled, the Sarabande was given mezza-voce repeats that sounded tasteful and appropriate, the Passepied was solid and lively, and the final Gigue was splendidly clear, played with detached notes and hard tone. Not an especially "poetic" performance but an invigorating one.

THE Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra traces its history to the Collegium Musicum that Telemann and J. S. Bach directed in Leipzig in the first decades of the eighteenth century; since it moved to the Gewandhaus, the home of the town's linen merchants, in 1781, the orchestra has had among its conductors Mendelssohn, Nikisch, Mahler, Walter, and Furtwängler. After its recent concert in Fisher Hall, I am inclined to add the name of its present conductor, Kurt Masur, to that outstanding list. For Mr. Masur, who has directed the orchestra since 1970, gave performances of a Suite from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" and Brahms' First Symphony which were resplendent. I had almost forgotten what it looks and sounds like for a conductor to command an orchestra, molding its every musical gesture. Mr. Masur compels attention. He waits on the platform, head bowed, for absolute silence in the hall—a long wait—and then conducts without a baton, drawing the sound along with hands that describe more expressive arcs, more subtle fluctuations of line, than a baton ever could. The discipline and cohesion of his orchestra helped to realize his weighty, impressive interpretations: the Prokofiev was dark and thick, more Germanic than Russian; the Brahms had full textures, fleshed out with rich vibrato (in the winds as well as in the strings; the first oboe had a wailing tone that is unfamiliar in this country). The result was a thrilling unanimity—unfashionably rounded, unstylishly opaque: music-making that set its own terms. It is good news that Mr. Masur, who last season made a successful first appearance with the Boston Symphony, will shortly conduct the New York and Chicago orchestras.

AN important footnote to the Bartók centenary was provided by the Juilliard Orchestra, which mounted the New York première of the symphonic poem "Kossuth." I missed the middle of Mr. Perahia's recital (which also included some Bartók) in order to catch this curiosity. It was a disappointment. A student work of 1903—a continuous rhapsody on the Liszt-Strauss model—it tells the tale of one of Hungary's heroes. It starts arrestingly, and contains some typical touches of Bartókian fierceness, but it becomes bogged down in martial maneuvers set to tripping unison passages that seem to have escaped from the hall of the mountain king. The battle climax is vulgar; the final lament recaptures the haunting quality of the opening. Sixten Ehrling, the conductor, was unwell (and had not conducted the first half of the concert). He made a case for the piece, but the Juilliard Orchestra did not give a sufficiently taut performance. Perhaps Solti and the Chicago Symphony could rescue "Kossuth."

—NICHOLAS KENYON

• •

9 P.M.

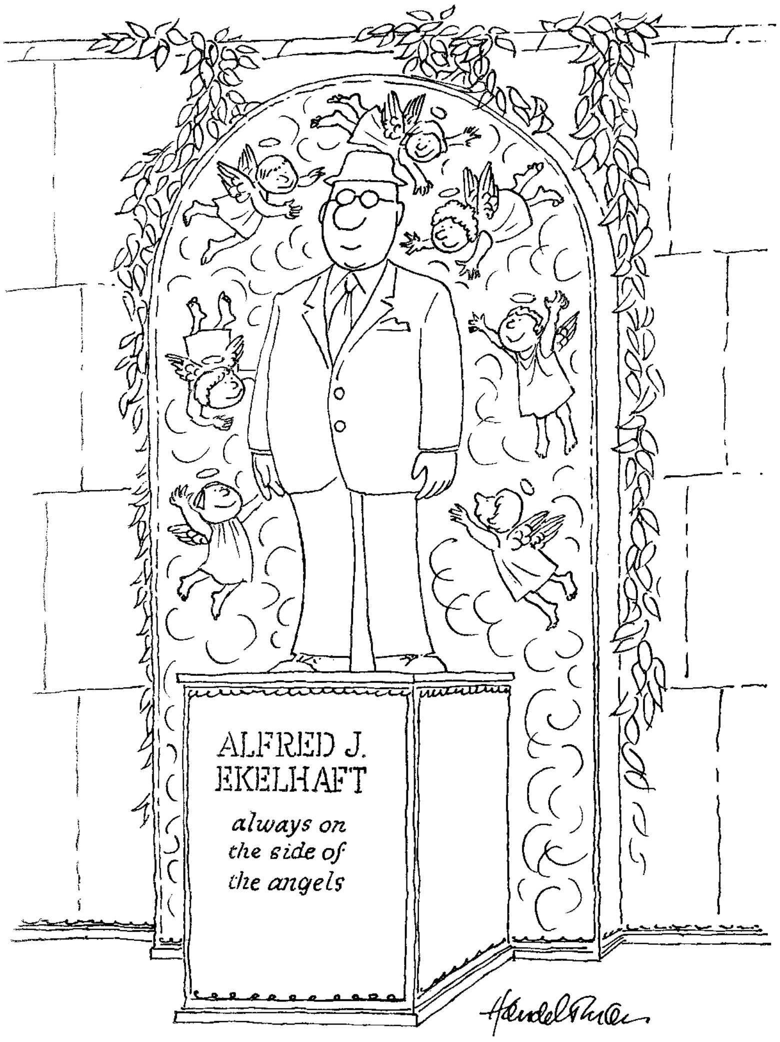
They go to bed bedecked with day,
their voices suns, their engines
still crossing afternoon.
They shine in their abrupt dark.
Words curl into giggles,
giggles into laughter,
laughter into woollen shouts;
they otter in and out of their beds.
The commanded silence falls like snow.
They touch hands: daylight flickers,
and goes out again. Their half-shut eyes
stare down the glassy halls of sleep.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BOOKS

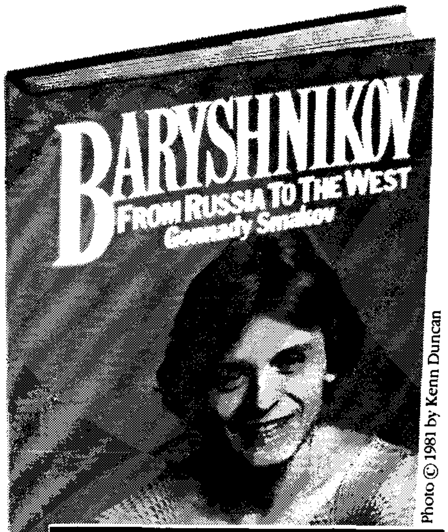
Vissi d'Arte

IN "Maria Callas: The Woman Behind the Legend" (Simon & Schuster; $15.95), Arianna Stassinopoulos recalls some of the clichés, or "fairy-tale archetypes," that filled the press at the time of the singer's American début, in Chicago, in 1954. These include "rags to riches, ugly duckling to beautiful swan, the infant prodigy returning as adult star, the little American from Washington Heights coming back home." Journalism, like opera and soap opera—like life itself—is populated by stock characters, many of them as old as Attic New Comedy. Maria Callas, however, was none of the above. She was indeed born in New York City—in December, 1923, to recently arrived Greek immigrants—and she lived in Astoria and in Washington Heights until 1937, when, with her mother, she left for Greece. Thereafter, her connection with this country was tenuous. In 1966, she renounced American citizenship in an effort to liquidate her marriage, and for the last ten years of her life—she died in 1977—she made her home in Paris. When Callas sang in this country, she was touring, not returning. "Rags" is wrong, for her father could support his family and pay (though reluctantly) for piano lessons for Maria and her older sister even after he lost his business in the Depression. As a girl, Callas had competed in children's shows and amateur contests—like marathon dances, these were staples of Depression culture—but she had been something less than an infant prodigy. In later years, she described her childhood appearances as intolerable exploitation, to justify her vendetta with her mother. In Beverly Sills' memoirs, by contrast, childhood performances were as diverting as play. Clearly, we need an impartial chronicle of Major Bowes' amateur hour. The "ugly duckling" has a mite more truth than the other fairy tales: Callas had been hefty (though not unduly so for an opera singer) until, starting in 1952, she dieted to high-fashion slenderness. Miss Stassinopoulos tells us that Callas always thought herself homely by contrast with her good-looking older sister, yet photographs suggest that she was prettier than most women. Miss Stassinopoulos's exhaustive research and her earnest concern for veracity have demolished other writers' inappropriate stereotypes, but her sympathy for her heroine leads her to perpetrate some of her own. She portrays Callas as a woman who sought love but received admiration, a star who would have traded her brilliance for a home and children, and a faithful woman betrayed by the lover for whom she had given up her all—her art. The author strikes me as too trusting: I suspect that, intelligent, sensitive, and humane as she is, she has been taken in—conned—by her self-dramatizing heroine.


ALFRED J. EKELHAFT
always on the side of the angels
Handelsman

There is, for example, the matter of "struggles." Miss Stassinopoulos carefully describes the early stages of Callas's career but subsequently, as a matter of course, refers to the singer's early "struggles." What the text has told us undermines that word; it is hard to think of a singer since Patti who has struggled less. Callas won a scholarship to the Athens conservatory, and as early as 1941 she was singing leads at the Athens Opera. After the war, she came to New York and stayed with her father while looking for work. The Metropolitan Opera offered her Leonore and Butterfly for the season of 1946-47; she rejected that contract but some months later, still in New York, agreed to sing Gioconda in Verona. Miss Stassinopoulos mentions that in 1952, when Callas made her début at Covent Garden, as Norma, Joan Sutherland sang the microscopic part of Clotilde. At no stage in Callas's career did anybody suggest that she sing a Clotilde-size part, and the immediate recognition of her stellar quality is at least as remarkable as the quality itself. Callas, however, seems to have accepted stardom as her due, and she went on to strive for mastery over music and drama, command of audiences, control over managements, and supremacy over other singers. She often attained all these. The explosions that punctuate her career mark occasions when she did not.

Callas's performances in Italy in the late nineteen-forties prepared the way for her decade of world-wide glory, the fifties—an arduous period of work, study, and travel, at a time when airplanes were be-



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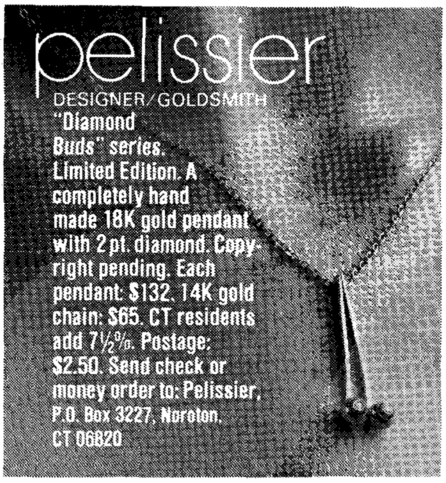
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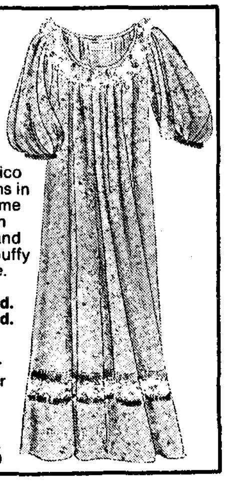
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ginning to extend the range of tours and thus to force managers to bid high for comparatively short visits by international stars. Miss Stassinopoulos suggests that Callas's labors were so great that they exhausted her. Possibly. But this may be another matter on which Callas's statements have flimflammed the author, who recognizes that her subject frequently expressed a longing for peace and relaxation but was invariably restless when she got them. Callas could have rested but chose not to. In any case, it does not follow that because her effects were greater than those of many other singers her efforts were also greater: she was simply more gifted.

The life, which is triumph topping triumph until about 1960, declines thereafter—a fading or waning that the author attributes to Callas's nine-year-long affair with Aristotle Onassis, who becomes the book's villain. He appears to me, however, a chaotic personality, perhaps destructive because disorganized. The author tells us that Callas set her heart on marrying him, that she suffered from his neglect and abuse, and that, though she longed for a child, she terminated a pregnancy at his insistence. On this subject, though I do not doubt the author's evidence, I doubt her interpretation. After all, Callas had been married for eight years before she met Onassis. Her alleged desire for motherhood resembles the marriage of Queen Elizabeth I, the most widely discussed non-event of the sixteenth century: a talking point, a bargaining counter, a sympathetic role to play. I also suspect that, spoiled by her blazing success in opera, she maintained her involvement with Onassis because she could not imagine or accept rejection in the way that most of humanity—average people and merely useful singers—knows it, as one of life's standard risks. Indeed, her difficulty in accepting what the rest of us expect—loneliness, boredom, incomprehension, the shadows rather than the limelight—suggests she never learned that real life is not nearly as sensible, as rational and purposeful, as opera.

I do not mean to seem harsh. Much of Callas's offstage life is unassessable, because it involves recent social history. We have trouble distinguishing the trivial from the substantial—for instance, the war between the Callasites and the Tebaldines, a hostility so inveterate and so absurd that only art (James McCourt's delightful surrealist novel "Mawrdew Czgowchwz") can make it credible nowadays. Did this phenomenon reflect other tensions of the Cold War era? It is hard to know when social changes occur. It seems only the other day that it became acceptable for a public performer to bear a child out of wedlock, yet in what we think of as a starchier era Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry were unmarried mothers. It is difficult to estimate the importance of people who figure in social, as opposed to political, history. We now know that Beau Brummell matters because just when male dress was tending from showiness to sobriety he founded the cult of cleanliness. In the age that followed, a vast new class of underpaid clerks struggled with laundry bills to keep their collars white in tribute to the Beau's fastidiousness; it is a sad truth that social changes often present their demands before they offer means of fulfilling them (in this case, washing machines). Does (or will) Elsa Maxwell matter historically as Beau Brummell matters? She figures prominently in this biography as a sycophant, an intriguer, and a bad influence, because, among other reasons, she introduced Callas to Onassis (after an earlier introduction, to Aly Khan, had bored both). I am much clearer in my mind about who Mme. Chiang was than I am about Elsa Maxwell; my impression is that the international party-giver was one of numerous nonentities who populated Callas's offstage life, but it is conceivable that fifty years hence a thoughtful historian will discover Maxwell's significance.

Miss Stassinopoulos accepts the singer's complaint that the star, or the legend of the star, destroyed a sweet, shy, loving woman, or, at the very least, that a delicate maiden was imprisoned within the fortress of a public personage. (That gives the book two villains—Onassis and the legend.) Perhaps Miss Stassinopoulos is succumbing to a contemporary style of demotic pretentiousness, which finds "vulnerability" attractive—an incongruous taste in our terrible age, which is constantly reminding us of the conundrums of human fragility and toughness. Callas's weaknesses offstage were not feminine frailty but the other side of her strengths as a performer: superb concentration, total self-absorption, and unquenchable naïveté. The combination of characteristics is not always useful offstage, but it does assure that the hundredth performance is as fresh as the first.

What seems tragic is not the failed romance (for which Callas found con-

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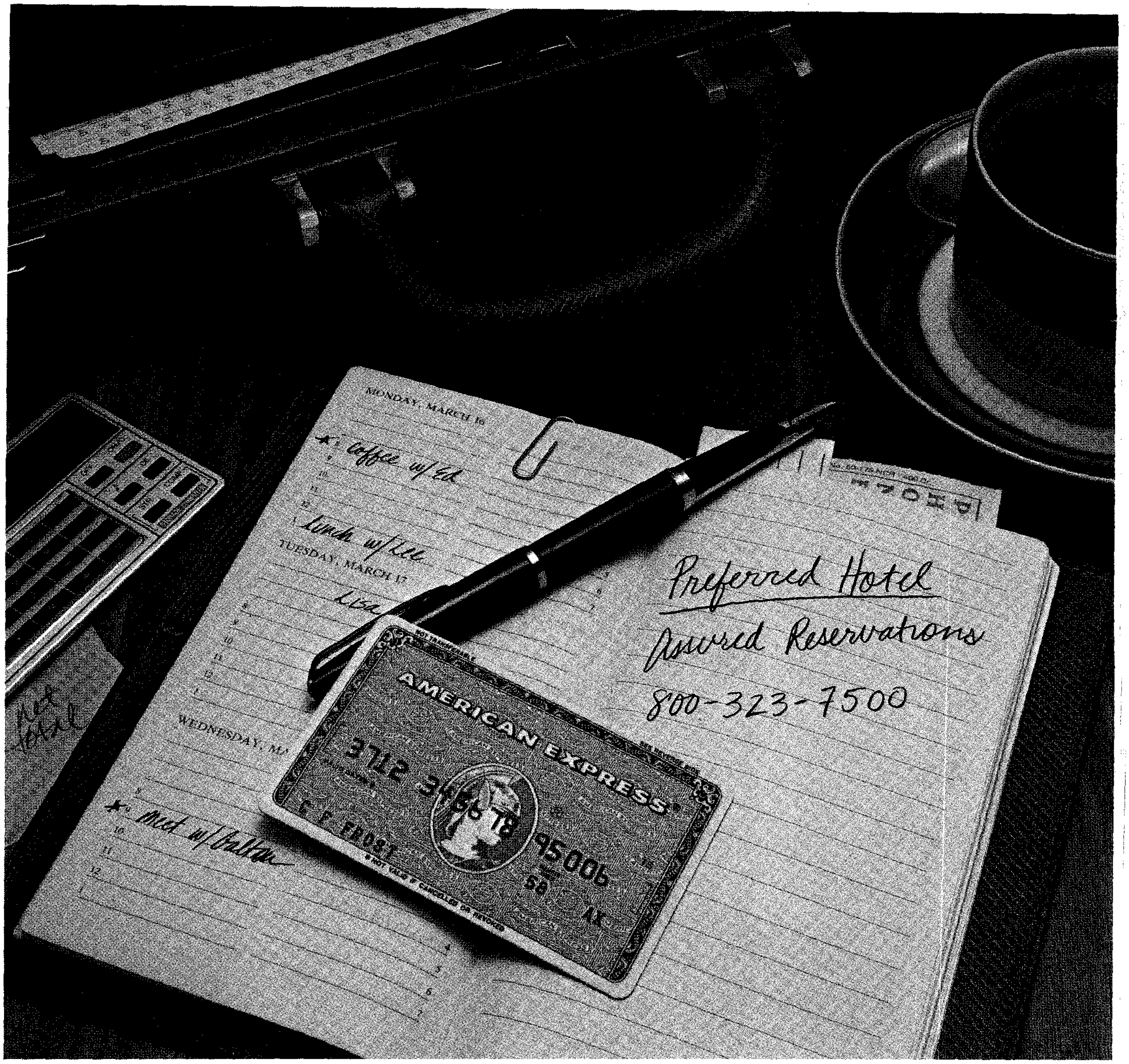
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solation) but the early loss of the voice. There is, of course, no law about when voices go, and Miss Stassinopoulos is not clear (probably because no one knows) whether Callas had injured herself, either by singing too many and too diverse roles in her early years or by lack of practice and assiduity in the Onassis era, when she substituted yachting for singing; whether her mediocre general health (she does not seem to have had a naturally strong constitution) was responsible; or whether her anxiety about outdoing herself—nerves, in short—affected the larynx. The author cites authorities who believe that the singer could have prolonged her career by relinquishing high coloratura roles and performing as a mezzo-soprano, but she suggests that Callas, in her forties, was unwilling to make the effort of learning a new repertory.

Callas's artistic greatness seems to me unchallengeable—it is verifiable on records—and Miss Stassinopoulos has written the fullest life we are likely to have. Yet in treating one of the greatest singers of our time as pathetic the author belittles the greatness. At some critical distance, Miss Stassinopoulos points out Callas's compulsion to see herself as a victim, but then she forgets her own good judgment and portrays the diva as an actual victim—a part often assigned to women (and often assumed by them) in opera and out of it. I do not believe there were two Callases—a woman and a legend. I think there was one person—the quintessential legendary performer. This is a figure too rare to be stock, and one that is enormously fascinating, because the explanations that may explain other people fall short. Callas was arrogant, magnetic, thoughtless, dedicated, irresponsible, and uniquely knowledgeable. Off the stage or on it, she was matchlessly convincing. When she wished to elicit sympathy by pretending to be a waif, she was certainly persuasive—she undoubtedly persuaded even herself. She was not a waif, though; she was Callas playing a waif with all her mysterious power. Both the mystery and the power of great performance are very likely beyond the capacity of research to elucidate.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Repent, Lanny Merkel, by Faith Sullivan (McGraw-Hill; $9.95). When Laura Stanley Pomfret (sporting pink woolly mules and her nine-year-old's sweatshirt) opens her invitation to attend the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, creeping paranoia sets in: If she fails to show up at the Rye (Minnesota) Country Club on July 15, 1977, her classmates will conclude that (a) after twenty-five years she has nothing to boast of, and possibly something to hide, and (b) she has never recovered from "the Lanny Merkel thing." If she does attend, she will have to confess that (a) she is merely a happy wife and mother living in Los Angeles, and (b) she has never recovered from "the Lanny Merkel thing." Just what the Lanny Merkel thing *is* is a long story, which Laura tells as she drives past the "God Is Love" sign that marks Rye's outer limits and then past the fourteen "Repent" billboards that the town will associate forever with Laura Stanley and a certain practical joke she played on graduation day in 1952. Over the next three days, Laura (almost as spry and sassy as the cheerleader she was in 1952) and Lanny (still six feet one and built like the athlete he was in 1952) give this scandalous "thing" a cheerful, if belated, conclusion. A very funny slip of a novel, once Faith Sullivan gets her heroine beyond one-line housewife jokes and gives her a chance to show off.

Basic Black with Pearls, by Helen Weinzweig (Morrow; $7.95). In the opening pages of this spare and eerie novel, a plain-dressed, plain-faced middle-aged woman describes—with the affable self-assurance of a lunatic—how her lover plants arcane codes in the pages of *National Geographic*, and how she cracks them and thereby tracks him down in exotic, distant hideaways. ("In a *Geographic* article on the nomadic freedom of the Berbers of the Sahara, there was a picture of a little girl, aged about ten, absorbed in the quaint occupation of rocking a skin pouch full of goat's milk into butter. I noticed she was blind, although the text made no reference to her plight. Interpretation led me to a clinic for blind children in Tangier where Coenraad was acting as a salesman for a pharmaceutical company.") Having deciphered an article on Dutch elm disease to mean that her lover intends to meet her on one of the twenty-six Elm Streets and Lanes in her home town, Toronto, she is drawn by her search into battered, defunct neighborhoods where bitter memories jar her fantasy at every turn. Helen Weinzweig is a crafty writer, with a sure sense of timing; when the narrator finally manages to turn her back on her nightmares and pipe dreams, it is a happy ending that rings true.

FROG SALAD, by Sally George (Scribners; $10.95). A handful of New Yorkers who survived their early twenties during the late sixties now pass the prime of their lives dreaming: a junior exec dreams of writing an ecological-disaster novel with cosmic significance; a lesbian ex-model dreams of wooing a teen-age Hispanic girl with freckles; a girl friend of hers dreams of waking up one morning a hermaphrodite (or at least of submitting to plastic surgery); a girl friend of theirs, now a seminarian's wife and a maker of cranberry-and-clam crêpes, dreams of finding a rewarding job (but keeps cancelling appointments for interviews). These clowns share one friend—a newcomer to the lowest rung of the Civil Service—who does manage to accomplish something, but what all this has to do with a frog salad (*live* frogs) must be left for the reader to discover. Sally George's ear for an era's clichés keeps the story rolling and spirits very high.

AMERICAN ROSE, by Julia Markus (Houghton Mifflin; $11.95). Rose was a French fortune-teller who moved to Jersey City. Rose was also the mother of Charles, who married Etta. Charles and Etta bought a meat market and became very rich. Charles and Etta had a daughter named Helen and a son named Raymond. Helen played the piano and then she lost her mind. Raymond went into the meat business and became very rich. Raymond married Ellen, and Raymond and Ellen moved next door to Charles and Etta. Raymond and Ellen had two daughters, Janet and Rose, and for some reason Rose can't stop thinking, and talking, about her great-grandmother, her grandmother, her grandfather, her mother, her father, and her sister. Rose is also a struggling novelist, and eventually she finds a sympathetic analyst, who asks Rose to write her autobiography. This saga looks accessible—simple sentences in short paragraphs, simple characters with short tempers—but it is as cramped as the small talk of a hypochondriac.

GENERAL

LIGHT-HORSE HARRY LEE AND THE LEGACY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Charles Royster (Knopf; $15). An able study of the politics of resentment, a topic both sad and familiar. Henry Lee (1756-1818) was a military hero of the American Revolution who became a resounding failure in civilian life. His tale is ironic in that he was passionately devoted to the Union that his revolution brought about, while his son, Robert E. Lee, led a revolution against that Union. One reason for this ideological divergence may be that the father spent much of his later life away from his family, imprisoned for debt or in the West Indies (for some five years), trying to recover from a beating he had received in Baltimore when he attempted to defend a small group of Federalists from the fury of a Republican mob. Another may be that the Toryism of his middle age concealed from his children the radicalism of his youth. Light-Horse Harry was a first-class leader of light cavalry, and Mr. Royster shows that in military contexts he was a superb calculator of risks and benefits, while in postwar civilian life he was a financial plunger optimistic to the point of recklessness. With age and disappointment, he turned into a hater. He was elected Governor of Virginia in 1791, but when the Republican Jefferson was elected President in 1801, Lee left public life and dedicated himself to loathing Jefferson, his followers, and what they stood for; to resenting recent European immigrants; and to defending the proposition that only men who had fought in the Revolution could be trusted to care for the country. Mr. Royster keeps things in balance, and sees to it that we do not entirely forget the ardent youngster as we contemplate the sour old man.

THE BIGGEST COMPANY ON EARTH: A PROFILE OF A.T. & T., by Sonny Kleinfield (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $14.95). A New York *Times* business reporter gives us a very good idea of the corporate giant. Some aspects of his book reflect the almost frenetic pace of technological innovation in recent years; others demonstrate Americans' increasing dependence on rapid, reliable com-

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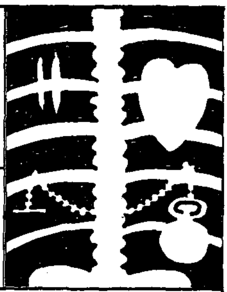

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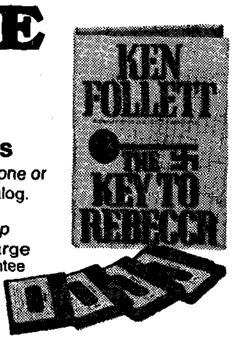

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munication; and still others show the anxiety and resentment created by a near-monopoly. Mr. Kleinfield takes us all over, from the physical comfort of the executive suites to the risky athleticism of pole repairmen; he examines telephone-company recruiting, pricing, and public-relations policies. Throughout the firm, he found commendable dedication to providing what has been acknowledged as the best telephone service in the world, and a somewhat ingenuous conviction that a company this good should be beyond criticism. His own response is ambivalent: admiration for performance, uneasiness at scale.

YOUNG EMMA, by W. H. Davies, with a foreword by C. V. Wedgwood and an epistolary comment by G. B. Shaw (Braziller; $9.95). Davies (1871-1940) was a Georgian poet of some repute and the author of a literary success called "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," but this book—perhaps his most unusual—is only now being published. It was offered for publication in 1924, and then, on the advice of Shaw, withdrawn, and the manuscript was thrust into the back of the safe of the firm of Jonathan Cape. It was felt in 1924 that "Young Emma," an account of Davies' meeting and taking up with a near-prostitute half his age, was meat too strong for its time. It seems mild enough today, but it is also, with its counterpoint of loving innocence and dark, almost obsessional suspicion, a fascinating cry of revelation—a period piece of some poignancy.

HENRY FORD: THE WAYWARD CAPITALIST, by Carol Gelderman (Dial; $14.95). This thoroughly researched book tells us that Ford's originality began not with the internal-combustion engine but with concepts like assembly-line production, which lowered costs and made possible lower prices. In his early days, Ford was also willing to raise wages; he was radical in his conception of the mass market and in his concern for his workers. His specifically political radicalism surfaced in 1915, when he sponsored a campaign to try to stop this country's rearmament program and underwrote the Peace Ship, a mission of pacifists who sailed to Europe to persuade the belligerent leaders to call off the First World War. These efforts won him widespread criticism—the first taste of general unpopularity he had known. After the war, he began a vicious crusade against Jews, putting his vast financial resources behind the publication of anti-Semitic literature. In the nineteen-twenties, his idiosyncratic management began to interfere with the workings of his company, as did his desperate anti-union programs in the nineteen-thirties. And he was cruel to his only son, Edsel, whose sound advice he ignored. The author makes her subject psychologically convincing as a man whose own lifework outmoded him: the transformations the automobile wrought created a society that he no longer understood.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LITTLE DOCTOR, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10.95). The Little Doctor is the affectionate nickname of Jean Dollent, a young physician of small stature who practices medicine in and around La Rochelle and moonlights as a more or less amateur detective throughout France. Dollent, who was invented by Simenon in the early nineteen-forties and appeared in thirteen short stories, all of which are collected here, is the antithesis of Jules Maigret in certain respects. He is young and vigorous (free of Maigret's perpetual cold), high-spirited and optimistic, and as theatrical in his methods as Sherlock Holmes. But, like Maigret, he works by empathy and intuition, and his solutions to these cases (the red-haired man who is ogled by a café seductress, the retired "admiral" who disappears in the middle of a village street, the candle salesman accused of making indecent advances to an innocent girl) are entertainingly ingenious. He is, however, a nonentity compared to Maigret.

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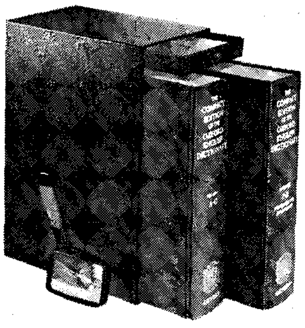

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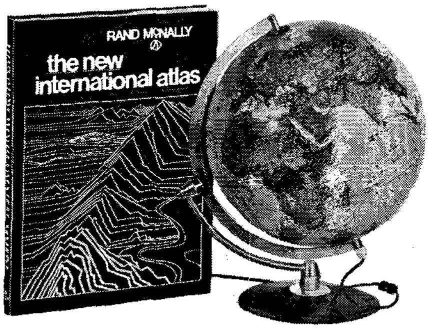

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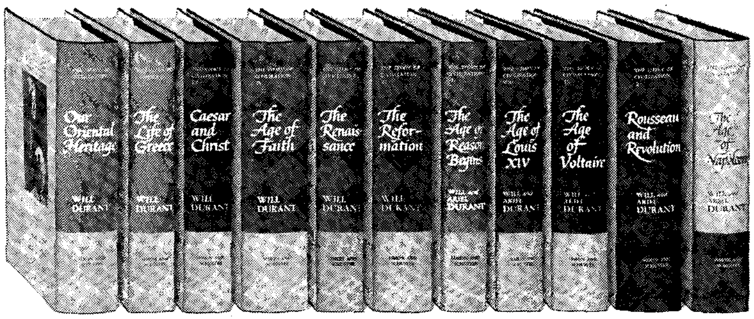

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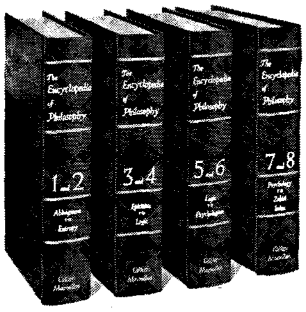

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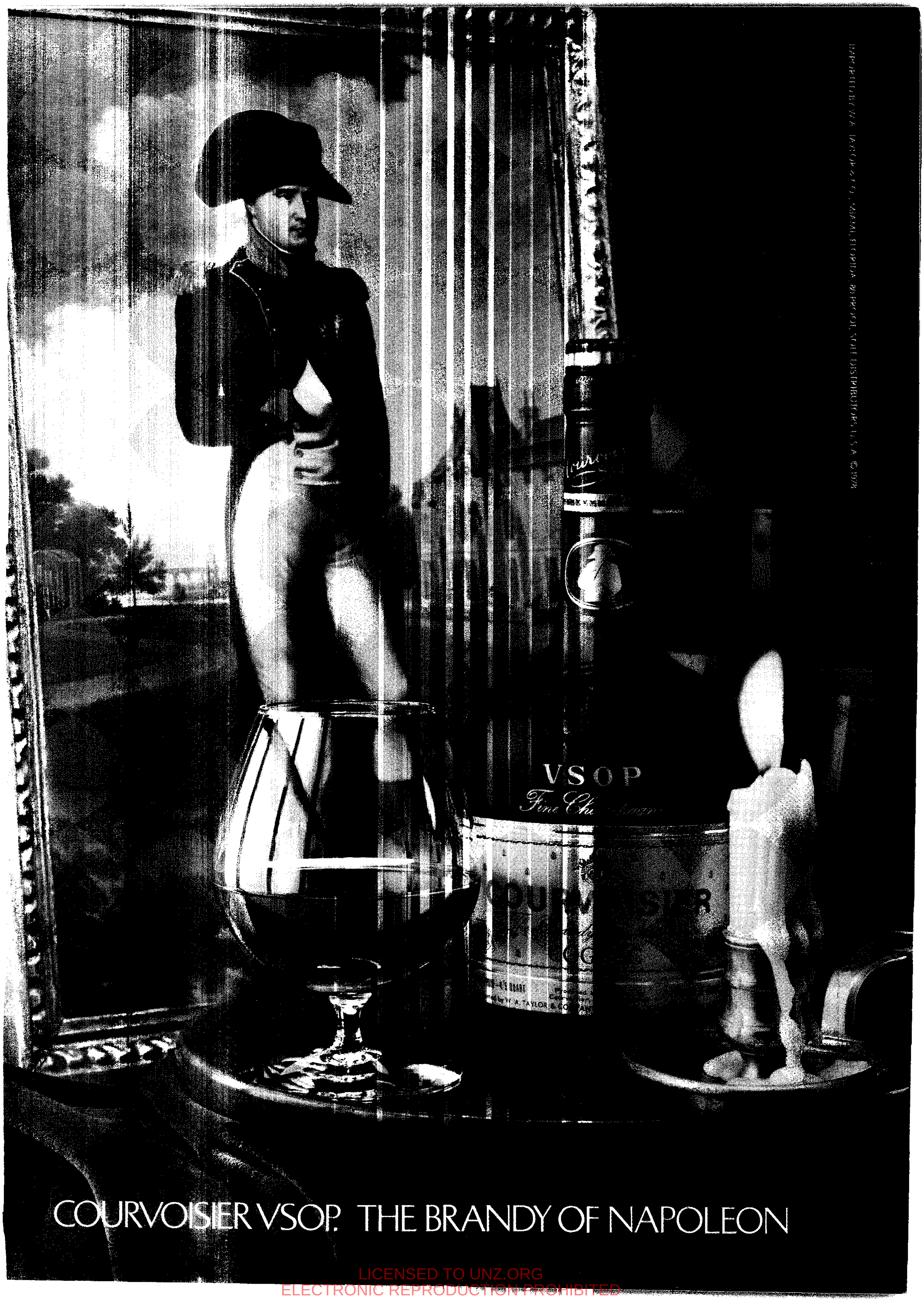
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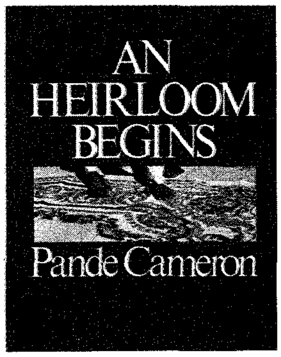

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